WEEK ENDING MARCH 3, 1928

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

File Copy

Beginning In this Issue

SHE WHO SLEEPS *A Thrilling Mystery Serial* *by* SAX ROHMER

One, two—it's good for you,
Three, four—they all want more,
Five, six—it comes in sticks,
Seven, eight—the flavor's great!
Nine, ten—say it again—
It's Wrigley's!

MOTHER GOOSE UP-TO-DATE.

Here is a new and better Peppermint Flavor!

Wrigley's Double Mint has full-strength, Peppermint flavor—lasting, luscious, refreshing.

It aids digestion, cleans the teeth, soothes the nerves.

1-12

After Every Meal

What a dilemma for the young married woman

... *this whole matter of feminine hygiene*

SO MANY young women enter marriage under a cloud of misgiving and of doubt—doubt in regard to those intimate matters that are so vital to their welfare. True, they know many of the facts of life. But with this knowledge there has come much *other* information—perplexing, contradictory information that frightens and bewilders.

Nor is it surprising that women find themselves in a dilemma. On the one hand, doctors and nurses approve the principle of feminine hygiene. But on the other hand, the modern young woman hesitates to use the poisonous compounds she sees in the homes of some of her friends somewhat older than herself.

Here is the truth about the old methods

Here is the scientific aspect of it. There is no doubt as to the value of personal hygiene for women. But there is ground for grave apprehension regarding certain antiseptic measures taken to obtain complete, surgical cleanliness. For instance, those deadly poisons, bichloride of mercury and carbolic acid, have been widely used. More recently they have appeared in specially prepared forms but they can still be recognized by the skull-and-crossbones label required by law.

Under the cold eye of modern science these compounds are seen in their true light. As germicides they are powerful. But judged according to their effect upon the human body, they are DANGEROUS. Doubly dangerous, in fact. First, there is the constant threat of accidental poisoning, especially with little children in the house. Second, they are directly injurious when used for feminine hygiene. So caustic is the action of carbolic acid that its continued use actually hardens the delicate internal membranes and in many cases produces definite areas of scar-tissue.

But MODERN *hygiene calls for Zonite*

It is fearful to think of the harm that thousands of women have unwittingly suffered in their efforts to achieve surgical cleanliness. Happily, however, this suffering is no longer necessary. Science has provided a new antiseptic, quick and sure in its germicidal action yet absolutely harmless to body tissues. *Zonite* is the name to remember.

This remarkable product has been adopted by leading hospitals. And largely through the recommendation of physicians it is now being used in homes from one end of the country to the other. Notwithstanding its non-poisonous character, Zonite is actually far stronger than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely used on the human body.

Every woman should read this frank booklet

You will find Zonite in practically all drugstores, quickly distinguishable by its attractive black and light green package. Full directions accompany every bottle. But for specific, detailed information concerning its personal use by women, read "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene". The frank, up-to-date statements in this booklet are authentic in every respect. Sent *free* on receipt of the coupon below. Zonite Products Corporation, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

In bottles: 30c, 60c, $1

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of Zonite booklet or booklets checked below. L-3

☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

(Please print name)

Name .....

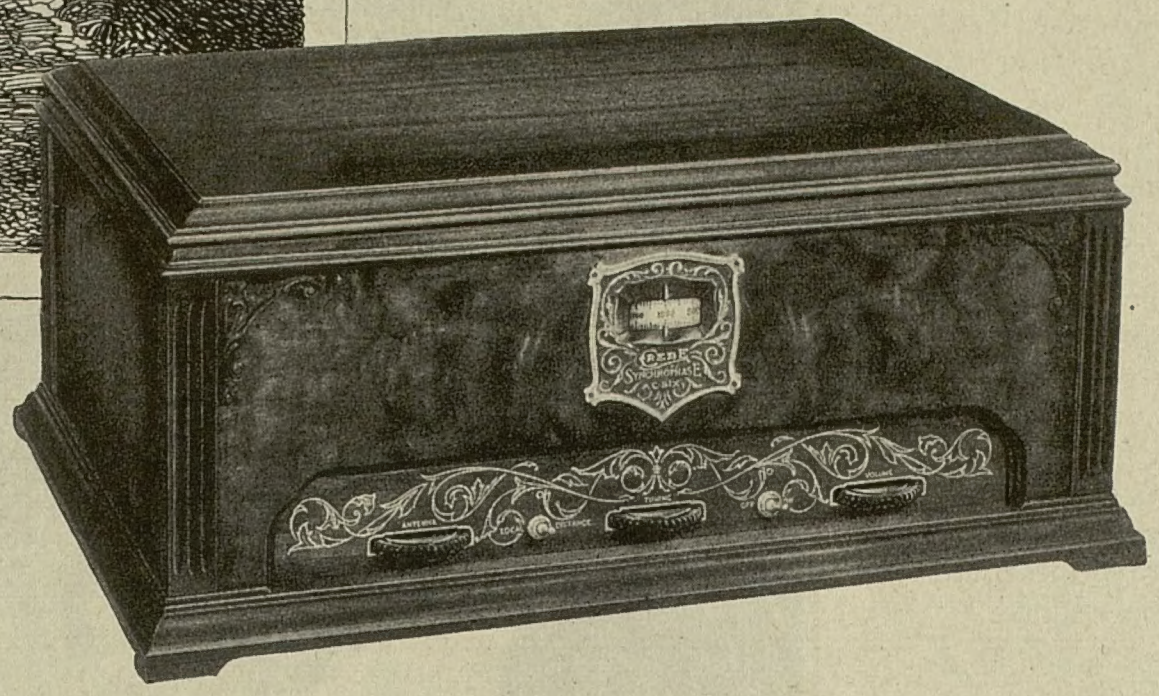
Address .....

City ..... State .....

(In Canada: 165 Dufferin Street, Toronto)

Before newspapers were common, news of immediate importance was cried through the streets by a town official called a "Crier."

Get it *Better* with a Grebe



Born with a heritage of 19 years of outstanding radio leadership, endowed with tonal beauty, selectivity and ease of operation, the Grebe Synchrophase A-C Six is presented —the newest member of a famous family.

This receiver uses A-C (alternating current) tubes and entirely eliminates batteries and socket power units. Just plug into the light socket and listen.

Incomparable range and selectivity—single illuminated dial—freedom from A-C hum—maximum volume without distortion and other new Grebe improvements enable you to get better local and distance reception.

The Grebe Synchrophase A-C Six is truly the battery-less set for which you have been waiting. Hear it today. Then you will have a complete demonstration of what expert, painstaking radio engineering can accomplish. You will be interested in Booklet LY which fully explains this new Grebe receiver. Sent upon request.

Where alternating current is not available, the Synchrophase Seven, $135; or the Synchrophase Five, $95.

GREBE RADIO
TRADE MARK
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

GREBE SYNCHROPHASE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
A-C Six RADIO

Grebe Natural Speaker (illustrated) $35

Grebe Speaker No. 1750 . . $17.50

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Factory: Richmond Hill, New York

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MARCH 3, 1928

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 5 NO. 9

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

WM. SHAKESPEARE, A GREAT AMERICAN

It seems there are some who don't see why Americans should contribute to a fund to rebuild and endow the Shakespeare Memorial Theater at Stratford-upon-Avon.

They are inclined to be indignant about the idea of sending money for a monument to an Englishman.

Well, it might just as well be said that Shakespeare was an American.

He enriched the American language as much as that of Great Britain. He was, as truly as anyone, one of the founders of American literature.

What he left, he left just as much to us as to the English. His plays are performed here as frequently as in England. Perhaps more frequently.

He is just as much our ancestor, mentally and spiritually, as he is of any Member of Parliament.

We are cool about the hands-across-the-sea idea as a matter of political theory. In business and war and international relations generally we believe it is the bunk.

Nevertheless we realize that the United States and Great Britain are more alike in sentiment than any other two nations.

Our written language is the same, however differently we may speak it. When we think, at least we think in the same words. We took a lot of things from Great Britain besides our independence.

Among other things we took the plays of Shakespeare, and down through the years we have shown no disposition to give up this inheritance.

When a memorial to the master of the English-speaking stage is proposed, we see no reason why Americans should not participate in it.

It seems to us altogether appropriate that we should recognize our debt to "the great lord of language" by helping reincarnate the historical surroundings at Stratford.

Of course Shakespeare's greatest monument is in what he wrote. The easiest—and no doubt the best—tribute to his memory is to read his books. While they exist there is no danger that the Bard will be forgotten.

It may be that we don't seek the shrine of his birthplace as often as we might. Some make the pilgrimage. The more the better, we think, though it isn't important, except as a touch of sentiment is important in a workaday world.

But inasmuch as he was our ancestor in a poetic way and in language, surely it is fitting that we should have a part in the restoration of this monument.

"He was not of an age, but for all time—our myriad-minded Shakespeare." In fact, we maintain he was one of the greatest Americans. Let the English laugh that off, if possible.

IN THIS ISSUE

She Who Sleeps.....By SAX ROHMER 11
Beginning a new serial of a princess out of the past

Poison of Asps.....By RUDYARD KIPLING 17
A visit to the strangest "farm" in the world

Friendship.....By WILLIAM SLAVENS MCNUTT 21
A short story to make an honest man smile

Sad Little Clown.....By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH 22
Charlie Chaplin rings the bell in The Circus

Presidential Possibilities—Borah. By JAMES O'DONNELL BENNETT 27
A study of the silver-tongued statesman from Idaho

Love Letters of an Interior Decorator.....By BERT GREEN 35
The seventeenth spasm of a lovesick Romeo

Nicaragua.....By SIDNEY SUTHERLAND 37
What's it all about?

When the World Screamed.....By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE 42
Concluding a two-part story of an amazing adventure

The Manassa Mauler—Daddy of 'Em All
By CHARLES J. MCGUIRK 51
The story of Jack Dempsey (Part Three)

The Balloon Buster of Arizona.....By NORMAN S. HALL 59
The incredible story of America's second ace (Part Eight)

I'm Not Afraid of Cats!.....By TONI, JR. 63
As dictated to Antoinette Donnelly

Somebody Has To!.....By IDA M. EVANS 64
The story of a girl who learned courage from fear

Getting Ahead of the Silkworm.....By RUTH RIDENOUR 79
How synthetic chemistry has stolen another march on Nature

News of the World (p. 25); Eileen Bourne's Beauty Article (49); Vox Pop (50); Fashions (57-58); Twenty Questions (62); Poem (74); Food (77); Cross-Word Puzzle (78); Word Golf (81); For the Love o' Lil (82); Bright Sayings of Children (82)

Cover by Leslie Thrasher

INDEX OF ADVERTISEMENTS ON PAGE EIGHTY-ONE

IN OUR *NEXT* ISSUE

MARSHAL FOCH, Commander-in-Chief of the Allied forces in the World War, has broken his habitual taciturnity and, in an authorized interview with GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK, the noted author and editor, has given to LIBERTY a message for America. You will find the viewpoints of this active little man of seventy-six both informative and intensely interesting. Read FOCH ON PEACE AND WAR.

PANSY'S EAR, a short story by WALLACE IRWIN, tells of a million dollars' worth of trials and tribulations in the first year of a young couple's married life—and of the unique method in which they collected under the terms of the strangest wedding gift of which you ever heard.

When you sit at a desk or table idly allowing your pencil to stray over a sheet of paper, to you this means no more than scribbling. But, in reality, it is a revelation of your character. At least, that is the amazing claim set forth in YOUR HAND REMEMBERS WHAT YOU FORGET, by LOUISE RICE. Read it and learn something new about yourself.

PATCHOULI AND BILLIARDS, by VIÑA DELMAR, is a short story of a husband whose patience was exceeded only by his wife's demands upon it. This absorbing tale of domestic life contains portraits in which you will find a little bit of every husband and every wife.

JAMES O'DONNELL BENNETT'S next Presidential Possibility is Reed. In this article he draws a pen picture of the colorful Senator from Missouri, who has had as many political ups and downs as any man in modern politics, and shows why he may—and may not—be our next President.

March 3, 1928 LIBERTY Vol. 5, No. 9

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Announcing A Special Life Insurance

ONE MILLION LIFE

Greatest Life Insurance Bargain of Its Kind Ever Offered! Just Send $1.00 and Coupon Below! Your Policy Will Be

Actual policy is about four times this size

FEDERAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

STRONG — CHICAGO — PROGRESSIVE

Monthly Premium $_____ **Amount** $_____

Age_____ No._____

_____, hereinafter referred to as the Insured.

_____, hereinafter referred to as the Beneficiary.

THE FEDERAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
(hereinafter referred to as the Company)
HEREBY INSURES the life of said Insured and agrees as follows:

LIFE INSURANCE BENEFIT

Upon receipt at its Home Office in the City of Chicago of due proof of the death of said Insured while this policy is in force and due proof of the interest of claimant, the Company will pay to the beneficiary named above_____Dollars (hereinafter referred to as the face amount of this policy) provided, however, that if such death occurs during the first six months of this policy the amount so payable shall be limited to one-half of the said face amount. If the beneficiary named above is not living at the time of the death of said Insured the amount payable under this policy will be paid to the Insured's executors, administrators or assigns.

ACCIDENTAL DEATH BENEFIT—DOUBLE INDEMNITY

If the Insured while this policy is in force, and while no premium hereon is in default, shall sustain bodily injury resulting directly from external, violent and accidental means (suicide, sane or insane, not included) exclusively and independently of all other causes, and if such bodily injury within thirty days from the event causing the accident shall result in the death of the Insured, the Company will pay to said beneficiary double the face amount of this policy in lieu of all other benefits hereunder.

This benefit is subject to the additional provisions on the second page hereof relating to Accidental Death Benefits. It does not cover any accidental bodily injury caused or contributed to by sickness or disease or cover war risk or disappearance or loss suffered while riding or being in or on any aerial conveyance or any submarine.

ACCIDENTAL DEATH BENEFIT—TRIPLE INDEMNITY

If the Insured while this policy is in force, and while no premium hereon is in default, shall sustain bodily injury resulting, exclusively and independently of all other causes, from the wrecking or disablement of any public omnibus, taxicab, jitney or automobile stage or bus, which is being driven or operated at the time of such wrecking or disablement by a licensed driver plying for public hire and in which such Insured is traveling as a fare-paying passenger, or from the wrecking or disablement of any railroad passenger car or passenger steamship or steamboat or street railway car or elevated or subway railway car, in or on which such Insured is traveling as a fare-paying passenger in a place regularly provided for passengers only, or from the wrecking or disablement of any passenger elevator (elevators in mines and freight elevators excepted) in which the Insured is riding as a passenger, or from the burning of a building, in which the Insured shall be at the beginning of the fire and in which the Insured shall be burned by fire or suffocated by smoke, he not acting as a volunteer or paid fireman, the Company will pay three times the face amount of this policy in lieu of all other benefits hereunder, provided, such bodily injury results in the death of the Insured within thirty days from the date of such accident.

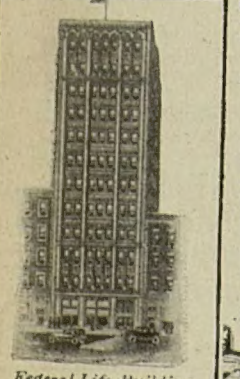
This benefit is subject to the additional provisions on the second page hereof relating to Accidental Death Benefits.

TOTAL AND PERMANENT DISABILITY BENEFIT

Whenever the Company receives due proof that the Insured, after the premiums for one full year shall have been paid hereunder and before default in the payment of any subsequent premium on this policy, has become totally and permanently disabled by reason either of accidental injury or sickness so as to be prevented necessarily and continuously from engaging in any occupation whatsoever for remuneration or profit, then the Company will waive payment of all premiums becoming due subsequent to the receipt of such proof during the continuance of such total and permanent disability. This benefit is subject to the additional provisions on the second page hereof relating to Total and Permanent Disability. Guaranteed Cash and Loan Values and all other privileges provided in the policy shall be the same as if such waived premiums had been paid as they became due and in any settlement of the policy the Company will not deduct any premiums so waived.

NON PARTICIPATING LIFE POLICY ACCIDENTAL DEATH AND TOTAL DISABILITY BENEFITS
PREMIUMS PAYABLE FOR LIFE.
FIFTY PER CENT NATURAL DEATH BENEFIT DURING FIRST SIX MONTHS.

FORM L 708 1-28



Federal Life Building, Chicago, Owned by the Federal Life Insurance Co

BELIEVING that most people will welcome an opportunity to obtain Life Insurance on an economical basis, we offer, as a special service to Liberty readers, One Million Life Insurance Policies—the most remarkable Life Insurance bargain of its kind ever presented!

By taking advantage of this offer you may obtain, for only $1.00 a month and the coupon at right—*and without any medical examination*—a Life Insurance Policy in the Federal Life Insurance Company of Chicago which provides Insurance against death from any cause whatsoever, and, IN ADDITION, provides for DOUBLE and TRIPLE the amount of Insurance in the event of accidental death as stated.

An important feature of this offer is that *no medical examination is required!* Just send $1.00 with the coupon at right. The Policy will be sent by mail. No inconvenience whatever.

Never before, to our knowledge, has a Life Insurance Policy of this type been issued which provides so much protection for so little money. Men, women, boys, girls—every eligible reader of Liberty—should avail themselves of the opportunity, regardless of the amount of Life Insurance already carried.

Standard Life Insurance

The Policy offered is illustrated at the left. Read it. Note that it is *Standard Life Insurance.* It provides Guaranteed Cash, Loan, Paid-up Life Insurance Values, Total and Permanent Disability Benefits, and other standard privileges known throughout the Insurance World.

Note that it is not limited Term Insurance. You do not have to exchange it for any other Policy at any time. The premium of $1.00 a month remains the same throughout the life of the Policy. It never increases.

The Federal Life Insurance Company is a standard Legal Reserve Company. It has been established 28 years—continuously under the same efficient management, Isaac Miller Hamilton, President. It operates under the authority of the State laws for the protection of Policyholders. It has assets of *over Ten Million Dollars.* It has more than $100,000,000.00 of Paid-for Life Insurance in force. It has Policyholders throughout the United States and Canada. It has paid to Policyholders and beneficiaries over $16,000,000.00.

The special Life Insurance Policy herein offered is written in accordance with actuarial statistics and Insurance laws in the

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Offer To Liberty Readers:

INSURANCE POLICIES

NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION REQUIRED!

Sent by Mail · · · No Inconvenience!

Only $1.00 *a month* **With Coupon Below**

An Extraordinary Opportunity for Readers of Liberty!

same manner as all other Standard Life Insurance Policies and has been authorized by State Insurance Departments.

Many will wonder why such an offer as this is made. It is made as a means of providing Standard Life Insurance with added benefits to Liberty readers at low cost and to advertise Federal Life Insurance Service.

Open to Persons Age 10 to 50

This offer is open to persons between the ages of 10 to 50 in normal health, living in the United States or Canada! (*Note:* If you are not in normal health or are not a standard, insurable risk, please do not apply.)

The cost of $1.00 a month is the same to everyone — regardless of age. The amount of Insurance which $1.00 a month will purchase under this offer varies according to your age at the time you take out the Policy. The younger you are the more Insurance you get. (See Table at right.) To determine the amount take age at your nearest birthday. This amount is payable whenever you die, regardless of how old you may be at the time of death.

For the benefit of those who wish to obtain larger amounts of Insurance on this offer, arrangements have been made to issue these Policies in multiple sums, if desired. For example, for $2.00 a month you may obtain TWICE the amount of Insurance, for $3.00 a month THREE TIMES the amount, etc. Limit for males, FIVE UNITS —five times the amount; limit for females, THREE UNITS—three times the amount.

Limited Offer!

Send Coupon at Once!

Probably never before has such an opportunity as this been presented to the American public. Think of it! A Standard Life Insurance Policy with Double and Triple Indemnities, Guaranteed Cash, Loan and Paid-up Life Insurance Values, Total Disability and other benefits—for only $1.00 a month with the coupon at right! And *no medical examination required!* Your Policy sent to you by mail!

No matter how much Life Insurance you now carry, you cannot afford to disregard this offer. Apply for one of these Policies for yourself and every eligible member of your family.

The Federal Life Insurance Company reserves the right to reject any application by refunding the full amount of the premium paid.

No more than One Million Policies will be issued on this offer. As Liberty is read by several million readers the supply of these Policies may be quickly exhausted. You are therefore urged to send the coupon at once!

Address Coupons To:

LIBERTY READERS INSURANCE DEPARTMENT
FEDERAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
168 North Michigan Ave., *Chicago, Ill.*

What This $1.00 Life Insurance Policy Pays:

NOTE: This special Policy costs you only $1.00 a month regardless of your age. Only persons between ages of 10 and 50 are eligible to apply. To determine the amount of insurance offered for $1.00 a month take your present age at nearest birthday in Table below. The amount of Insurance is shown opposite the age. This amount is payable whenever you die, regardless of how old you may be at time of death.

AGE	Amount of Insurance Payable Under Triple Indemnity Provision for Accidental Death	Amount of Insurance Payable Under Double Indemnity Provision for Accidental Death	Amount of Insurance Payable for Death From Any Cause Other Than Accident
10	$2,565.00	$1,710.00	$855.00
11	2,520.00	1,680.00	840.00
12	2,478.00	1,652.00	826.00
13	2,439.00	1,626.00	813.00
14	2,400.00	1,600.00	800.00
15	2,361.00	1,574.00	787.00
16	2,325.00	1,550.00	775.00
17	2,274.00	1,516.00	758.00
18	2,238.00	1,492.00	746.00
19	2,190.00	1,460.00	730.00
20	2,157.00	1,438.00	719.00
21	2,112.00	1,408.00	704.00
22	2,070.00	1,380.00	690.00
23	2,028.00	1,352.00	676.00
24	1,986.00	1,324.00	662.00
25	1,935.00	1,290.00	645.00
26	1,899.00	1,266.00	633.00
27	1,851.00	1,234.00	617.00
28	1,806.00	1,204.00	602.00
29	1,764.00	1,176.00	588.00
30	1,713.00	1,142.00	571.00
31	1,677.00	1,118.00	559.00
32	1,629.00	1,086.00	543.00
33	1,578.00	1,052.00	526.00
34	1,530.00	1,020.00	510.00
35	1,485.00	990.00	495.00
36	1,443.00	962.00	481.00
37	1,395.00	930.00	465.00
38	1,350.00	900.00	450.00
39	1,305.00	870.00	435.00
40	1,260.00	840.00	420.00
41	1,221.00	814.00	407.00
42	1,173.00	782.00	391.00
43	1,131.00	754.00	377.00
44	1,086.00	724.00	362.00
45	1,044.00	696.00	348.00
46	1,002.00	668.00	334.00
47	963.00	642.00	321.00
48	921.00	614.00	307.00
49	882.00	588.00	294.00
50	843.00	562.00	281.00

NOTE: *Fifty Per Cent Natural Death Benefit During First Six Months. See Policy.*

Mail This Coupon

COUPON

FEDERAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
LIBERTY READERS INSURANCE DEPT.
168 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

I certify that I am a reader of Liberty Magazine and hereby request the Special Life Insurance Policy checked below in accordance with your offer in the March 3rd issue of Liberty.

NOTE: For a dollar a month Policy check here ☐ $1.00

If you wish a larger multiple amount of this Insurance as offered, indicate your desire by checking here the amount of the monthly premium you wish to pay. (Limit for males, five units; for females, three units.)

☐ $2.00 ☐ $3.00 ☐ $4.00 ☐ $5.00

Check or Money Order for the amount of the first month's premium must be sent with this coupon

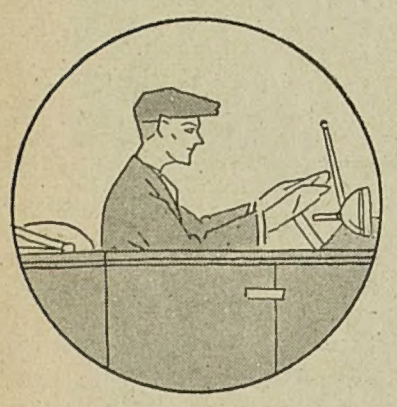
My Name Is.....
Write Your Name In Full. Do Not Use Initials.

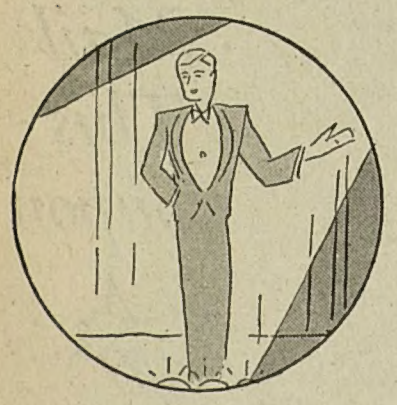
My Home Address Is.....

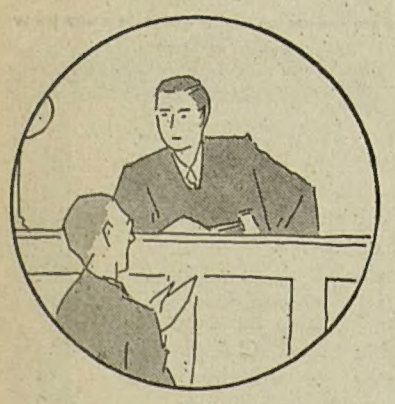
Date of Birth.....*My Age Is*.....
Day Month Year

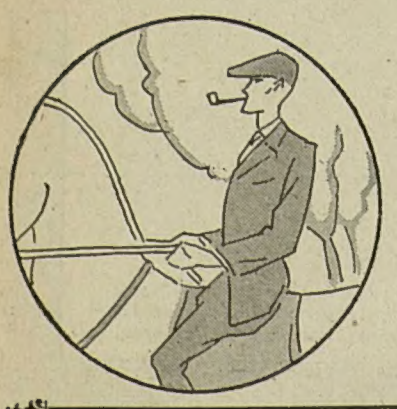
Beneficiary.....
Write Here the Full Name of Person to Whom You Want Insurance Paid At Your Death

NOTE: This Insurance will become effective if and when issued by the Federal Life Insurance Company at its Home Office in Chicago. The Federal Life Insurance Company reserves the right to reject any application for this insurance for any cause whatsoever, and in such cases will return to the Applicant the full amount of the payment sent with this coupon.









"Are Women People?"

Did you ever see a "Woman's Magazine" in a barber shop? **No! But you see the women there!**

A WOMAN in a barber shop a decade ago would have been looked upon with suspicion. Puritan America had decreed that beauty was largely a cultivation of inner virtues. Feminine faces were as nature, soap and a substantial diet made them, plus a permissible trifle of talcum powder. Rouge and lip stick got the brazen creature hot glances and cold shoulders. The police blotter was the social register for ladies of heightened complexions.

In 1917, women the whole country over spent but 80 millions to improve on nature. In 1926, only nine years later, they spent *two billions!* Government figures!

The modern craze for beauty is but a spirit released from the bondage of household cares. Once, the home was a factory. Women cooked, canned and sewed. Now they buy. Women labored with scrub-brush and broom, wash-tub and flat-iron. Now they press a button and have time for beauty and diversion.

In 1907, $705,000 worth of washing machines, vacuum cleaners and electric irons were sold. In 1927, sales were over 23 millions! Dish washers (mechanical) and ironers (electric) were inventors' dreams in 1907. Today they are realities which help to make drudgery in the home as out of date as ankle-length skirts.

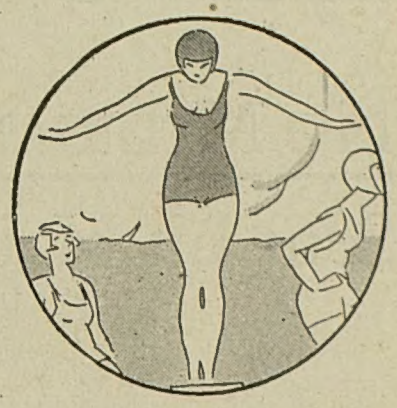
Times have changed. *Women today are people.* They instruct and amuse themselves at the same places men do. *They read the same books and newspapers that men read.* Why, then, shouldn't women read the same magazines?

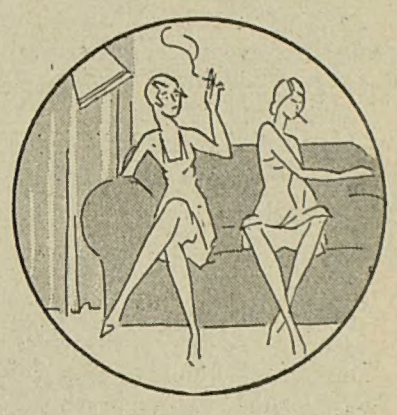
The answer is: ***They do!***

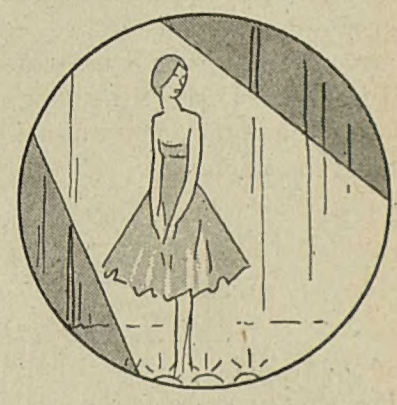
$25 for Letters

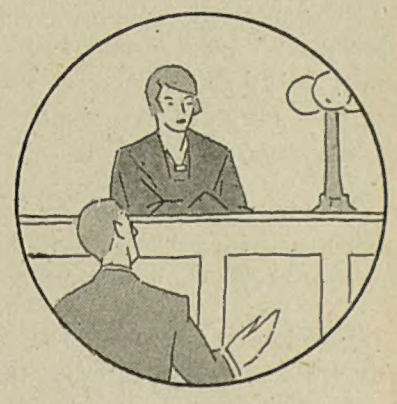
Liberty will pay $25.00 for the best letters on this subject, from both men and women. Address "Are Women People?" c/o Liberty, 247 Park Ave., New York City, N.Y.

Letters on this subject must be received by Liberty not later than March 26th.









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She Who Sleeps

The Story of an Importunate Lover and a Princess Out of the Past

A New Mystery Serial

By SAX ROHMER

Pictures by WILL FOSTER

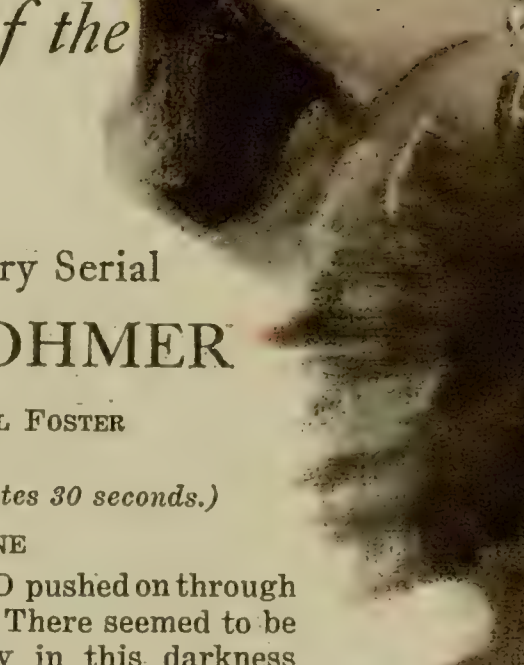
(Reading time: 28 minutes 30 seconds.)

PART ONE

BARRY CUMBERLAND pushed on through a growing darkness. There seemed to be an unfamiliar quality in this darkness which he first noticed when, quite mechanically, he stooped to switch on his headlights, and in doing so saw the time by the clock in the car. He slowed down for a moment, on a crossways, and stared into the west.

A great cloud, black as the pall of Avalon, was draped before the sinking sun.

As he watched, it crept further and further up the dome of blue, like a velvet curtain drawn by giant hands. Through a gap in the trees which had closely beset the path for some distance, now, Barry looked down into that valley along which his route lay to the highroad and New York.



Three hundred feet below, perched apparently on the edge of a ravine, he saw a house. Some rent in the curtain of the storm had allowed a ray like a searchlight to break through and to shine upon a sort of turret which crowned the building.

Beyond, the road zigzagged, disappeared into shadow, later to reappear in the form of a bridge, until it finally became lost to sight before the plain was reached.

The moving curtain blotted out the light. Where a fairy castle had been, eerily illuminated, came blackness. Barry looked ahead sharply, accelerated, and, knowing the violence of these sudden storms in the mountains, prayed that his Rolls would deliver him from treacherous byways before the blinding rain began.

For no reason which he could have defined, he had left a cheery crowd at the club, with never a word of farewell, urged by a sudden irrational impulse to reach home in time for supper. Such abrupt changes of plan were characteristic of Barry, annoying to his friends, but in no way destructive of his popularity.

A young man endowed with good looks, charm of manner, and John Cumberland for a father, is not dropped socially merely because nature has designed him for a poet in a material age.

Through this ever-growing darkness he drove on. Presently came a dangerous turning which he remembered. He checked where a ragged fence appeared suddenly ahead like a barrier, and negotiated a tortured figure S which brought him out above a sheer drop. Beneath lay meadows where late corn showed speckled gold in the crawling shadows. Down the road led, and still down.

A gallant ray from the stifled sun alighted momentarily upon white walls of a building far ahead. He was aware of a flowered porch, a window, a low roof.

Vaguely he recalled this little home. Some-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HIGH up before an open window she stood. She wore some kind of cloudy robe—a jeweled girdle—the dress of a Theban priestess!

[SHE WHO SLEEPS Continued from Page Eleven]

thing had drawn his attention to it upon the outward journey from New York. Then it was blotted out like a house of dreams. But he was losing nothing on the storm. The race grew more and more real.

Some classic analogy cropped up in his mind. He became a mortal defying the gods. But from this flight of imagination he came sharply back to earth.

The house by the roadside passed—and even now he was bearing down upon it—what lay beyond?

Jim Sakers, his pilot on the outward run, now was many miles behind, probably dancing; happily unconscious of the fact that his friend, bareheaded, in dinner kit, was racing for New York, a victim of moods, pursued by the storm.

There was a bridge, Barry remembered. They had passed a Studebaker on it; very nice navigation, for the bridge was narrow. Yes! Here was the bridge. The Rolls went booming across it at fifty-five.

AND now Barry sighted his first pedestrian, an old man with a clean-shaven upper lip and a tufty white beard. He wore blue overalls, a huge plaid cap which would have suited Harry Lauder, and smoked a very short pipe. Pausing, he stepped hurriedly aside as the bareheaded madman swept by in a cloud of dust. His cap went up like a Scotch balloon.

Barry clenched his teeth. The shadow was gaining upon him. Now came a long, sweeping curve which he recalled clearly, tree-bordered on the one side and on the other outlining an upcrop of primitive sandstone, where sparse vegetation and scattered rocks formed an isthmus around which his route lay.

Here for a moment he could glance aside. The black curtain was still gaining. The storm promised to win.

Into a cut he plunged, high-banked, tree-topped, through the blackness of which his headlights carved like a gleaming scimitar. Some little animal shot across the blade of silver. As he drove, Barry resigned himself to his mood, wondering in what way he differed from his friends.

Most of the things he attempted, he did well. His sports record was good, but not excellent. Cards frankly bored him. He danced well, except when abruptly, unaccountably, his dancing mood left him and he experienced a sudden longing for the silence of imaginary forests.

The girls about whom other men raved stirred him but slightly. They were all too true to pattern. The thought of life with any one of them was definitely objectionable. Perhaps the influence of his home might be to blame.

It was only reasonable to suppose that an establishment which is less a residence than a museum of Egyptian antiquities should contribute something to the character of one born and reared in it. Almond-eyed, slender priestesses, alluring, aloof, had possibly played a part in disabusing his mind of any romance in connection with the girls of that very modern set to which he belonged.

Since childhood they had looked down upon him from wall paintings, vases, bas-reliefs, those cloudily robed, sinuous Egyptians, whose long eyes were wells of feminine secrets; who had never smoked, nor tasted cocktails, but who had lived in a mysterious world which for some reason he identified with the deep notes of an organ.

Yes, it was their mystery which appealed to him. Mystery was what he sought, but never found, among the women of his acquaintance.

The road became a high ledge, a thread encircling a bowl of shadow. The gradient grew dangerously steep, and Barry checked speed almost unconsciously.

His musing had carried him many miles. Startled, he became aware of the fact that he could recall no point of the route from the spot where he had passed that solitary pedestrian.

But the black cloud had won; for a darkness like night had fallen all around him. He must think what lay at the bottom of this winding road; and how they had approached it. He seemed to remember that there was a fork; that they had come out upon the valleyside by one of three ways. But by which of them?

He slowed down more and more as he reached the bottom of the slope, which now turned sharply eastward out of the valley. He had been right. Three roads opened before him. His decision was promptly made. He swung into the middle route, raced along a smooth avenue, overshadowed, and so dark that midnight might have come.

During that momentary check he had heard the booming of thunder, away behind him in the west. The avenue began to curve south. It seemed to be unfamiliarly narrow. At last came a crossroad. He pulled up, hesitated, and knew definitely that he had made a wrong choice. It was the north fork he should have taken. Therefore he turned left into the crossing, presuming that it must bring him out upon his proper route.

Going was very bad. The Rolls bumped and shook from stem to stern. Barry swore under his breath when he found that this road also inclined to the south. But now, through an opening in the trees, he saw yet another crossway. Left again he swung, pursued by louder rumbling of thunder. Rain was beginning to fall.

Suddenly his head lamps flooded a high wall. He wondered, but drove on; when—blinding, awesome—the lightning came—and he saw Her!

There was a stone-faced house not twenty yards ahead, and on a balcony high up before an open window, she stood. She wore some kind of cloudy robe—a jeweled girdle—the dress of a Theban priestess! One hand upraised rested against the sash of the window, the other upon the curve of her hip.

She had long, dark eyes which seemed to be watching him, and her lips were parted in a slight smile.

"I am dreaming," he said aloud. "An Egyptian princess!"

And now the wheel was wrenched from Barry's grasp. He was aware of a cry—a loud, splintering crash—a sickening blow on the skull—of no more. . . .

II

VERY slowly Barry Cumberland opened his eyes—took one look straight before him—and then shut them quickly.

Something was wrong. He could swear he had been sitting, but a moment before, with his back against the giant pillar of an ancient Egyptian building, staring at a window high up in a temple wall.

In the moonlight he had seen a beautiful priestess standing at this window.

He opened his eyes again. He saw a small, very clean white room, and he was lying in a very clean white bed. He seemed to be propped up in some way, and he experienced difficulty in moving his head, together with great disinclination to do so, because of a dull pain above his eyes.

There were some medicine bottles and cups upon a glass-topped table, and there was a tall white screen.

The only spot of color in the room was a bowl filled with red roses, which also stood upon the table.

He wondered idly what was behind the screen and then closed his eyes once more.

He found himself incapable of grappling with the problem. In one respect, of course, he must have been wrong: in regard to the Egyptian temple.

He had never been in Egypt. In his idea that he lay in this unfamiliar white room, no doubt he was wrong also; although the red roses were suspiciously like the handiwork of his Aunt Micky.

A cool hand was presently laid upon his forehead.

For the third time he raised weary lids—and found himself looking into a pair of kindly blue eyes. A white-capped nurse was bending over him.

"Ah!" she said, speaking in a low, soothing voice which yet had a note of gayety in it. "So you have decided to wake up."

Barry Cumberland tried to say yes, but only achieved a whisper. Great heavens! He had never felt so cheap in his life! What was it all about?

"Don't bother to talk."

She held a glass to his lips. He drank, looking into the kindly, smiling eyes; and fell asleep again.

THE next time he awoke, the nurse was sitting in a chair beside him, reading. Presumably it was night, for a silk-shaded lamp was lighted upon the table at her elbow.

Barry stirred slightly and turned in her direction.

She looked up at once.

"Good evening," she said; "is there anything you want?"

"No, thank you." His voice was very low, but at least he could make himself understood. "Except — where am I?"

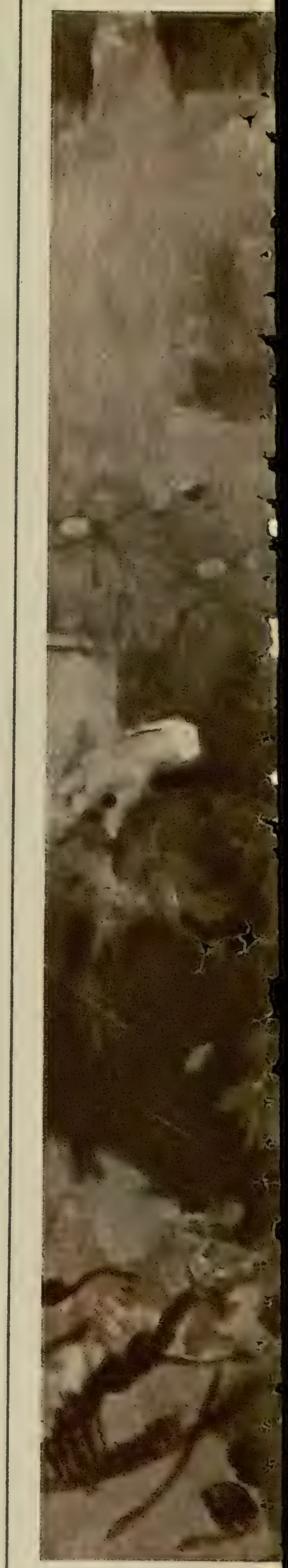
"In the first place, you are quite all right," she replied in her gentle way. "You were thrown out of your car, you know, and really had—a most lucky escape. In the second place, you are in the Elizabeth Foundation Hospital."

"Thrown out of my car?" Barry muttered. "Elizabeth? How did I get to Elizabeth?"

The nurse stood up.

"I am not at all sure that you should be allowed to talk yet," she said in a tone of authority. "At any rate, it is time for your medicine."

She measured out a dose from a graduated bottle on the table, and held it to his lips. He drank, watching her, and vainly trying to grab at any one of a thousand ideas which were dancing wildly through his brain.



A thousand

ideas were dancing wildly through his brain. There had been a crash. . . . And there was something about Egypt.

Yes, of course!—there *had* been a crash! He remembered now. He had been driving the Rolls—when was it? Some time earlier in the evening, no doubt. And there was something about Egypt. Had someone been talking to him about Egypt?

He could not capture this idea at all.

"Please tell me," he asked, and found that he had already more control of his voice, "did I crash near here?"

"Some little distance away," the nurse answered, resuming her seat.

Barry considered this reply for a long time. His brain was working with unfamiliar and amazing slowness. Then:

"Was I alone?" he inquired.

"You were alone in the car—yes."

"You are sure there was no lady with me?"

"Quite sure."

"Then how do I come to be here?"

"You were brought here by someone who found you."

"Do you mean a friend?" Barry asked.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SHE WHO SLEEPS
Continued from Page Thirteen]

And as he spoke an explanation came to him of that extraordinary pressure about his skull for which he had hitherto been unable to account. His head was tightly bandaged!

"I am afraid you are talking too much," the nurse said with gentle sternness. "But I will answer your question. The man who brought you was a stranger, and his finding you a pure accident. And now please close your eyes and stop thinking about it."

Barry smiled and, in regard to closing his eyes, obeyed. But he did not stop thinking about it. Yes—he had crashed in the Rolls. He had been bound for New York. He remembered that much, clearly. He could not remember why nor from where. He opened his eyes.

"How was I dressed when I was brought in?" he inquired.

"You were wearing your dinner clothes," the nurse replied distinctly, raising her eyes from the book which she had resumed reading. "Please ask no more questions, because I shall be unable to answer them. In ten minutes I am going to turn the light out and leave you. So try to get to sleep."

"Thank you," said Barry, and continued his reflections until he fell asleep again.

WHEN next he awakened, morning sunlight flooded the room, and he saw, standing beside the white-capped nurse, a cheery-looking, gray-haired man with a very ruddy complexion.

"Good morning, Mr. Cumberland," said the cheery man in a cheery voice.

"Good morning," Barry replied—and, in the act of speaking, knew that he was himself again, and that he had not been himself during those earlier conversations with the nurse.

He raised his hand to his bandaged skull. It was singing and throbbing, but that curious, dull pain had gone.

"My name is Dr. Barton," the other went on. "Feel better?"

"Rather!" said Barry. "What the deuce happened to me? Did I try to take a high jump or something?"

"Not exactly," Dr. Barton replied, sitting on a rail at the end of the bed and addressing Barry over his shoulder. "You seem to have tried to climb a tree."

Barry grinned feebly.

"How's the Rolls looking?" he inquired.

"That I can't tell you," was the reply. "I understand it has been towed to a garage some miles from here."

But, even as he listened to Dr. Barton's answer, Barry's mind had recalled every circumstance which had led up to the accident.

"I remember it all clearly," he said. "I had lost my way. One point I *must* clear up."

"Well, get busy with it," the genial doctor directed, "because we are going to have you out of bed presently, and see how you feel on your feet."

"Splendid," Barry replied. "What I want you to tell me is this: the exact spot at which the crash took place."

Dr. Barton shook his head.

"I haven't the faintest idea!"

"What!" Barry exclaimed. "But whoever brought me here must have known where he found me!"

"No doubt," Dr. Barton admitted; "but he didn't think it necessary to mention the fact."

"Could you possibly ring up this Good Samaritan and arrange for me to see him?"

"We *could*—if we knew his number."

"Didn't he leave it?"

"He left nothing!" was the astonishing answer. "He drove you here in a Studebaker—it was a Studebaker, wasn't it, nurse?" The nurse confirmed his statement with a nod; and, "in a Studebaker," Dr. Barton continued, "at somewhere around ten o'clock. Dr. Perry was in charge and admitted you. You looked like a serious case, you understand? You're not, but you looked like it. Who you were we found out from your cards, license, and what not.

"Then this dark horse in the Studebaker faded out. He didn't leave so much as his best wishes."

"Do you mean you have no means of tracing him?"

"None whatever," the nurse assured him. "Dr. Perry told me he was a rough-looking man. I was on duty that night. And no one was more surprised than Dr. Perry when we learned that he had driven off."

"You see, it looked suspicious," Dr. Barton explained; "and we have been manhandled by the police about it. I mean there was nothing to show that you had not been assaulted and robbed."

Barry stared at the speaker unseeingly.

"Whoever towed my car to the garage," he mused aloud, "will tell me where I was found—or where the car was found."

"I am sorry," Barton declared, "but he won't! The garage telephoned here the same night to say they had the car. We had a police officer on the premises at the time."

"Well?" said Barry eagerly.

"A man driving a Studebaker towed the car in," Barton went on; "said it was the property of Mr. Barry Cumberland and that Mr. Cumberland would settle with them for repairing it. Then he faded out."

"Leaving no name?"

"Leaving no name."

"Was this last night?"

Dr. Barton glanced at the nurse, smiled, and then:

"It was on *Wednesday* night," he returned. "You were semiconscious for forty-eight hours! And now, stop talking. I've got my work to do. Stand by, nurse."

"One moment!" Barry pleaded. "My father?"

"Your father has been in constant touch. We advised him at once. He is downstairs now, waiting to see you."

III

"SHE might have stepped down from that painting!" said Barry, a week later, pointing to a reproduction of part of a wall of the great temple at Medînet Habu, above the carven mantelpiece of the library.

His father nodded and smiled, but not unkindly. He was strangely like his son, except that John Cumberland's curly hair was gray and Barry's curly hair was brown.

At the present moment Barry did not look his best. A patch of the said curly hair was neatly shaved and the corresponding portion of his skull decorated with unattractive surgical dressing.

Both men possessed fresh, healthy coloring and steadfast gray eyes. Both were virile, real, and would have been unusually handsome except that both had "the Cumberland nose," which was quite frankly tiptilted.

No two men could have seemed more strangely out of place in this setting. John Cumberland might have passed for an old-fashioned English squire. Barry was as typical a

HE found himself confronted by a truly formidable female. Her muscular hands rested upon her hips. Her regard was a challenge.

young man of today—sane, fit, keen—as one could find anywhere in the English-speaking world. Yet this library more closely resembled one of the Egyptian rooms at the British Museum than the favorite haunt of a prosperous man of affairs.

Egypt—unaccountable though it appeared to his friends—was John Cumberland's hobby; a hobby in which he had sunk a not inconsiderable fortune; in which he had sought, and ultimately found, it would seem, consolation for the loss of Barry's mother, who had died when Barry was seven years old.

Today the Cumberland Collection ranked as the second finest of its kind in the United States. It was representative of Egyptian civilization in all its phases—save that it contained no mummies. It was not confined to the library, but overflowed into virtually every room in the house.

Yet nowhere were there any mummies. This was a concession to Aunt Micky, John Cumberland's sister, who acted as the widower's housekeeper and hostess.

THE loss by his sister of the dissolute Count Colonna had left her a grateful if somewhat embittered woman. The latter years of her married life had been years of hidden misery. Time, however, had sweetened her, even as it had healed her brother. She tasted the strange fruits of our modern orchard with astonishment but without dyspepsia; nevertheless firmly declining to remain under the same roof with a mummy.

"This girl on the balcony seems to have made a tremendous impression upon you," said John Cumberland, keenly watching his son across the library table.

The old man stepped hurriedly aside as the bareheaded madman swept by in a cloud of dust. His cap went up like a Scotch balloon.

"I can never forget her," Barry declared; for between these two was that rare comradeship which makes secrets unnecessary. "I don't mean that I have fallen in love at first sight, or anything ridiculous like that! But I have an intense curiosity to know who she is."

"You are quite sure," his father went on, carefully selecting a cigar, "that the order of events was the girl and the crash?—not the crash and the girl? You see what I mean, Barry? You have always had an interest in these things"—he waved his cigar vaguely in the direction of the library walls—"which I suppose I have encouraged. You had it in mind to get back here to supper, and so it is just possible—"

"I quite see what you mean," Barry interrupted: "That the girl on the balcony was the beginning of delirium, *after* I had banged my head. Well, of course it's impossible to explain how I know it, but you are wrong. I certainly saw her. And what adds to my certainty is the curious behavior of the people who took care of me afterward."

"You mean the man who brought you to the hospital, and the one who towed your car to the garage?"

"Why, certainly!" Barry replied. "As not a thing was stolen, either from me personally or out of the Rolls, why should these people have deliberately kept in the background?"

"I see your point," said his father slowly; "but I rather think there was only one man concerned."

"I believe you are right," Barry agreed; "and I believe that this man was acting for the girl I saw at the window!"

John Cumberland looked up, fumbling for his lighter.

"Now," he confessed, "I don't entirely follow you."

"I mean, Dad," Barry explained excitedly, "that she must have seen me. She was looking at me. If I saw *her*, she certainly saw *me!*"

John Cumberland lighted his cigar.

"Now I begin to follow." He nodded. "You mean that she didn't want you to trace her?"

"Exactly!"

"You are sure she saw you? A flash of lightning such as you describe would have a very blinding effect."

"It did," Barry admitted ruefully, "in *my* case! But the crash took place less than twenty yards from the spot where she was standing."

"Yes," his father mused; "probably you are right. You think that she sent this mysterious man with the Studebaker to your assistance, had you taken to hospital in Elizabeth, and then had the Rolls towed to a distant garage, with the idea that you would be unable to find the spot later? Rather a hazard. How was she to know that you were unfamiliar with the neighborhood?"

"She might have thought it worth a chance, at any rate."

"But the object!" John Cumberland exclaimed. "What could be the object? Was she very inadequately dressed? I mean—was she likely to feel ashamed of having been seen in such a condition?"

"Why—no—" said Barry reflectively. "She was very strangely dressed, and, as far as that goes, scantily. But in these days that wouldn't upset her. There's some mystery about it—of this I am certain. Tomorrow I am going exploring. I wish you could come."

"Unfortunately I can't," was the reply. "I have two important conferences. But if you go, let Hemingway drive you. You have had a devil of a knock on the head, my boy, and you shouldn't overtax yourself."

Barry, however, had planned to go with Jim Sakers, who claimed to know the country like the palm of his hand. And on the following morning the two made an early start, beneath a cloudless sky which lent the towering buildings of New York an unfamiliar ethereal quality.

Jim Sakers, in appearance and in temperament, was as different from Barry Cumberland as a Gruyère cheese is different from an ivory Buddha.

He was dark and of a lovable ugliness; practical to a degree which his friend sometimes found irritating; invariably good-humored; and frankly ignorant of everything which could not be dealt with in Wall Street. An enthusiastic sportsman to whom the arts were an awful mystery, he withal regarded the moody Barry more tenderly than *Horatio* looked upon *Hamlet*.

ONCE extricated from the cross-word puzzle of New York's traffic and clear of Hoboken's shores, they began to make speed.

"When we get to the house," Barry said, "I propose to call."

"Cheers!" cried Jim. "I hope the Egyptian princess keeps a good cellar. But what for?"

"To thank her for looking after me. I shall take it for granted that she did."

"Wait until we find the house," Jim warned; "and then wait until we get in!"

Barry smiled lightly.

"Of course we shall find the house," he asserted. "You know the way, don't you?"

"Absolutely," Jim assured him—"as far as

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SHE WHO SLEEPS
Continued from Page Fifteen]

the forks. I simply couldn't go wrong. But from there onward I am entirely in your hands. You say you took the middle road?"

"Yes," Barry nodded; "the middle one."

He became lost in thought, paying so little attention to his companion's cheery remarks that presently these ceased, as mile after mile was left behind and New York seemed to become very remote in the peace of the countryside which they were traversing.

And now, undaunted, Jim began to sing loudly:

"Dear one, the moon is waiting for the sunshine—"

"Shut up!" Barry implored. "Don't sing. Or, if you *must* sing, sing the right words. It isn't 'the moon'—it's 'the world.'"

"Oh!" Jim stared. "I don't believe it. But, anyway, I like 'the moon' better."

"The tune is all wrong as well."

"You're too blamed particular!" said Jim.

Engaged in this argument they came sweeping down a long, straight road, turned sharply to the right, and Jim pulled up.

"Behold!" he cried, and pointed.

Barry could not conceal his excitement.

"Gad!" he muttered. "It looks all different now. But, yes, that's the road!"

"Middle one, boss?"

"Yes."

"Very good, boss."

Jim grinned cheerfully and swung around into the thoroughfare indicated.

"Tell me when to stop, boss!" he shouted.

"Dear one, the moon—"

He sang lustily, and inaccurately, for half a mile or more, until:

"Here we are! Left!" Barry shouted.

Jim obediently turned into the narrow way indicated by his companion, raced along it, and then:

"What's this?" he exclaimed, and pulled up sharply.

A barrier confronted them.

"We've got into a private road! And it's closed for repairs. Look!"

He pointed to the board which clearly stated this fact. "It's been closed for a long time, too, from the look of it. You've muddled the contract, you poor nut!"

Barry sat staring blankly ahead. At last:

"Try back," he suggested. "I can't make this out."

Jim grunted, backed out to a gap, turned, and retraced the path to the highroad. Slowing up:

"Now, boss," he demanded, "what next? Where's the princess?"

Barry, who had been sitting with knitted brows, looked up sharply.

"Jim," he declared, "that *was* the right road—and it was open on the night I drove along it!"

"We might park the bus and walk," Jim suggested helpfully.

"No," Barry replied; "I don't feel fit enough. Besides—"

"Well?" Jim prompted.

"Why was the road closed? There's a mystery here, Jim, and I shall never solve it by blundering in like a bull at a fence."

"Then what do we do now, boss?" Jim demanded.

"Go home!" was the reply.

"Right!" said Jim, and headed east for New York. "Once upon a time," he recited, in a loud singsong, "there was a princess . . ."

IV

IN the days that followed, Barry Cumberland resigned himself to waiting. He was soon practically fit again, however, and he made up his mind to employ his first morning of freedom in a methodical search for the scene of his accident.

Working from the nearest base where he could garage the convalescent Rolls, he set out on foot, and in something less than half an hour had reached the barricaded road. He had come alone. Jim Sakers' open skepticism upon the subject, to which he usually alluded as "Barry's princess," had begun to jar upon the victim's sensitiveness.

HE made a slight detour through close-set trees and came out upon the private road twenty yards beyond. There was nothing to show that anything in the nature of repairs was taking place, and he proceeded confidently, looking about him in quest of some landmark. He found none.

But presently an opening appeared on the left. Barry turned into it, pulled up, and suppressed a cry of triumph.

Hitherto completely hidden by embracing woods, a house lay forty yards back from the road. Its grounds were surrounded by a high wall and its construction was memorable because of a turret which crowned the easterly wing of the building.

Barry stood watching it for a time, and groping for another memory which the sight of the house provoked but which nevertheless eluded him.

He realized from its situation that upon the southeast it must look sheerly down into a valley. When and where before had he seen such a house? Try as he might he could not remember. Had he seen it in a dream? Surely he had looked down upon it from a great height!

He advanced slowly. He bent, studying the road and the unkempt shrubbery on his left. The track was altogether too deeply rutted to have retained any imprint by which the passage of his own tires could be identified.

But now, in the very shadow of the building, he pulled up sharply, staring. There was a tree stump some four feet out from the wall—its bark newly gashed in a rather peculiar manner. The undergrowth about here, too, had an odd appearance. It was dying in patches.

Stepping back to the middle of the road, he looked up across the wall. He found that he was staring directly at a window of the house beyond—a window before which a small balcony projected!

He had made no mistake! Here it was—at this very spot—that he had crashed! Dr. Barton had been nearer to the truth than he knew when he had declared, "You seem to have tried to climb a tree."

Exhilaration came. This provoking mystery was about to be solved.

Passing along the entire length of the wall without coming to any gate, Barry reached the corner, and looked across a sloping lawn beyond which stone steps led down to a sunken garden.

Far below lay the bowl of the valley through which ran the highroad to New York. A semicircular path swept around before the long, low porch of the house, which, as he immediately noted, appeared to be deserted. All visible windows were shaded. There was no evidence of life whatever about the premises. His hopes fell to zero.

Stepping on to the porch, which looked very dusty and unswept, he pressed the bell and waited, lighting a cigarette.

There was no response; not even the barking of a dog.

A second and a third time he rang, with equally negative results. The thing was growing more and more extraordinary.

Since this road, now closed, clearly led to nowhere but the house, if he had imagined that figure of a girl at the window, by whom had he been taken to hospital?

Baffled, but not beaten, he walked down the steps again. He had noted a path which clearly led to a garden at the back—a garden concealed behind that high wall against which he had crashed.

He turned into it, passed under the very window in which the girl had stood, and came out at the rear of this house of mystery.

He paused in sight of the garden. Beside him was a door. It was partly open—and from beyond came an unmistakable sound of clattering pots and pans!

Barry raised his hand and rapped sharply. The sounds ceased. A minute passed in silence. Barry rapped again, more loudly.

The door was suddenly opened—so suddenly, he realized, that the woman who now stood before him must have crept forward to peep at the intruder.

He found himself confronted by a truly formidable female, built for cargo rather than for speed. Her muscular hands rested upon her hips. She was iron-jawed, and her regard was a challenge.

"Good morning," he began. "My name is Barry Cumberland."

The woman did not reply.

"I could get no answer to the bell," he went on, "and came around in the hope of finding someone at home."

"There's no one home but me."

"Can you tell me when they will be back?"

"Who?"

"Well—particularly the lady. The lady whom I really came to thank for her service—"

"Say it again."

"The lady who witnessed an accident which took place outside this house two weeks ago?"

The Amazon stared in silence, until:

"Forgive me," said Barry patiently, "but did you hear what I said?"

"I heard."

"Then why don't you answer?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"But a lady *does* live here."

"Does she?"

BARRY was torn between laughter and indignation, but he feared an assault might follow any manifestation of either; therefore:

"I think I told you that my name was Barry Cumberland?" he said in his most amiable manner.

"You surely did."

"You may have heard the name?"

"You said it twice."

"Hang it all! At least you must know I mean no harm. I want to thank the owner of the house for taking care of me when otherwise I might have died on the roadside."

"There's no one home."

"So you have told me! But surely I can communicate with him somewhere? What is his name?"

"Brown."

"But there are so many Browns! What is his first name?"

"John."

Barry, stifling his rising anger, drew out a pocketcase and pencil. Solemnly he noted the name, "John Brown"—then:

"And at what address can I write to Mr. Brown?" he asked.

"I don't know."

"I mean, is it anywhere in America, or has Mr. Brown gone to Europe?"

"I don't know."

Apparently by accident, a ten-dollar bill dropped from the case and Barry held it out insinuatingly.

Thereupon, with suddenly dilated nostrils, the formidable guardian of the empty mansion slammed the door in his face! He distinctly heard a bolt being shot.

"Well, I'll be damned!" said he.

Barry, though for the moment completely frustrated, was yet to have a glimpse of the girl of the jeweled girdle—and under circumstances strange enough to make him doubt his own reason! See next week's absorbing installment.

POISON of ASPS

A Visit to the Strangest "Farm" in the World

An Article by

RUDYARD KIPLING

Picture by J. E. ALLEN

Brazilian Sketches

"Poison of asps is under our lips"?
Why do you seek us then?
Breaking our knotted fellow-ships
With your noisy-footed men?

Time and time over we let them go;
Hearing and slipping aside;
Until they followed and troubled us—so
We struck back, and they died.

"Poison of asps is under our lips"?
Why do you wrench them apart,—
To learn how the venom makes and drips
And works its way to the heart.

It is unjust that when we have done
All that a serpent should,
You gather our poisons, one by one,
And break them down to your good.

"Poison of asps is under our lips."
That is your answer? No!
Because we hissed at Adam's eclipse
Is the reason you hate us so.

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(Reading time: 15 minutes 22 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the fifth of Rudyard Kipling's series: Brazilian Sketches. Mr. Kipling went south in search of the soul of a nation. In these articles he reveals it.]

The foot of man making hard paths from hut to hut, field to field, and shrine to shrine.

THERE is, at the far end of one of the never-ending suburbs of San Paulo, a snake-farm where serums are prepared and dispensed against the bites of venomous serpents, which abound in these parts. Like most of the things that matter, it was one man's notion and work. Unluckily, the man himself was up or down coast at the time of our visit. But we found the "farm" sitting alone amid beautiful grounds in a faultless stretch of drive—a big, white, shuttered remote pile in dead heat among the crashing (colours hit here) green of its cut lawns and the raw bosses and clumps of flowers.

One lawn, enclosed by a low wall, was dotted with two-foot high white domed Kaffir kraals, each pierced by a tiny arch. A moat a couple of feet wide ran between the lawn and the bounding wall which overhung, a trifle, as it rose from the water. Nothing else showed, or moved or sounded, in all that heat and space and colour and overwhelming light, till a door in the face of the building opened, and one passed thankfully into cool stillness. A girl in white linen stole down a corridor that gave a glimpse of a hall full of bottles on shelves, and a faint smell of varnish, hard woods and chemicals. Then a block of solid silence, while portraits of eminent men looked down from the pale walls.

A far-off echoing step—and a young man came in clad like an umpire, with shortish linen trousers, enticingly low shoes and white socks, and beckoned us to the open, quivering air. His weapon was a stick with a piece of wire bent to right angles at one end of it. He led down to the walled enclosure, entered it across the moat and stood among the tiny kraals as though making up his mind. Had he by any chance forgotten his leggings? Not in the least, I was told, but leggings were unnecessary as well as warm. And, talking of leggings, a snake cannot as a rule strike higher than a man's knee. So, on many farms and factories, leggings are issued to the workmen in the fields. Do they wear them? Not unless they are chased into them. For one thing it is a new notion; and for another it bothers their free legs.

Now a decent, forest-bred snake hates glare

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

as much as an elephant does. Hence the baby kraals, with their small single apertures. The young man felt inside one of these with his stick, and slung out a snake, which he named, balanced on the wire. The body dropped raspingly on the dry crab-grass at the edge of the moat and recovered itself like coiled lightning, its head already set, and in cocked watch upon the man. He half kicked towards it with his shoed foot. It half struck back, showed its death-coloured mouth, and sank back into its coils, cursing a little. Perhaps it knew the routine, or was dizzy with the glare.

The young man passed from kraal to kraal, drawing out, always balanced on the wire, snake after snake, which he named, and pitched beside the first; and as each snake came to rest, its head was watching him as though it had been on that duty since The Expulsion. The recover after the throw-down is quicker than eye can follow, for if a snake be not right side up he is the most helpless of things; but the orientation of the head is quicker than the recover.

Then, as the dishevelled and indignant tangle of them grew, one was lifted out of its dark, who dropped from the wire clumsily, almost in a straight line, and lay belly up, drawing painful breath through the length of him; being solely concerned with the business of dying, to which he was left. A little lithe thing, rather like a *karait*, raced over him into the moat, where it flashed anxiously up and down along the concrete, seeking escape. But the Architect of its Universe had foreseen that there should be no purchase in still water, and it crawled back, over the thoughtfully roughened lip, on the prison side. A companion, making the best of the upheaval, floated along the moat effortless in a luxurious knot, but all the while his head was turned towards the man.

Some of the others in the heap kept slipping away to the nearest kraal just as worms slip into grass when the bait-can upsets.

There were rattlers among them—big and bad-tempered—who raised their heads and warned. The "rattle" is more like the "sizzle" of dry seeds in a bean, just enough to hint that there is death in the pot; and, curiously, it impresses anyone who has once heard it as much behind secure walls as it does in the open.

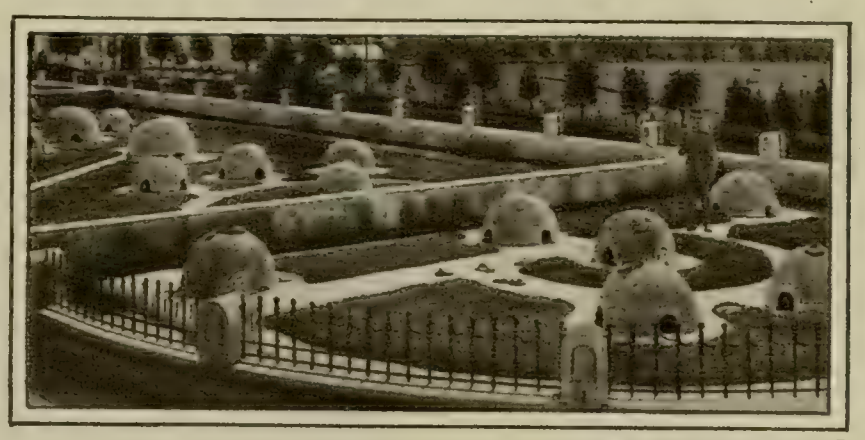
WE had a companion who knew and seemed to love the snakes of his native land. He and the young man talked together about them (most of their names seemed to begin with ja) and to illustrate some point, one flat head was pinned down by the wire stick, caught behind the thin neck, and, with a "scraunch" like shelling prawns, the jaws were forced open to start the fangs. But they carried no venom at the moment, and the thing was thrown into the discard, as though it were a journal that had been read or a politician that had served his turn.

"Yes. All the snakes in this enclosure are venomous—some more than others—but all quite enough. They are collected. They last a year or eighteen months. They are not fed because the hungrier they are the more poisonous they grow." (This gift also the Serpent bequeathed to the sons of Adam.) "Besides our regular collectors, the farmers send us snakes. For each snake, malignant or harmless, the Institute returns them a dose of serum; and also perforated boxes for sending us more snakes.

"Of course, the best serum is made from the same breed of snake as bit you. But people are often not accurate when they are bitten, so a 'general' serum is sent to the farmers. It cures—it cures surely—but it takes longer and it hurts a little more than the specialized serum. There is no danger in handling snakes if you know how, and if anything happens the injections are just around the corner.

"Are snakes man-hunters? Only one sort of snake really likes chasing men. The others all want to get away—the harmless snakes first, and then the poison ones. You see, a poisonous snake is never afraid. He does not hurry. Oh, yes! There *is* a tale of a snake that is attracted by the smell of wood or tobacco smoke, and will follow it up till it casts itself into the fire. True? Who knows? Snakes are *all* curious. Would you care to look at our harmless ones? They are put in another place, a little way off."

WE moved along the wall of that death-compound, past an enclosure where the grass had not been cut for some time, and half hid the little kraals. Why? "Oh, that is where they breed. We leave them alone." It must have been imagination, for there was no breath of wind, that made one fancy a tussock of herbage parted and bowed as we looked, but, at any rate, one was glad to think that the A'tosis are left in peace sometimes, and have not to bare their teeth to strangers.



Publishers Photo Service

The strangest "farm" in the world, where snakes are made to give up their poison as a serum for man.

The harmless snakes lived in an enclosure with a vine-covered pergola, and an evergreen tree in the centre. The stems wove easily back and forth as they crowned the trellis, and in exact and perfect camouflage of curve and colour (when the eye had seized the trick) lay half a dozen or more long thin serpents waiting hopefully for birds that never alighted. The evergreen tree, also, was filled with snakes, said the young man, but the local birds knew too much.

These particular snakes came of a breed that always hunted in this fashion. So they climbed hungrily and copied the vines and the mottling and disking of the sunlit leaves, and the shape of the twigs; and not till we had worked up to the unwinking eyes at the ends could we guess that they were anything else.

The short grass beneath the wall was full of snakes, at first invisible, and then—till one saw nothing else—two and three overlapping, deep down among the blades. But, nakedly on the top, no more to be concealed than an orange, was a brilliant yellow-red snake with a rat tail, and when she struck at the young man's foot it was with a curious stiff, weaving, frantic motion like a choking dog. To make more fear, she spread out the ribs behind her neck, and somehow suggested a cobra.

"She can bite a little—not much," said the young man and offered her a fold of linen trouser. She closed and bit, but at once dropped from it dry-mouthed, and hurried away with that stiff, beseeching, uplifted neck as though she were trying to escape from herself, or seeking a deliverer. (And why on earth she should have suggested *Lady Macbeth* in the sleep-walking scene is another mystery.)

MEANTIME, our companion had identified a small graceful little creature as of a kind he had once brought down from the North, and sent in here. ("I didn't know whether she could *do* anything, but she didn't all the way from Para to here; so she must have been all right.")

He was fondling her. She made no protest, but twined herself as prettily as *Lilith* round his arm.

Last of all, was a small boa, who comes of a breed less forsaken than the rest, because boas have a rounded, almost man-jowl and little piggy noses.

He was changing his skin—and was therefore half blind, as well as blackish and frayed along his outline.

"He can bite, too, if he wants to; but up North where they keep them for pets against the rats, they *never* bite the people of their own house."

We left him sullen and dazed, waiting for the change which will turn him green, purple, and gold again, and the young man gave our companion the snake that had taken his fancy—in a perforated paper box. Then we went off to one of the distant museums where the Tarantulas are; and the life-size wax models of what happens to your limbs after you are bitten. Here again all was silence and heat, with one small girl-student in white linen, and a blaze of flowers outside the pale hall.

The models make one heave with disgust, but there were two, differentiating the mixed scratch of a harmless serpent's teeth from the sufficient double puncture of venomous fangs, that brought back, atop of the nausea, the memory of a night when a half-fainting man's leg was examined by match-light, for certain signs, and he broke into helpless tears on being told that he would live.

The Tarantulas are manifestly the creation of the Personal Devil. They are not larger than the clenched fist, and are nourished by putting in with each one a thin snake about a foot long who stays alive till the end of the fortnight next ensuing. Then the Tarantula kills and eats it at great leisure. One looks into beautiful gauze-roofed, glass-sided worlds, each with a red earth floor and a little tin of damped wool to maintain humidity for the tenant and its ration. In one cage, a lady had hatched out a multitude of babes each the size of half-pennies, and had added to her works by casting, it seemed, all her skin. A person is officially allowed twenty-four hours after having been bitten by such a lady; but he will not be able to attend to his own affairs in that time.

THEN we returned to the outside blaze, on our way back, and passed another silent range of white buildings, where are the horses and such, through whose systems the poisons are attenuated and controlled, so that folk may live longer who would otherwise have died horribly.

Roughly speaking the process begins with an infinitely small injection of poison into a carefully kept horse. He reacts, but lives (for the dose is well known now), and the injection is gradually increased till he can resist, proportionately, as much of the venom as opium-eaters could of laudanum. Then he is tapped for some pints of his blood, and of its serum, duly attenuated and sterilised, the anti-venom is made.

When it is administered to a man in need, the two powers war together on the physical side, as one may see the powers of the spirit tearing the soul of a sinner "under conviction" before he finds salvation. Every muscle and nerve and blood corpuscle may be involved, as well as other powers that we know not of; but normally, after the throes and disintegrations, the body recovers and—since it is a sister of the soul—throws off and puts behind it in a very little while all that nightmare of experiences in restored health. But, they say, the process is not a pleasant one to watch; and men are thinking and working all their lives to make it less vehement.

Yet, after all, the only cure for venomous bites is the foot of man making hard paths from hut to hut, field to field, and shrine to shrine, through the length and breadth of a land. The A'tosis hate the look and texture of trodden ground, the smell of the cattle who come after, the hoes and axes that eat into the edges of their nesting-places, and the heavy wheels that make earthquakes beneath their sensitive bellies.

In an early issue, Rudyard Kipling will show us the heart of old Brazil, where Coffee is king. Don't miss A City and a Silence.

A great
Lenten favorite

SOUP
as America chooses it

AMERICA, the land of plenty. America, the land of progress and invention. America, the land where people can command the best of everything, provided for them in the way which most appeals to their high standards of quality and their extraordinary common sense.

AND HOW does America choose its soup? Does it still depend upon the home kitchens to supply it? Does it still regard soup the way our grandparents did—for use only once in a while on the family table, or as "something special" when guests were entertained?

Campbell's Soups are the answer to these questions. In an extraordinarily brief span of years—since 1898 to be exact—Campbell's Soups have become *the* American soups. Here are products sold in every food store in the United States today—known to every woman—served daily on millions of tables—trusted by the strictest housewives for deliciousness and quality. It is the way America—with its instinct for the best—prefers its soup.

WHY? QUALITY first. The familiar Red-and-White Label is accepted as a proof of the most exacting conscience for the best in food. Even now, there are a few housewives who insist on making their own soups. All honor to them. They want to *know* their soups will be good. So they have not yet even *tried* the Campbell's Soups that can be bought at the store. But surely the hosts of proud women who daily serve Campbell's Soups are every bit as jealous of the quality of the food on their tables. They *have* tried. They *have* tasted. And they enthusiastically approve. They have set the fashion in soups throughout America.

Convenience! Campbell's Soups require but the addition of an equal quantity of water, bringing to a boil and simmering for a few minutes.

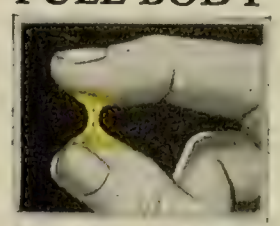
Variety! Twenty-one different Campbell's Soups all listed on the label. Every known, popular soup in the world—each the masterpiece of its kind. Your grocer has, or will gladly get for you, any Campbell's Soups you desire. 12 cents a can.

With my happy disposition
Thriving on your rich nutrition,
Campbell's Soup, I'm glad to greet you—
Better still, I'm going to eat you!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

The first thousand miles

FULL BODY



IN ALL GRADES

This year . . . your choice of motor oils is second only in importance to your choice of cars.

For engines of 1928 are faster . . . they "turn over" more times in a given second. They run hotter . . . more explosions . . . higher compressions. Only a motor oil with full viscous body can "stand up" under this high-speed heat; only a motor oil as fine as golden Texaco can give your new engine the thorough lubrication it must have at all times . . . under all circumstances.

More than ever this year, the first 1,000 miles . . . and the oil you use . . . will determine your engine's performance during each of the thousands of miles to come.

From the first mile on, use Texaco Motor Oil. Free of tars, of paraffin wax and cylinder stock, Texaco flows in coldest winter . . . lubricates thoroughly and dependably at all temperatures.

Wherever you see the Red Star and Green T, ask to see the Texaco Lubrication Chart. It will specify the grade of Texaco Golden Motor Oil authorized for your new engine.

TEXACO
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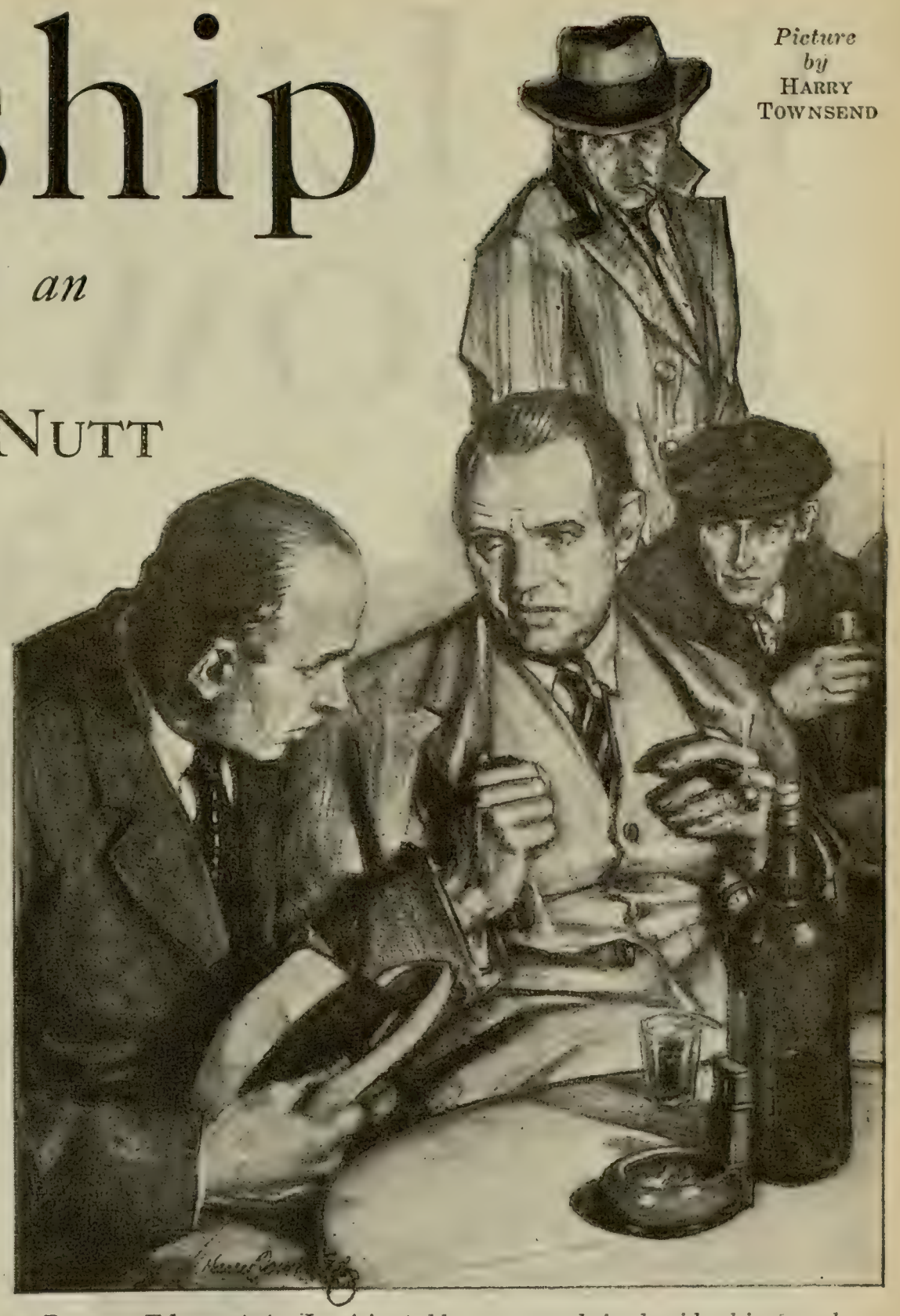
The Texas Company, 17 Battery Place, New York City
Texaco Petroleum Products

Friendship

A Short Story to Make an Honest Man Smile

By WILLIAM SLAVENS MCNUTT

Picture by HARRY TOWNSEND



Denver Ed went to Louie's table, squeezed in beside him, and cautiously whispered his tale of woe.

(Reading time: 5 minutes 16 seconds.)

DENVER ED cleaned up on the fifth race. He had $1,000 on a sleeper—twenty-five to one—and it hopped down in front.

The result of the race put Denver in a holiday mood. He collected his money and took the race train back to town. He took a taxi to the Green Fern Night Club and dined there. Following dinner he stayed on for the festivities.

He bought wine, and retold the story of the race and the manner in which he had gotten the tip to all who would drink and listen.

"I staked him to get-away money at Saratoga ten years back," he explained. "He'd been a jock up to the year before that, an' then he got too heavy. He was hustlin' then.

"The next year he hooked up as a trainer an' you all know what he's been since that. Ten years I waited for 'im to crack back for that favor I done 'im when I got him out of Saratoga, an' never a peep out of him. I had 'im figured for a mug.

"Yesterday he come to me an' give me this one. 'Denver,' he says to me, 'you came through for me once when I needed a leg up, an' here's where it comes back to ya. Dig up every dime you can get your hands on an' play Spring Dream to win in the fifth tomorrow.'

"I done what he told me, an' she popped down there in front by seven lengths. One thousand clams, I had, right on her nose—

"Hey, waiter, some more o' that bubbly stuff here. Open it up an' pour it out. No friend o' mine goes dry in this joint tonight!"

Near to midnight, a little tout edged in and sat next to Denver Ed.

"Listen, Denver," he whispered into his ear. "You slipped me a good thing at Tia Juana a couple o' years back an' gimme a ten-spot to play it when I didn't even have coffee-an'-cake money. I'm takin' a chance givin' you this, but I don't like to see a guy that done me a good turn go wrong.

"There's a bunch o' guns in this joint set to take you when you leave. Easy, now—don't act funny! I got it, an' I got it straight. They know you've got that twenty-five grand in your jeans an' they're all hopped up to get you the minute you're out o' here."

Shortly thereafter the little tout got up and eased away. The holiday mood was gone out of Denver Ed, like the air out of a punctured tire. His hotel was three blocks away. It might just as well have been 3,000 miles. If a gang of gunmen were set to get him, they'd get him unless he had protection. He knew that.

He combed the club with desperate eyes and located Louie de Marsico. Louie was the king of the bootleggers. He had a country estate, a house in town, and eight cars. Five years previously he had been a flat worker, prowling apartments for petty jewelry and small change. Now he was not only a wealthy man, but a voice of authority in gun land. Denver Ed went to Louie's table, squeezed in beside him, and cautiously whispered his tale of woe.

"Listen, Louie," he whined. "I picked up a little somethin' out at the track today an' I got it on me, see? I get the word there's a bunch of gorillas set to take me for it as soon as I blow this joint. Listen, now; fix it for me, will ya?"

Louie looked on him with a cold eye.

"Say, what d'you think I am?" he said contemptuously. "A go-between on a cheap stick-up job? Fan along, boy. You're knockin' at the wrong door. Piker stuff like that ain't any o' my business."

"Listen, Louie. If you'll just give the word an' pick me a coupla guns to see me home to my hotel, there's a grand in it for you. It's only a five-minute job, Louie. My hotel's only three blocks down the street, an' this roll I'm carryin's every dime I got in the world."

"A grand for me!" Louie said scornfully. "Where d'you get this idea I'm lookin' for tips?

"What's a grand to me, boy? I'm offa that small graft. You ought to know that."

"Listen, Louie. Who bailed you out up there in Detroit when ya fell, back there in 1922, and I just happened to be over to Windsor playin' 'em there? Who bailed ya out, huh? I know it was only fifty bucks an' you paid me back the next day an' all that; but who did it, huh? It was me, wasn't it? I sprung ya, didn't I? Ya needed that fifty bucks that night, didn't ya? Well, then! I need somebody to see me home tonight! What are ya goin' to do? Be a heel an' toss me, or what?"

Louie sighed. "All right," he said ungraciously. "Go on back to your table an' wait. I'll get some cannon to take you to your flop. Listen to me, now! This washes us up, see? You got nothin' comin' from me after this!"

"Oh, sure, Louie; that's all right!" Denver gushed abjectly. "I won't never ask ya for another thing. On the level, I won't!"

"See to it!" said Louie tersely.

DENVER ED went back to his table, content. Louie called a waiter and whispered to him. The waiter went to a young man seated at a table on the opposite side of the dance floor and whispered to him. The young man arose and crossed to Louie.

"Denver Ed over there's got a roll on him," Louie said to the young man. "He's got a tip that somebody's set to take him on the way home. See him to his flop and tuck him in bed. It's only three blocks down the street, an' he'll give you a grand for the job."

The young man shook his head. "Not me, Louie," he said. "I ain't lookin' for work tonight."

"Listen!" said Louie. "Did I go for you on that murder rap out on the South Side, or didn't I? You'd o' burned for that if I hadn't put up the money to get Charlie McBride to take your case. This Denver Ed went for me once, an' I'm askin' you to see him home—see?"

"All right, Louie," the young man said. "Them's orders!"

He crossed to Denver Ed's table and touched him on the shoulder. There was a moment of whispered conversation. The two left the place together.

Ten minutes later the young man returned. He went to Louie de Marsico and spoke his mind.

"That was a sweet one you gave me!" he said disgustedly.

"Get him home all right?" Louie asked.

"Sure!" said the young man. "He's safe in the sheets an' the roll's in the hotel box."

"What's the beef?" Louie asked. "You got a grand for the job, didn't you? Five minutes' work. That ain't bad pay. You know, Denver had twenty-five thousand in cash on him. Won it in the fifth race out at the track today."

"You're tellin' me!" the young man said bitterly. "I know damn well he had twenty-five grand on him. That's what I come here to get! I'm twenty-four thousand short on the night's work just because this sap's a friend o' yours! Hell!"

THE END

Sad Little CLOWN

Charlie Chaplin Rings the Bell Again in His Latest Film—The Circus

A Movie Review by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 4 minutes 3 seconds.)

OVER two years have passed since Charlie Chaplin has sported his battered derby, his slender cane, and his misfit feet upon the screen. The comedian has been preoccupied with domestic tribulations, lawyers, and cash settlements.

With this gloomy background, Chaplin's new comedy, The Circus, might easily be a dull and nervous effort. Actually it is a better rounded out comedy than anything Chaplin has made since The Pilgrim, and possibly since The Kid.

The Circus is just one more variation of the *Pagliacci* theme—the clown with the breaking heart. The story is, after all, nothing. Chaplin is once more the anonymous little tramp who was pursued by irate cops along Easy Street; who, camouflaged as a tree, got involved with the German army in Shoulder Arms; and who ministered shyly to the babyish Jackie Coogan in The Kid.

Charlie Chaplin and his new leading woman, Merna Kennedy, in The Circus.

Charlie with some of his "extras." The slapstick king is his old self in his sawdust comedy.

The story of how this character grew is a long one, full of contradictions. It has been said that, in the old Mack Sennett-Keystone days, Chaplin borrowed Ford Sterling's derby, appropriated Fatty Arbuckle's trousers, and seized upon someone else's cane. That, of course, is just a story. The character goes back further than that. Chaplin once testified in court—when he was fighting an early imitator—that "I got the idea of my character from life, the whole pageantry of life. I play a symbol, a satire on life."

Specifically, Chaplin says he picked up his comic walk from an old derelict who used to hold the cabbies' horses outside a London pub. That may have been while, as a mere child, he worked in a tenement toy factory. Or it may have been while he danced in the music halls as one of the "Eight Lancashire Lads."

Chaplin was born in London in 1889. His boyhood was spent in the grime and shadows of Whitechapel. His father had been a music-hall comedian; his mother, who is still alive, was a singer. Their happy days of half-success had passed. Raised in penury and want, Charlie's was a hand-to-mouth existence.

From a soft-shoe dancer, Charlie advanced to a rôle in Jim—The Romance of Cocaine, and to playing a page boy in Sherlock Holmes. After that he became a member of Fred Karno's pantomime comedy companies, coming to America in 1910 as the drunk in A Night in an English Music Hall.

Adam Kessel of Kessel and Bauman, makers of the Mack Sennett-Keystone comedies, saw Chaplin while the act was playing in New York. Chaplin was signed for a year at $125 a week.

He worked out his few remaining weeks in the varieties and reported to Mack Sennett in Los Angeles. The comedy producer was curious about the salary of $125.

"Why the twenty-five?" he asked.

"That's for me to live on," Chaplin answered.

Small wonder, then, that in a few years Chaplin had shrewdly advanced himself to a million-dollar salary, to supreme comic success, and to become one of the founders of the United Artists. Chaplin has been less successful sentimentally, but, for all his expensive legal fees and massive settlements, he has long been discovered by the literati as the one genius of the screen. The eighth Lancashire Lad has made good.

The Circus presents Chaplin as the same wistful, bewildered little derelict. From the moment Charlie races into the circus arena, an angry policeman in pursuit, to hide in the magician's trick cabinet, the comic catastrophes begin. The little tramp ruins the magician's act, but he becomes the hit of the wagon show, loses his heart to a pretty equestrienne, and finally succeeds in bringing her to the man she loves, the handsome wire walker of the circus. The final moment finds Charlie alone in the deserted, sawdust-strewn circus lot. The wagons have moved on. Charlie gives a comic twist to his cane and ambles on once more into anonymity.

I am not going to destroy further your surprise at any of the ingenious humorous episodes. You will find that The Circus possesses a little more slapstick than anything Chaplin has done recently, which means in the last five years. Charlie even hurls one lone custard pie.

Of course you will see The Circus. Chaplin comedies are as rare as total eclipses of the sun in the Northern Hemisphere. Moreover, The Circus is one of the film events of 1928. Hollywood is grinding out an avalanche of circus films right now, but you can afford to pass them all up for one minute of Chaplin taking a lesson in how to be funny from the clowns of Ciro's Wagon Show.

Merna Kennedy is the equestrienne who tears at the heart of the little hobo. Her resemblance to Lita Grey Chaplin is amazing.

Do you know that—

D. W. Griffith has selected Lupe Velez to play the lead in his new version of The Battle of the Sexes? . . . The theme is being redone into a companionate-marriage story? . . . Clara Bow is to do an underworld story, Ladies of the Mob, written by Ernest Booth, a life prisoner in a California jail?

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Interior pictures, once so difficult, are now easy to take

Testimony from the Tall Timber

WE couldn't write a better, more forceful endorsement of International Trucks than the owners of this fleet have written us, unsolicited, out of their experience.

Little and Paul Company, Loggers, of Boise, Idaho, are doing the heaviest kind of hauling, over the hardest kind of going, and their Internationals are rendering heroic service. Their letter says:

"We bought our first 5-ton International Truck three years ago; it has been in service continually since that time. We now own five heavy-duty Internationals. Our fleet consists of twenty-eight trucks of the very best makes. We are replacing our other makes with Internationals as fast as we can, as we know beyond a doubt that the Internationals can be *operated more economically, give better service and make us more money than any other heavy-duty truck we ever used.*"

Since writing this letter they have added six more 5-ton Internationals.

The Little and Paul letter is typical of many that come to us, written in the plain language of men who work and live with International Trucks. It is much easier not to write, but, somehow, thousands of men are prompted to tell us how good the trucks are. Such opinion may well guide *your* investment in International Trucks.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
OF AMERICA
(INCORPORATED)
606 S. MICHIGAN AVE. CHICAGO, ILL.

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The International line includes the Special Delivery for loads up to ¾ ton; 4 and 6-cylinder Speed Trucks of 1¼, 1½ and 2-ton sizes, Heavy-Duty Trucks ranging from 2½ to 5-ton sizes; Motor Coaches; and McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractors. Sold and serviced by these 160 Branches in the United States and Canada.

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Cleveland, Ohio
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Columbus, Ohio
Council Bluffs, Iowa
Dallas, Tex.
Davenport, Iowa
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Scranton, Pa.
Seattle, Wash.
Shreveport, La.
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Sioux Falls, S. D.
South Bend, Ind.
Spokane, Wash.
Springfield, Ill.
Springfield, Mass.
Springfield, Mo.
Springfield, Ohio
Syracuse, N. Y.
Terre Haute, Ind.
Toledo, Ohio
Topeka, Kan.
Toronto, Ont.
Tulsa, Okla.
Utica, N. Y.
Vancouver, B. C.
Washington, D. C.
Waterloo, Iowa
Watertown, N. Y.
Watertown, S. D.
Wichita, Kan.
Williamsport, Pa.
Wilmington, Del.
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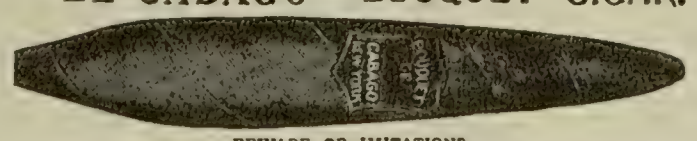
Winston-Salem, N. C.
Yorkton, Sask.

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

"EL CABAGO" BOUQUET CIGAR.



BEWARE OF IMITATIONS
America's Favorite TEN-CENT CIGAR. For Sale by first-class Dealers Everywhere.

EVERY DAY THE ADVERTISING PAGES STEAL MORE READERS FROM THE BODY OF OUR MAGAZINES. *Left*—a typical ad of 1893, vulgarly displaying the article for sale, and—*below*—how the same article might be offered to the public today.

"There's Hal Peterson, Our Office Manager, Over There

. . . *Three months ago he fairly detested six-day bicycle racing"*

FRANÇOIS RABELAIS was one of the greatest writers that ever lived. Helen, Jack, and Arthur were discussing him over dainty, toasted Portuguese animal crackers at one of the smart wayside inns in Corona.

"Why—why," stammered Edwin, his heart in his mouth, "I don't think I can tell you why sun spots aid radio transmission."

The others exchanged glances of silent pity.

Then I cut in—as confidently as if I had been reciting the multiplication table. "Madagascar is a large island east of southern Africa, from which it is separated by the Mozambique Channel. Capital, Antananarivo; population, over 3,000,000. The wicked Queen Ranavalona I thrived *circa* 1828-1861."

When I had finished speaking, I noticed that the others were regarding me with mixed wonder and admiration. I flicked the ash from my *cigar*, pretending not to be aware of their amazement. But from that day on there was a marked change in their attitude toward Charles. Somehow, he was no longer the shy, awkward fellow that he had always been. He danced, chatted gayly, and played bridge with the men at the club. His feet no longer hurt him.

The next day, the boss sent for me.

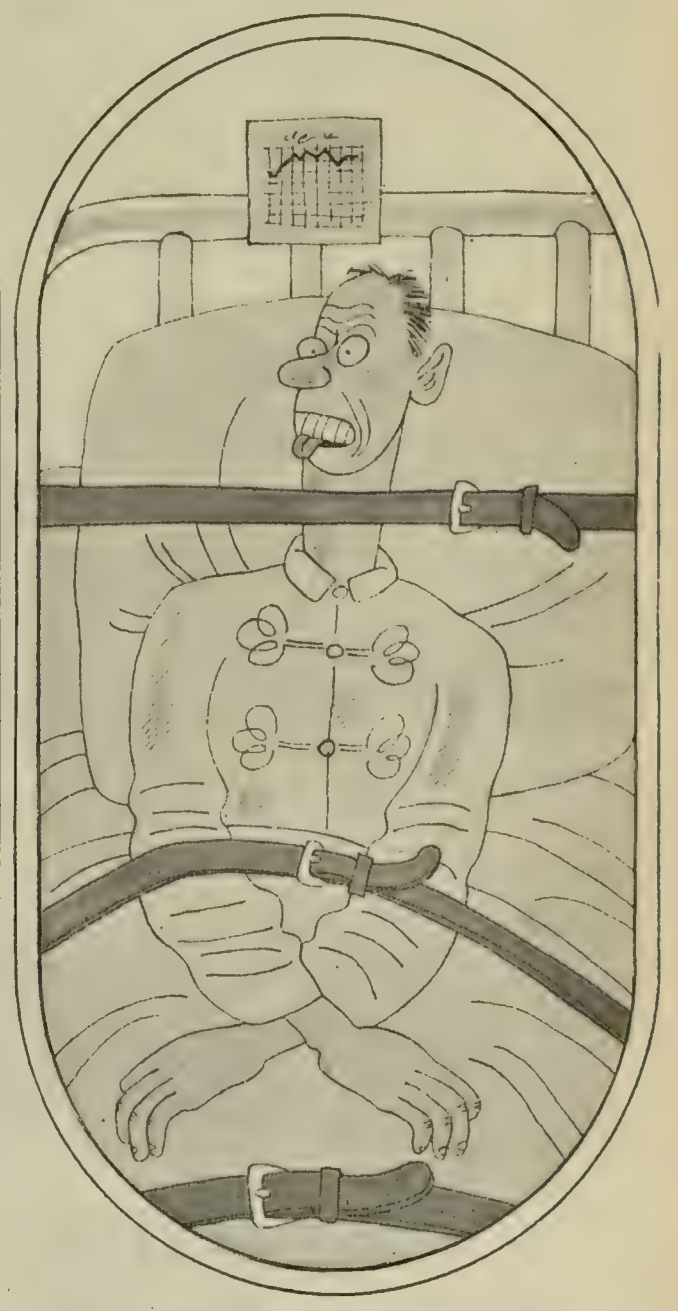
"Ashburton," he began, his forehead knitted into a scowl, "why the devil didn't you tell me you knew so much about Montenegro?"

"You are mistaken, Mr. Rubenstein," I replied. "It was by practicing the typewriter at home in my spare time."

The *cigar* which Mr. Rubenstein had been chewing dropped from his mouth. "Ashburton," he exclaimed, "such thrift deserves reward, and I am going to see that you get it."

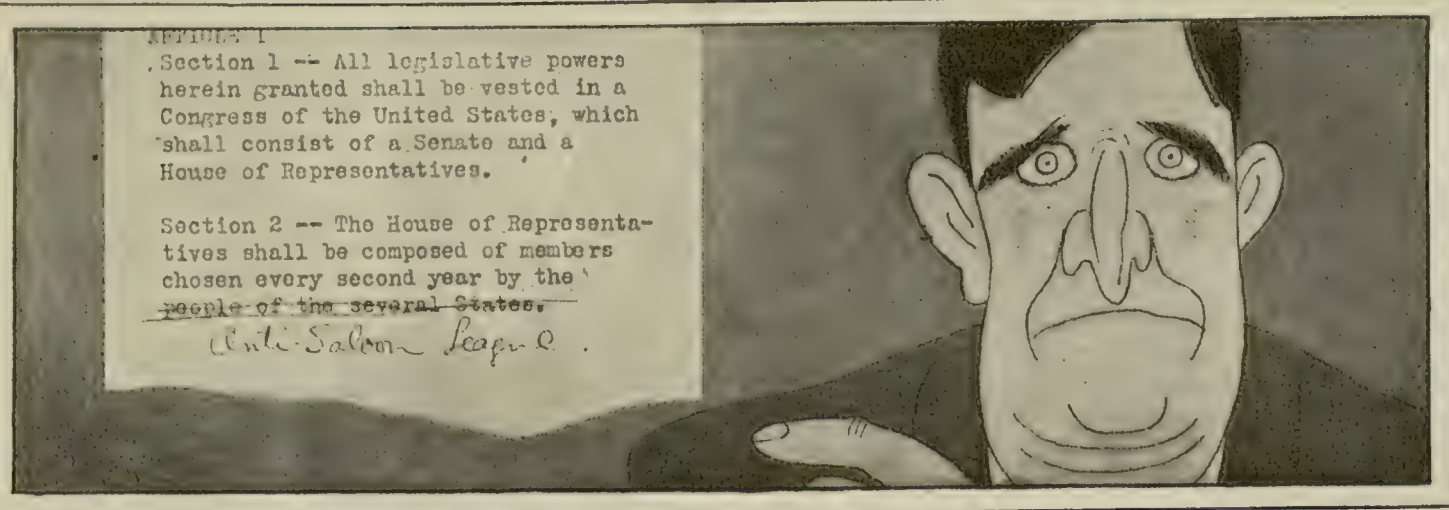
Mr. Rubenstein kept his word. I was soon promoted to the position of head shipping clerk at a salary DOUBLE what I had been getting—all because Clara had urged me to take the embroidery course.

El Cabago Bouquet Cigar
Ten cents here--a zloty in Warsaw



WITH SO MANY DARK HORSES ABOUT: Man who went to school with a member of Congress is first victim of anxiety to be mentioned in papers as "college chum of the next President."

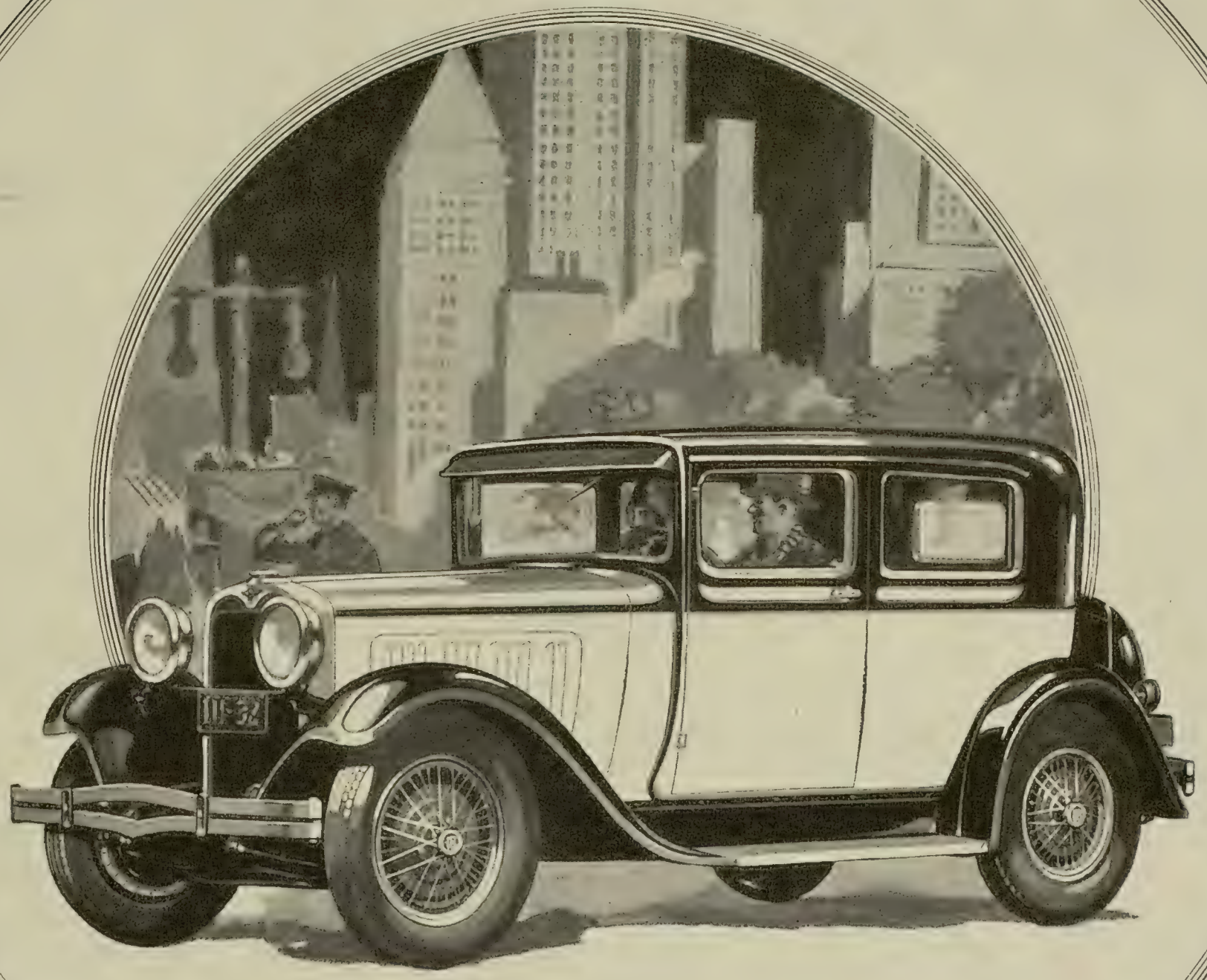
MRS. AGATHA McCANN CLOOY. A new studio photo of the organizer of the League to Abolish Undraped Statues. It is Mrs. Clooy's opinion that the nude is ugly.



STILL ANOTHER AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION IN SIGHT? The Rev. Dr. F. Scott McBride, new General Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, tells correspondents that "if [the League's] State superintendents take good care of their duties in their bailiwicks in the matter of seeing to it that dry men come to Congress, the work here [in Washington] amounts to nothing more than a watch to see that promises are kept."

$1095

COUPE—BROUGHAM F.O.B. DETROIT



THERE IS NOTHING LIKE IT IN THE WORLD

EVERYONE who sees The Victory is astonished at the price.

It seems inconceivable, even today, that an automobile possessing the luxurious charm and mechanical fineness of The Victory Six can be purchased at a price so moderate.

The car is superbly individual. There is nothing like it in the world, either in appearance or design.

It introduces more features that are new, and original and important, than any car since the early years of the industry.

The construction of the body and chassis as a unit—the elimination of body sills and body overhang, thus lowering the all-important center of gravity—the elimination of 330 parts and 175 needless pounds, are Victory features that even the non-mechanical recognize as vital and revolutionary.

Speed The Victory over clods and cobbles and compare its smoothness with the costliest.

Turn a sharp corner and note the astonishing absence of side-sway and skidding!

Press The Victory accelerator and experience a new sensation!

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BY DODGE BROTHERS

ALSO THE SENIOR SIX AND AMERICA'S FASTEST FOUR

Presidential Possibilities

BORAH

An Insight Into the Character of the Silver-Tongued Statesman from Idaho

By JAMES O'DONNELL BENNETT

(Reading time: 26 minutes 10 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: The following article is the fifth of a series by Mr. Bennett. Another article next week will deal with the career of Senator James A. Reed of Missouri.]

"WHEN," said Henry Cabot Lodge, "I find myself with tears in my eyes, I know I am hearing a great speech."

The speech which prompted that remark—and those tears—was made in the United States Senate the day they called Borah "a Little American."

They called him "a Little American" that November day of 1919 when the resolution for ratification of the peace treaty was up for final consideration. The leonine man rose. And when Borah rises he commands every eye. He was a formidable sight. He shook his mane. His face flushed. He stood silent and motionless an instant, as one who poises himself to hurl a lance.

Then:

"Sir, since this debate opened months ago, those of us who have stood against this treaty have been taunted, not alone today but many times, with being Little Americans. Leave us the word American, keep that in your presumptuous impeachment, and no taunt can disturb us, no gibe discompose our purposes. Call us Little Americans if you will, but leave us the consolation and the pride which the term American, however modified, still imparts. Take away that term and, though you should coin in telling phrase your highest eulogy, we would hurl it back as common slander.

"We have been ridiculed because, forsooth, of our limited vision. That charge may be true. But who is there here that can read the future? Time, and time alone, unerring and remorseless, will give us each our proper place in the affections of our countrymen and in the esteem and commendation of those who are to come after us.

"We neither fear nor court her favor.

"But if our vision has been circumscribed it has at all times within its compass been clear and steady. We have sought nothing save the tranquillity of our own people and the honor and independence of our own Republic.

"No foreign flattery, no possible world glory and power, have disturbed our poise or come between us and our devotion to the traditions which have made us a people, or the policies which have made us a nation unselfish and commanding.

"If we have erred, we have erred out of too much love for those things which from childhood you and we together have been taught to revere—yes, to defend even at the cost of limb and life. If we have erred, it is because we have placed too high an estimate upon the wisdom of Washington and Jefferson, too exalted an opinion upon the patriotism of the sainted Lincoln."

Here his tone deepened and his tempo lessened. His presence, his voice, filled the chamber; but he seemed remote from it. Slowly, almost gently he released these words:

P. & A. photo

"Blame us not, therefore, if we have, in our limited vision, seemed sometimes bitter and at all times uncompromising; for the things for which we have spoken, feebly spoken, the things which we have endeavored to defend, have been the things for which your fathers and our fathers were willing to die."

That is the passage which moved to tears the old magnifico Lodge, who was not given to tears.

ALL that was nearly nine years ago; but there are today in Washington those whose eyes kindle when you mention "the Little American speech," and they say, "I was there that afternoon—and a more thrilling speech I never heard!" And they can quote you to this day those lordly side thrusts at Woodrow Wilson—"no foreign flattery, no possible world glory, have disturbed our poise," and so on—and the solemn words on which the passage drew to a close: "the things for which your fathers and our fathers were willing to die."

Senator William Edgar Borah of Idaho, the fighting orator, who gave up $30,000 a year to live on his Senate salary of $7,500.

No manuscript, no shred of notes, guided the speaker that day. They never do. His speeches are thought out but never written out. Apropos of a speaker's dependence on manuscript or on notes, Borah said to me a few days ago: "If you don't get any new thoughts while on your feet, you'd better sit down."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

That *restless* age

seek the cause in cachexia
(run-down condition)

So many and so varied are the signs of cachexia that millions of people, when run down and out of sorts, rely on yeast to dispel their ailments and restore their health and energy. For the corrective powers of this simple food are well nigh marvelous.

The best form of yeast is Yeast Foam Tablets. Little pellets of pure yeast; as palatable and easy to eat as candy; they keep; they do not ferment nor cause gas. Only 5c for the handy packet or 50c for the large 10-day bottle.

Eat Yeast Foam Tablets for cachexia (run-down condition). Loss of appetite. Indigestion. Constipation. Boils—Pimples.

At drug stores everywhere

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[PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES]
[Continued from Page Twenty-seven]

Borah is the show piece of Washington. He is nearly sixty-three years old; he looks and acts fifty; he speaks as if he were forty. He has grave forebodings as to how true his fellow citizens are going to be to the essential ideals of the Republic, which he calls "this blessed old Republic"; but he loves life and has hopes.

In short, Borah takes life and his Senatorship and the public business and the people seriously. He is preoccupied with problems—as follows in his own words:

"How to assuage the meddling of these bureaus and commissions that we have been setting up with a free hand in recent years and which are in reality responsible to nobody. They are not legislative, they are not judicial, and they are not executive, and they are the very essence of autocracy.

"How to curb legislative extravagance. For economy in public expenditure builds the moral fiber of the people.

"How to shame the States into shouldering their States' rights.

"How to cure lawlessness, which is the curse of republics and always has been.

"How to prevent the purchase of candidates by corporations."

BORAH does not resent the blither aspects of existence — such as a summer abroad—so long as they do not draw him away from searching study of such problems and from maintenance of his self-respect. About the maintenance of that he is solicitous.

He has been twenty-one years in the Senate. And during those two decades he has been largely intent upon preserving his virtue, not from bold or from subtle corporation bribes, but from the flattery of dinner tables, from the expert adulation of embassies, and from the enfeebling effects of Washington's glib sophistication.

About that last he is emphatic, saying: "It is much easier in Washington to go along than to disagree. If there is an atmosphere in God's world that weakens a man's backbone, it is the atmosphere of Washington. The diluting process is constant and drastic."

Borah's conscience is not his trouble: it is his treasure, and he guards it. He heeds its voice not because he is afraid of it but because he trusts it. It is another name for his self-respect. Preserving his self-respect, he has won the respect of the nation. With few men do so many men disagree, but with no other man in American public life do they disagree so considerately. He has no enemies.

Even Wilson, the unforgiving, pertinacious, motive-imputing Wilson, whose dreams Borah destroyed and whose glory he darkened, "spoke to the last with glowing affection"—the words are Mark Sullivan's—"of Borah."

Such as a summer abroad, I was saying. Borah, of all people—for as chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate he is as much a Minister of Foreign Affairs as Secretary of State Kellogg is—has never had that. He has never gone outside this country, except to Canada. Three times his steamship reservations have been made and three times canceled. Knowing his background of classic reading and his delight in history, I made bold to ask him how he could longer postpone the European tour.

He replied:

"It has been said—and it's all rot—that I haven't been abroad because I'm a morbid isolationist. The truth is—but I don't know, Bennett, that it's a necessary thing to say in print—that I haven't been abroad because I haven't felt that I had money enough to go as I ought to go. As to the alleged morbidity of my isolation, I never have discussed the foreigner solely as such, but only in strict relation to my country and in relation to ours and the foreigner's affairs when they were mutually in common or mutually antagonistic."

AN intimate of the Senator gave a slightly modified account of Borah as a home body.

"He has never gone abroad," said that person, "because always, just as he is about to start, some pressing problem comes up which he insists has got to be studied instantly and solved promptly. He is always studying.

"As to the matter of money, there is more than a little in that although he must know that, in any case, Europe would not welcome him for his money, but because he is Borah. All the money he ever had was not much. He never has embarked in any business enterprises, and for twenty years he has lived on his salary as Senator."

The fact is—although neither the Senator nor the intimate imparted it to me—that for the last two years Borah, the foremost man in the Senate, has drawn from the sergeant at arms only three-fourths of the current senatorial salary. The other fourth he has had forwarded to the United States Treasury.

It happened thus:

On March 4, 1925, the Sixty-eighth Congress voted to increase the salaries of Senators and Representatives from $7,500 a year to $10,000 a year, beginning with the Sixty-ninth Congress. Borah voted against the bill. In the preceding November the people of Idaho had elected him to his fourth term as Senator. His contention is that the people elected him to a $7,500 office, and knew they were so doing.

Therefore, until he is elected for a fifth term—if ever—he cannot, in fairness to the people and with regard for his own honor, accept $10,000 a year. His present term will not expire until 1931. It ought to be added that he has

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY]

The Spirit of Borah

IT is not only written in the Great Book, but it is written in the economic laws of nature—"Bear ye one another's burdens."

* * *

Free speech is the supreme test of free institutions.

* * *

Lawlessness is the insidious disease of republics.

* * *

Politics—that arena where so many enter and so few succeed.

* * *

There is one power which we all, down at Washington, respect; and that is the power of public opinion.

* * *

In wartime, of all times, the press should be free. Better to lose a battle than the vast advantage of a free press.

* * *

Conceal it as you may, disguise it as some attempt to, the first step in internationalism is the first step to sterilize nationalism.

* * *

What a dismal place yonder Hall of Fame would be if great men had to be as perfect as the rules and demands of small men would make them!

* * *

Though the majority must rule, yet a government which has no method for protecting the rights of the minority—for it has rights—is a despotic government.

* * *

Upon the shoulders of the average man—there, and there alone—is the foundation rock upon which this Republic must rest in every crisis.

* * *

The first qualification of an orator is that he be master of his subject. The second, that his subject be master of him. That was singularly true with reference to Lincoln. And he marshaled the righteousness of the nation.

* * *

The bedrock, the granite formation, upon which great civilizations and powerful governments are built is obedience to the law. That is the beginning and the end of all good government.

* * *

I wish every boy and girl over the age of fifteen years could be induced to read the brilliant story of Washington as it is told in Henry Cabot Lodge's two volumes. If they were not better Americans, with higher ideals, after they had read it, nothing could make them so.

* * *

Men should seek to build a government which has no classes, grants no special privileges, recognizes no creed, and fosters no religion. Why? Because when you have made the functions of government a means to bestow favors you have already weakened government for the prevention of wrongs.

Say what *you* think of Spud Cigarettes

[THE MENTHOL-COOLED SMOKE]

Give us *your* opinion of this smoke that actually cools.

Tell us *your* reaction to this cigarette that actually conditions the throat.

Give us *your* reason for the phenomenal growth in sales of Spud Cigarettes.

* * *

One year ago...just an idea: The finest, mildest blended tobaccos, cooled in the smoking, by menthol.

Today...an outstanding success...in many places the largest 20-cent seller... a sensation everywhere.

Perhaps you can explain Spud Cigarettes' phenomenal rise.

* * *

Smokers describe a Spud smoke as follows:

With the first puff...a delightfully cool sensation.

With succeeding puffs...a tapering-off of the coolness...throat doesn't dry.

At the end of one Spud...saliva actually stimulated.

After half-dozen Spuds...generally pleasant feeling all through throat, nose, head.

And all the while, real tobacco enjoyment.

* * *

But, Spud also has its critics...What arguments you hear! Some smokers positively dislike Spuds. Others, with equal positiveness, say Spuds are 100%. Pipe and cigar smokers recommend Spud as a "change-off". Letters from "smoked-out" people speak of Spud as a joy. We hear of 3-pack-a-day smokers using Spud exclusively...again, of new smokers preferring Spud.

No other cigarette has ever created such talk, such difference of opinion. It is all very flattering, very stimulating... but also very confusing.

* * *

What do you think of Spud? What does it promise you in smoke enjoyment? How do you like the menthol-cooled idea? What new cigarette benefits does Spud bring?

* * *

We want, not our own pleasant theories, but actual experiences and opinions... lots of them.

That is why the $4,000 cash prizes. Won't you tell us what you think of Spuds? $1,000 first prize, $500 second prize, and 557 others. Just a letter of 300 words or less. Subject—"What I think of Spud Cigarettes." Here are the Contest Details:

$4,000 CASH PRIZES

for the best letters on "What I think of Spud Cigarettes."

1st Prize		$1000
2nd Prize		500
3rd Prize		250
4th Prize		100
Next 5 Prizes	$50 each	250
Next 10 Prizes	20 each	200
Next 40 Prizes	10 each	400
Next 100 Prizes	5 each	500
Next 400 Prizes	2 each	800

559 Prizes in all, totaling $4000

THE JUDGES:

FREDERICK C. KENDALL, Editor of "Advertising & Selling".

JOHN LEE MAHIN, Vice-President, Street Railways Advertising Company.

FLOYD W. PARSONS, Feature Writer, Editorial Director of several business papers and special writer for The Saturday Evening Post.

CONTEST DETAILS

1. Write a letter of 300 words or less, describing what you think of Spud Cigarettes.
2. Use one side of paper only. Put name and address on manuscript.
3. Address envelope to P. O. Box 2374, Louisville, Kentucky.
4. Envelope must be postmarked before midnight, June 30, 1928.
5. No communications acknowledged. No manuscripts returned.
6. In case of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the full amount of the prize tied for.
7. Contestants agree to accept decision of judges as final.
8. Employees of Axton-Fisher Tobacco Company are not eligible.

◇

(Prizes will be awarded and winners announced as early as possible)

AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INC., LOUISVILLE, KY. · *Largest Independent Cigarette Manufacturer*

SPUD

menthol-cooled

CIGARETTES

20 *for* 20¢

YOU can obtain Spud Cigarettes at most club, hotel and other quality stands. If you do not now use Spuds, you may have a sample (free) by addressing the manufacturer.

If Spud Cigarettes are not obtainable near you, and you wish a supply for yourself or your friends, send stamps, check or money order for single package of 20 (20c) or tin of 100 ($1.00); please give name of your dealer in coupon.

FREE BOOKLET—

"Welcome, little stranger" is its title. It gives, entertainingly, the story of Spud Cigarettes, and what people famous and otherwise, have said about them. Use coupon.

Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

PLEASE send free booklet, "Welcome, little stranger"

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

1—LY

If you wish SPUD CIGARETTES, check below:

☐ Sample ☐ Package of 20 (Enclose 20c) ☐ Tin of 100 (Enclose $1.00)

*Name of Dealer*_____

Cools . . . . . Soothes *tender skins*

THE moment Ingram's touches your face . . . you feel the difference. It *cools* and soothes as you shave. It leaves your face refreshed . . . no burn . . . no smart . . . no matter how tender your skin, no matter how dull the blade.

Try Ingram's Shaving Cream. Men like its clean, pleasant odor. You *need* no lotions with Ingram's, the pioneer *cool* shaving cream . . . Ingram's lather takes care of that.

Even the package is different for this different shaving cream. Ingram's comes to you in a neat blue jar . . . with a wide mouth. You use just the right amount. No waste. The cap keeps the cream properly under cover when you're not shaving . . . and doesn't roll under cover when you are.

Over a million men now enjoy cool shaves with Ingram's Shaving Cream. Twice as many as last year. Three times as many as year before last.

FREE! *7 Cool* Shaves for you

Most of the million men who now use Ingram's every day tried it first—at our expense. Be sure before you buy. Let Ingram's prove itself on your own face. Just send the coupon . . . and your 7 free shaves will go to you at once. Or, buy the full-size jar that will give you 120 shaving treats for 50 cents.

Ingram's Shaving Cream

COOLS *and* SOOTHES *as you shave*

Frederick F. Ingram Co.
Established 1885
162 10th Street, Detroit, Mich.
Also Windsor, Canada

I want to find out what goes on when my beard comes off . . . when I use INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM. Please send me the 7 Free Shaves.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

[PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES Continued from Page Twenty-eight]

never sought to capitalize this decision.

Borah had a handsome income once. That was twenty-one years ago, when Idaho first sent him to Washington. His law practice had then turned the $30,000-a-year mark. He relinquished it.

Borah's known content with a living wage was the indirect cause of boisterous laughter at a public hearing in a Senate committee room last December. Reed of Pennsylvania, as chairman of a committee investigating the notorious Hearst "documents," had just read from one of them the allegation that "the auditor's department of the Mexican foreign office set aside $500,000, to be paid to Senator Borah." The words were no sooner uttered than the crowded committee room resounded with guffaws. "That horse laughter," whispered Frederic William Wile, a veteran observer on this scene, "is, after all, a pretty fine tribute!"

Picture by John T. McCutcheon

"It is much easier in Washington to go along than to disagree."

Luckily for Borah, his tastes remain simple. He entertains little. He seldom goes to formal dinners, except the state dinners which his position compels him to attend. He never drinks alcoholics. He never smokes.

HE maintains no establishment in either Idaho or Washington. When in Boise, he lives in an apartment or a hotel; in Washington he lives in a hotel. Enough money for an apartment and his horse is enough for Borah.

I was saying that he is the show piece of Washington. Travelers from throughout the Union, as well as from abroad, wish to see Borah as much as they wish to see Mount Vernon or the President. But with this difference: They wish to see Mr. Coolidge because he is the President; they wish to see Borah because he is Borah.

But Borah is not a pervasive figure. He does not speak frequently. He keeps himself choice for the big occasions. When the jangling of quorum bells summons all hands to the pumps, he promptly finds out whether anything of moment impends. If anything big does impend, he closes his books in his office and crowns his happy day by striding over to the Senate Chamber and by—not to put too fine a point on it—"blowing the works."

With equal aplomb he can do it for one hour or he can do it in twenty words.

He did it, to be exact, in eighteen words to the late Senator Brandegee. When that tragic figure from Connecticut was pleading for a degree of circumspection in the discussion of treaties, Borah suddenly asked one of his blunt, resounding questions that often are more devastating than the asseverations of other debaters.

"What," asked Borah, "are these 'delicate questions' which may offend foreign powers? These 'delicate questions' are too often questions of doubtful righteousness."

One day last December Senator Mayfield of Texas introduced a resolution to have Armistice Day declared a legal holiday.

"How many legal holidays are now on the calendar?" Borah asked.

Senator Mayfield did not know.

"Well, I know," said Borah, "of a nation which fell from a first-class to a fourth-class power after it had created ninety-three legal holidays."

The resolution was forthwith sent to a committee, there to die.

In the celebrated debate on the confirmation of Warren of Detroit to be Attorney General of the United States, Borah, Reed of Missouri, and Walsh of Montana were at their greatest, and the administration's forces were routed. Borah spoke at length and with enormous power and learning, but he achieved one of his finest effects by means of nothing more elaborate than a two-second—maybe three—pause before a certain word.

IN that debate Gillett of Massachusetts, then new to the Senate after his six years as Speaker of the House of Representatives, chose to be facetious, and he was at times almost juvenile.

Approaching the precedents in the case, Gillett was especially infelicitous in his impugning of the motives of Daniel Webster in the matter of voting not to confirm President Jackson's nomination of Martin Van Buren to be Minister to England.

Now, when you impugn Daniel Webster's motives you rouse the lion in Borah; and when that slur came from a successor to Webster's seat in the Senate, it must have seemed to Borah doubly intolerable.

"Does the Senator from Idaho," asked Gillett, "think the rejection of Van Buren was a nonpartisan action?"

Borah rounded upon Gillett with: "Nonpartisan? I have not any doubt in the world that it was nonpartisan so far as Mr. Webster was concerned!"

Then he shook his massive head, fixed Webster's successor with a wondering gaze, and added:

"The Senator from Massachusetts is much less familiar with the speeches and published works of his . . . predecessor than I think he ought to be if he does not know that if there was ever one man in the Senate of the United States who, when inside of this chamber, refused to be controlled by purely partisan feelings, that man was Daniel Webster. Mr. Webster was not partisan. He did not belong to that breed."

It was where I have put the three dots in the foregoing quotation that Borah made the two- or three-second pause. He made it ever so fleetingly before the word "predecessor," but it spanned a wide river of years and it silently epitomized the difference between colossal Daniel Webster of Marshfield, Massachusetts, and Frederick Huntington Gillett of Springfield, Massachusetts.

IN almost every sketch of Borah—even in those written by men who think they are his intimates—you will read something like, "The blood of Martin Luther flows in the Senator's veins."

It does not. About that I eagerly asked the Senator.

He was not nearly so interested as I was, but his replies were civil.

"When I was a student at the University of Kansas," said he, "Professor Carruth, who was professor of German, said to me one day, 'Do you know you bear the same name as the family of Martin Luther's wife?' I didn't know it; but Carruth added that as the name was so unusual, and that as I was of German stock on my father's side, he believed there was some connection.

"When he was next in Germany he looked the matter up, and upon his return told me there was no doubt of the identity of the name, and that I was descended from the fifteenth- and sixteenth-century Borahs, or Boras, of whom Luther's wife was one. Later I asked my father about it, and he

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-TWO]

Half the SECRET *is* you *Chew it . . .*

And the other half is—an amazing new laxative principle: tasteless, supremely mild, yet wonderfully effective . . .

SLIP one of these little white tablets in your mouth.

Enjoy its cool delicious mint flavor while you *chew it* for a few minutes.

Instantly—something wonderful begins to happen to the clogged, inactive system.

It starts to cleanse and *purify* itself!

This is Feen-a-mint: apparently just a delicious mint chewing gum—actually an amazing new laxative principle! For when chewed thoroughly, it mixes its tasteless medicinal ingredient with the mouth fluids, which carry it directly into the digestive tract for its stimulating effect upon inert intestines.

So, instead of striking the body a blow without warning, as it were, Feen-a-mint gently *helps the system to help itself!*

Results are amazing. A new vitality and a sense of fitness—a fresh, clear-eyed, up-in-the-morning-early feeling, as hundreds of thousands of men and women know.

You will find this wonderful laxative at your druggist's now. Take a Feen-a-mint tablet at any time, confident of feeling a different person in six to eight hours.

FEEN-A-MINT

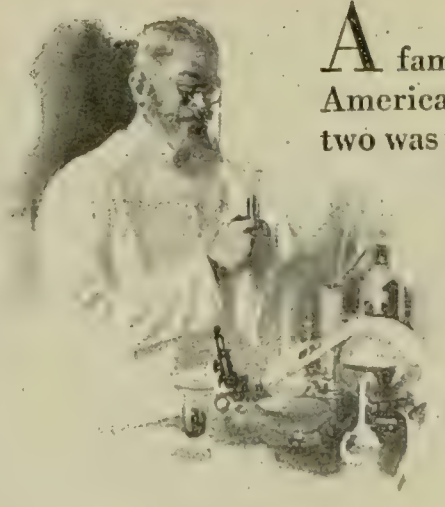
FREE: "The Mysterious 35 Feet", an authoritative new book on constipation, its causes and its cure, will be sent you free on request. Tear off the coupon now:

HEALTH PRODUCTS CORP., Dept. 8B, Newark, N. J.

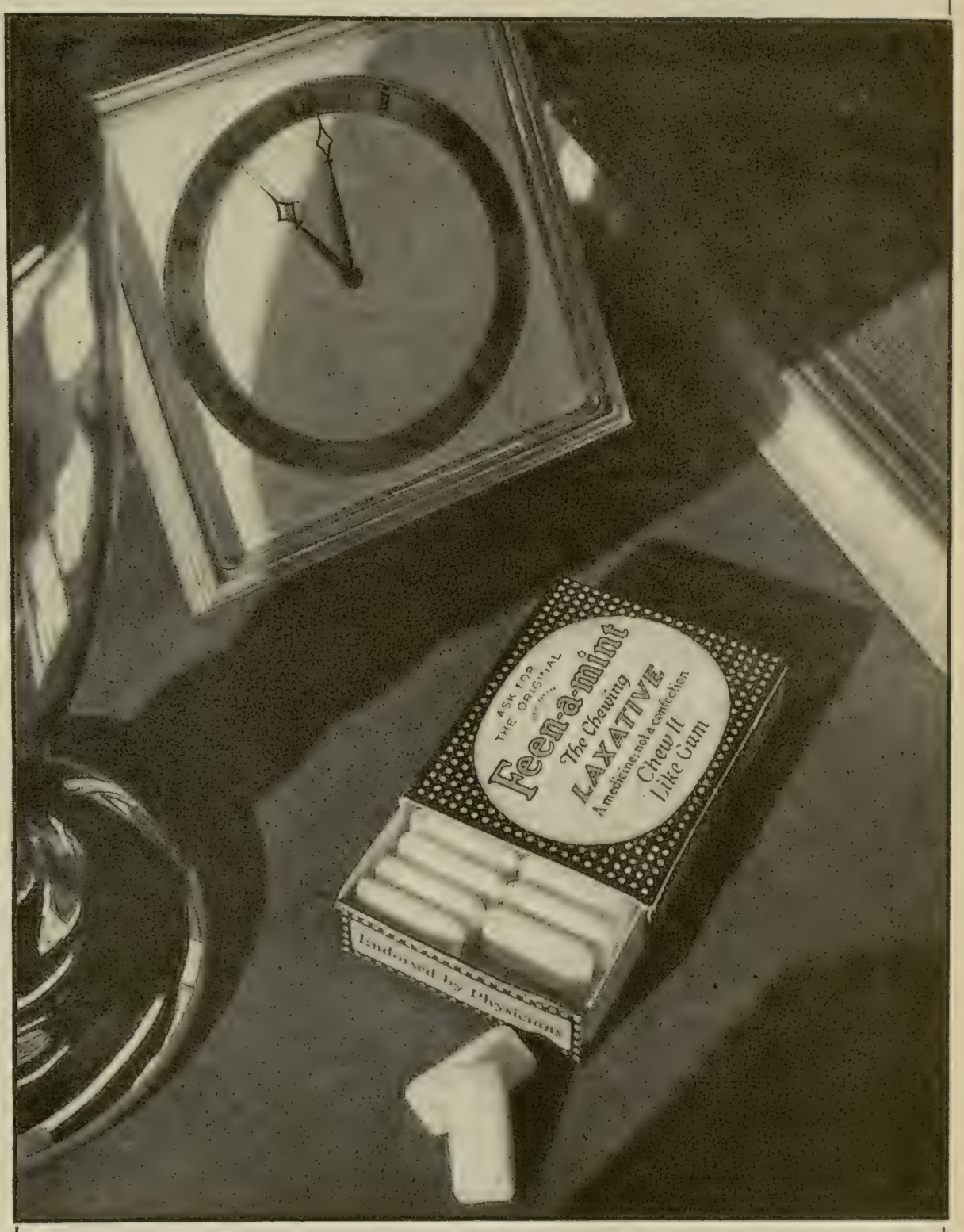
Send me a free copy of "The Mysterious 35 Feet, or 85% of America."

Name_____

Address_____



A famous Austrian scientist—a thoughtful American physician: from the work of these two was perfected Feen-a-mint, one of the most remarkable triumphs of the modern laboratory. It is based on a genuinely new laxative *principle*—which explains why delicate children and rugged outdoor workers alike find it perfectly adapted to their needs.



A few minutes' *chewing* of a little white tablet . . . instantly the tasteless yet almost magically effective laxative principle it contains begins to be absorbed by the mouth fluids—becomes a part of the digestive process—and so *helps the system to cleanse itself.* Not the half-way measures of ordinary "candy laxatives"—not the harsh house-cleaning of the average purgative—but a genuine freshening . . . a brisk tap at the door of sluggish organs that wakes them from torpor . . . a sweeping clean of poisons . . . a setting of the human house in order!

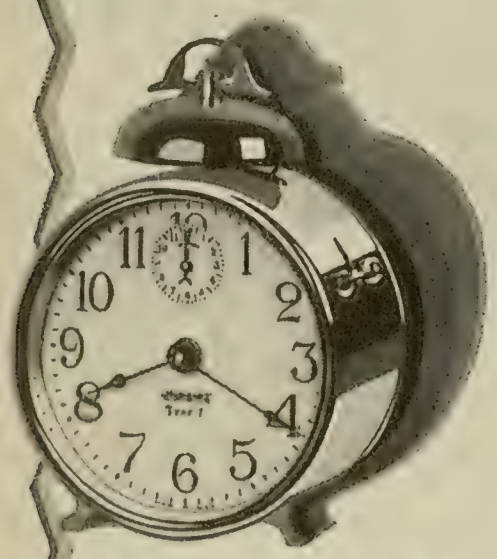
5/8 actual size

Ingersoll

YANKEE

The most famous and popular watch in the world! Over sixty million people in the last thirty-five years have had dependable time and sturdy service from their Ingersoll Yankee Watches. A handful of value at a pinch of cost. Yankee Radiolite $2.25.

$1.50



Ingersoll

TYPE-T
ALARM CLOCK

It's going to be just as popular in the alarm clock field as the Yankee is in the watch world. It is priced the same and it has the Yankee qualities of reliability and sturdiness. A half-dozen good looks features such as heavy rolled edge case; mat finish metal dial; antique handle. Knob alarm switch for convenience.

Height 5⅝" Radiolite $2.25.

[PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES
Continued from Page Thirty]

said, 'Yes; that's a tradition in our family.'"

"Golf links," said Trigg, the Cornish miner, "is all right. But they don't signify." Borah feels that way about his origins and his early environment.

"There is," he said, "nothing of interest to the public about me except what I do here in the Senate."

What Borah said about Grant's youth in his Americus Club oration on the General also tells the story of his own youth. It was these three austere sentences:

"He was born neither to wealth nor want. His parentage was neither illustrious nor ignoble. All the days of his youth were commonplace.

"That is my early story," said the Senator. "I know that father was land-poor. But we children had plenty to eat and plenty to wear. There was nothing of that kind of poverty which breaks the heart. But father didn't have money to educate his children. I know that I am part German and part North Irish. I know that father's family emigrated to America before the Revolution and that they first settled in Pennsylvania and then pushed on to Kentucky, where father was born."

"In what county, Senator?"

"I DON'T know. My father was taken from Kentucky when he was four years old, the family moving up into Illinois. I was born on a farm near Fairfield in Wayne County, southern Illinois, on June 29, 1865, and I lived on that farm until I was sixteen years old. Two of my sisters still live at Fairfield.

"Our people were Presbyterians. Father was not a minister, but he knew the Bible thoroughly and he used to fill the pulpit when no minister was available. I used to teach a union Bible class in Washington myself.

"When I was seventeen I began working my way through the Southern Illinois Academy—now vanished—at Enfield, two hours from Fairfield. It seemed like two days away then.

"Then to Kansas, whither my married sister had gone before me and where I worked my way through the State University at Lawrence by teaching part of the time."

"Senator," said I, "that's just what Governor Lowden did at Iowa State, and Secretary Hoover at Leland Stanford, and Senator Norris at Baldwin University. It was character building for all of you, wasn't it?"

"It was the irrepressible spirit of youth," he replied; "and that made us unafraid. . . . We weren't afraid. . . . Perhaps we didn't know enough . . . to be afraid."

He said that with musing pauses—and looking afar.

"Then," he resumed, "I read law at Lyons, Kansas, in the office of my sister's husband, and in September, 1890, was admitted to the bar. I was twenty-five years old.

"Then I struck out. Say my destination was Seattle. I did not get that far for reasons so extremely practical that I dropped off at Boise."

Picture by John T. McCutcheon

When Borah rises he commands every eye.

"Then the old stock story about your settling in Idaho because the travel money had run out is really true?" I asked.

"It's so really true that I was literally broke. In desperation, I applied for a clerkship in a law office. I was refused it. So I opened a law office of my own. . . . What else could I do?" he added mildly.

That was in 1891.

He epitomized the dénouement of that venture in these words:

"In six months the tide turned."

The tide did indeed turn.

In 1899, eight years after his arrival penniless in Boise, he was a big man—perhaps the biggest man—in Idaho, and leader of the terrific fight to establish law and order in the new State. He led the fight, not as a law officer of the State, but as special counsel retained by the decent people.

The fight was forced by union labor and nonunion labor vendettas which culminated in the dynamiting outrages in the Cœur d'Alene. Borah obtained convictions, and since then the Cœur d'Alene has been one of the most peaceful regions in the United States. And Borah fought so fairly and prosecuted so completely without venom that the good men in union labor knew that he was union labor's good friend. Seven years later came the proof of the good men's faith.

BORAH was again special counsel in the prosecution of vicious unionists, for they had avenged the punishment of their coconspirators in the Cœur d'Alene outrages by dynamiting Governor Steunenberg to death in his dooryard.

Borah sent Harry Orchard, among others, to prison for that crime. Simultaneously the special prosecutor was up for his first election to the United States Senate—and he carried two of the strongest union labor counties in the State of Idaho!

With mobs in those turbulent days Borah had a way of his own, and it was not without subtlety.

One time, in the little town of Nampa, twenty miles from Boise, a colored man was accused of murder and a mob threatened to lynch him.

Borah had a train made up in Boise, entered it alone, and in lonely state rode to Nampa. En route he pulled down all the blinds in the two cars: reason to appear later.

Arriving in Nampa, he confronted the mob and pleaded with it in the name of law and order. The mob gave him ribaldry. Borah grew menacing, and shouted:

"One thing is sure! The State of Idaho is going to preserve law and order. That train which you see is filled with armed militiamen. Now take your choice!"

The mob dispersed. Borah went back to his empty train and rode home—but he did not put up the blinds until he was five miles from Nampa.

That mob he tamed, not as a State officer—it was before his Senatorship, and that is the only office he ever has held—but as a citizen solely.

TOWARD the end of our visit Borah talked of oratory. He emphatically deprecated manuscripts, saying:

"Use a manuscript, and instead of thinking of your subject you are trying to recall your manuscript."

Emphatic as is his style, it is not arrogant, and in making a bold statement he frequently interjects "in my judgment." To me the supreme charm—indeed, the splendor—of his style is its rapidity. Sentence is piled swiftly on sentence, but each sentence remains crystal clear.

Borah is represented on my shelves by but one volume—a volume put together from his speeches and entitled American Problems.

But he has another book in mind, and the material for it in hand. It will be called when—if ever—written, Agitators.

Of the purpose of this book he said:

"My object in writing such a book is to encourage young men who say, 'I've got no means. I've got no organization. What can I ever hope to do in public life that will amount to anything?' Well, I want to show them what certain builders and shapers of government and molders of opinion accomplished through the sheer power of agitation. I want to show them the power of a man with an idea.

"Agitation is the life blood of

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

The 25c Delineator is now 10c

On sale at all newsstands and in the stores of the progressive merchants who have Butterick departments.

Cover Design by Helen Dryden

HERE is our thanks to you—nearly a million and a half of you—alert, up-to-date women who wanted a truly modern magazine enough to pay 25c a copy for Delineator. *Delineator is now 10 cents.*

Only by favor of your enthusiastic approval could we do it. Your number has now grown to a point where we can give you an even bigger, better and more beautiful Delineator for the price you would pay for an ordinary woman's magazine.

Delineator's Exquisite Style and Beauty

What woman will be content with mediocrity when she has known the inspiration of Delineator's taste and beauty? Delineator is living proof that good taste costs no more than bad—that the best fiction is always the most interesting—that practical utility can be combined with style.

For the Price of an Ordinary Magazine

What Delineator brings you is beyond any price. But even in mere dollars and cents, Delineator Home Institute's practical money-saving suggestions can save you in a single month many times the cost of many years' subscription to Delineator.

Great News for KATHLEEN NORRIS'S *Millions of Admirers*

Her thrilling New Serial

"STORM HOUSE"

Starts in the March *Issue*

AT 10 cents Delineator will not last long on the newsstands. Make sure that you do not miss the first thrilling chapters of this exquisite new love story by America's best loved author. In succeeding issues will appear many fascinating novels, short stories and articles by these famous writers:

EDITH WHARTON
A thought-provoking serial by this internationally famous author.

ELIZABETH, COUNTESS RUSSELL
Another appealing novel by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden."

CONINGSBY DAWSON
Vivid stories and a thrilling serial by this ever-popular writer.

LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE
A serial by this skilful narrator of high adventures.

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE
Short stories by the inimitable historian of the dog.

DOROTHY CANFIELD
A series of romantic stories of life and love by one of America's foremost women writers.

THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY
New York *Paris* *London*

Any clever fingers can evolve this charming dressing-table by painting unfinished wood and using inexpensive fabrics for flounces.

The art of gracious living is well exemplified by this charming room for the young girl built, furnished and decorated by Delineator Home Institute to prove that good taste need cost no more than bad.

DELINEATOR HOME INSTITUTE

Mildred Maddocks Bentley, Director

NEVER in the history of publishing has any magazine at any price covered the field of women's interests so completely, or in so practical a way as Delineator does today.

If we find, for instance, that large numbers of Delineator readers are interested in the young girl's bedroom—presto! Delineator builds, decorates and furnishes a real room that is complete in every lovely little detail—a room any girl might dream of owning—yet practical in use and reasonable in cost.

So it goes from bedroom to kitchen, from silver to china, from floorwaxer to kitchen range. Every detail of Delineator's service carries the seal of authority and the sanction of practical proof.

If You Find the Newsstands Sold Out

While the newsstand dealers have greatly increased their orders, it is quite possible you will find Delineator, at the new 10-cent price, completely sold out. If this happens to you, you need not miss the start of Kathleen Norris's serial. Send us a dime in stamps or coin and we will mail the March Delineator to you promptly. Or send one dollar for a year's subscription.

THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO.
223 Spring Street, New York City.

Enclosed find 10 cents in stamps or coin, for which send me a copy of the March Delineator.

Name.....

Address.....

Too busy to keep well!

The medical profession admits frankly that a high percentage of ill health is due to a condition that might so easily be prevented

WE Americans, what a hurly-burly race we are! Getting up by the alarm clock; racing through our meals; hurrying from this appointment to that as though our lives depended on it.

Many of us never give a thought to our health until it has begun to decline. And as a result, millions of us are below par every day, due to a condition that in most cases might so easily have been prevented.

To constipation, physicians trace a high percentage of illness. And they say that one of the chief causes of constipation is lack of bulk in the food we eat every day.

By the simple expedient of providing more bulk in the daily diet, most people could easily escape constipation and its penalties.

Millions of men and women have avoided constipation by eating Post's Bran Flakes every morning for breakfast. This delicious cereal supplies bulk which is so necessary in our food.

Make this two weeks' test and note the difference

Constipation must not be neglected!* Start our two weeks' test now. Mail the coupon for a sample which will show how delicious this health food is. Or, quicker still, order a package of Post's Bran Flakes from your grocer.

Start the test by eating it for breakfast with milk or cream. Eat it every day for two weeks. Vary the dish, if you like, with fresh or preserved fruits. Use it in tasty muffins and bran bread.

We predict that after two weeks you will find that Post's Bran Flakes has acted as a natural regulator and you will notice a great difference in the way you feel.

Then follow the example of millions of healthy people who eat it every morning.

**Ordinary cases of constipation, brought about by too little bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.*

eat POST'S BRAN FLAKES

WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

as an ounce Post Health Products *of prevention*

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SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE PACKAGE

Postum Co., Inc.,
Dept. B-1328, Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me your free booklet and a sample package of Post's Bran Flakes, so I can see how good it tastes.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY STATE

"NOW YOU'LL LIKE BRAN"

[PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES Continued from Page Thirty-two]

free institutions. Some look upon it as the source of revolution. It is its most certain preventive. When you drive men from the public arena, where debate is free, you send them to the cellar, where revolutions are bred.

"All that was illustrated by the fight against the League of Nations and the World Court. The newspapers mostly were against us. What important newspapers were with us? Only three—the Chicago *Tribune*, the Boston *Transcript*, the New York *Sun*. What they and we accomplished was accomplished by sheer power of discussion. To be sure, we had a forum.

"We had, at first, Tremont Temple, and the overflow meeting on that inclement night in the open outside Tremont Temple. While the issue was being unfolded something was said which convinced me—and later convinced Lodge—that the people were with us. A youth in workman's clothes who had been listening intently suddenly said, as if speaking to himself, 'By God, this is not a League of Nations! This is a sale of our country.'"

Borah's first name is William and his middle name is Edgar. You could as aptly name a lion Edgar. His middle name should be Versus.

He was, and in most of the specifications still is, versus keeping the Soviet government in Coventry; versus the Eighteenth Amendment, but now versus modification of the Volstead act; versus the Nicaraguan policy; versus the League of Nations and World Court; versus the Child Labor Amendment; versus the Isle of Pines treaty; versus the alien property administration; versus the British funding arrangements; versus the bonus; versus the Haitian occupation; versus the Pacific pact; versus the exclusion of Saklatvala and Karolyi; versus the Progressives; and versus the reactionaries.

P. & A. photo

Senator Borah and his horse, Governor.

ONE of the neatest things ever said about Borah was said by the acute observer, Carter Field. "Borah," said he, "controls no vote in the Senate—not even his own."

The most arresting irony in Borah's public life is that the chronic rebel in our public life represents one of the few remaining pocket boroughs in the Union. The population of Idaho is about 500,000, but Idaho sends two Senators to Washington. The population of New York State is nearly 12,000,000, and New York sends two Senators to Washington.

But as long as Idaho continues to send Borah, Idaho will be represented in the United States Senate twenty-four times as picturesquely and memorably as New York has been since the days of Roscoe Conkling. Pocket boroughs are not unmixed evils—when they are in the pocket of a Borah.

A TYPE of mind which the Senator neither understands nor tolerates is the morbid, the excessive—especially when it tends to the erotic.

Frank Harris, biographer of Oscar Wilde and author of Veils of Isis, who also attended Kansas State University forty years ago, sent Borah a set of his books.

The parcel was opened in Borah's office. Newspaper correspondents were in the room. They scanned some of the volumes and sniggered. Borah scanned others and did not seem comfortable. One of the correspondents borrowed one of the volumes and went his way. Borah took the others home.

A few days later the borrower was again with Borah.

"Will you," said the Senator, "please bring back, at your convenience, that book you took with you the other day?"

"Luckily," said the correspondent, "I have brought it back. I wouldn't for the world break your set."

"You haven't broken it," said Borah; "it is broken. I saw to that. Just let me have that volume, will you?"

Borah took the volume, broke the back of it over his knee, tore out its entrails, and tossed the shredded remains into the wastebasket.

Hearing the tale, I recalled how Borah's chief secretary had told me what one of the Senator's former pastors had told her about Borah.

"The Senator's," said the clergyman, "is essentially a religious mind, even though it isn't orthodox."

But the estimates of Borah's mind and heart which I like best are the estimates made by a statesman who, be assured, is not given to palaver—James A. Reed, Democratic Senator these seventeen years from Missouri. He said:

"Borah has more brains and more of the true fire of Americanism in his blood than any other man in the Republican party. You, the people, need to learn that."

Reed said that in public. He said it to a mass meeting of 15,000 Missourians in Convention Hall at Kansas City.

And to me he once said, with kindling eyes:

"I love Borah! He's so damned honest."

Mr. Bennett continues his series with a searching character analysis of Senator James A. Reed in LIBERTY next week.

Love Letters of an Interior Decorator

In Every Family Tree There's Some Sap— Here's One of Them

Words and Pictures by
BERT GREEN

(Reading time: 10 minutes 19 seconds.)

On bored the Levynathan.

Then he says, Mr. Shea for $2,500 I can give you the leadin part. My directors, senario and title writers will make the greatest actor of you in thirty days.

DEER MARG:

I wood have wrote you before but I couldnt post the letter in the ocean, and besides, I had to feed the fishes.

Now listen, Good Lookin, Im goin to tell you everythin. I aint goin to keep nothin back. Im comin clean with you. Im goin to write every bit of news what happened from the time I left Gay Paree.

Gee, if you only new how much I love you Marg. Gosh, every time I give you a thought my blood pressure goes up about fifty degrees on the steam gage. Thats the trouble with me —I get so sedimental I could scream. When I get in bed I keep thinkin how much I love you. I got no right thinkin like that about you. I guess its because youre the only one in your family what looks as though they have any intelegence.

Remember I wrote you in my last letter about comin out of the Mullin Rouge and meetin Danny Murphy, Micheal O'Connor, Larry O'Brien what used to be in my outfit? And how we went into a frog saloon in Paris and a fight started? Do you remember that?

Well after somebody blackened my lamp I was all washed up with Paris. So the next day I packed the old trunk and bought me a pastboard for the U. S. A.

I got all filled up with that jip joint. Talk about the Scotch bein tight. Why those frogs wouldnt even give you a finger wave. There worse than the skin on a baloon. They wouldnt give a nickle to see the Statue of Liberty buy a drink. Lets toon em out.

Well that mornin I grab one of them funny lookin taxicabs on the Chumps de Lesa and we start makin a dash for the Gare Saint Nazarre station to catch the boat train for Cheerburg.

We're skimmin along the boolevard at a good clip, all the time blowin the little pickalo what was on the front. Right off the curb steps a big Polock with enough alfalfa on his chin to stuff a good sized matriss. The driver kisses him in the middle and he does a tailspin right in the arms of one of them Gendarms.

The cop goes on his kisser doin about eight hand springs and just when hes comin out of it, the car slides up to him and he puts both of his hands on the red hot radiator. Oh, did he holler! Oh, what a panic that was.

He takes one look at the guy with the foliage and starts beetin him up with the lumber for obstructin the traffic. I poke the driver. He gives the mouse trap the petrol and we bust out just in time to make the train.

I slipped the driver a brand new cigar coupon. He tips his hat to me and the train pulls out. Comb that out of your whiskers.

Well I climb into my compartment in the train and some big dope slams the door. As soon as I get straightened out in my seat I find that Im sharin the compartment with a minister, a sister act, and a strong act.

¾ of the strong act sits next to me. Shes a nice little ruffined lady about as big around as Grants toomb. Shes goin over to the U. S. A. to do big time in a high class act.

From what she tells me Marg they must have a nifty act. She stands on the floor and he gets up on a table with a big sledge hammer and breaks rocks on the top of her head. Dont you love it? She says they were playin eight a day in Berlin but they ran out of rocks. Theyre goin to open up in the Bronix for less jack because they got plenty of props up there.

THE two sisters—oh theyre just too lovely for words. And what beautiful knees. Me and the minister sat opposite them. He had to open and close the winder every fifteen minutes because he said he had chillblanes when he was young.

The girls names were May and June $eptober. No wonder they had cute knees. And oh what a tumble May gave the deacon with them soft boiled eyes. Every time I lamped him he was lookin right over the cheeters and the dope sheet he was readin. He knew his seasonin.

Oh let me tell you about the lunch on the train. If you ever dined on a frog train you would think the American pullman was a ball room beside it. Over in France nobody eats. They just feed. Everybody belongs to the three hour lunch club. They think more of their cakes than they do of marriage, and nobody thinks of that.

There were four frogs sittin at the table opposite me and for the life of me I couldnt tell whose plate they was eatin off. Just a free for all. Everybody had the same fork in their mouth at the same time. If you ever saw hor doves ketch hell, you saw it then. They were taken without even a quivver. They ate for 150 miles without stoppin.

One of em had a big dish of beef stew with whipped cream on it. He took it like Pershing took Metz. You never saw such a mouth in your life. On the level Marg it would make the Grand Cannyon look like a ball park.

Well anyway when we got to Cheerburg they dumped us off and we had to sit around and wait for the Levynathan for about four hours. It seemed that when she left Southampton the tide was low or she had a blow out or somethin like that. I dont know much about boats. Well at last they drove us on board a bunch of tug boats that was layin at the dock and then they took us out in the middle of the sea to the Levynathan and put us on board.

Well here I am on the American liner Levynathan on the frantic Atlantic, AND WAS I SICK? Everything came up but the moon. It seems as soon as we left Cheerburg the ocean got fuller mountains and holes. Did we pitch and roll? I ask you! One minute you would be climbin the Alps and the next minute you would be slidin down hill. Oh it was tough on the groceries.

I was sittin in a steamer chair on the boat deck with a feller by the name of O'Rourke. We was both tryin to keep a straight face while the boat was doin the black bottom. Well while we're sittin there we hear a bunch of guys down on the Promonade deck hollerin for O'Rourke.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Will bobbed hair cause BALDNESS?

A NEW danger threatens the beautiful hair of American women. Tight hats are largely blamed for baldness among men. Now fashion decrees that women shall wear close-fitting hats over their bobbed hair. What will be the result—? Here are two simple treatments—approved by a well-known physician—to offset the harmful effect of tight fitting hats.

(1)

Keep the scalp clean! Shampoo regularly with Wildroot Taroleum Shampoo. Made from pure crude and pine tar oils, it cleanses deep down to the hair roots yet does not leave the hair harsh or dry.

(2)

Massage and brush the hair vigorously every day. Once or twice a week saturate the scalp with Wildroot Hair Tonic. This reliable tonic stops dandruff, invigorates the hair roots and leaves the scalp antiseptically clean.

Give your hair a chance! Wildroot hair preparations may be obtained at all drug stores and barber shops. Accept no substitutes.

WILDROOT
HAIR TONIC

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

And O'Rourke looks around and says to me, he says, Who knows me on this ship? So I says to him I says, They all know you because theyre hollerin for you.

So we get up and go down on the next deck and we see a bunch of customers huggin the rail yellin O'Rourke, O'Rourke, O'Rourke. Oh, WAS HE MAD. So he goes over to the rail an begins hollerin O'Rourke too. Lifes funny, aint it Marg.

The next mornin when I was havin a drop of scotch for breakfast on account of my stomack bein a bit upset—now I dont want you to go thinkin Marg that I got all Americered up the night before because I didnt. Be yourself. Act your age. Well anyway, while I was havin my breakfast a dignified guy comes over to me and sits down and says, I beg your pardon, but isnt your name Mr. Mike Shea? So I says to him I says Thats me. So he puts out his duke and mitts me. Then he hands me his card what says:

Mr. Winston Ellsworth Throckmorton
President
The Paradox Motion Picture Co.
Hollywood, California

Then he says, Mr. Shea I have seen you a great number of times at the Savoy Hotel in London and also at the Ritz in Paris. And I have greatly admired your looks and fizzeak and thought possibly you might like to go in the MOVIES. I feel pretty sure that in a months time you could stop John Barriemore and Ricoro Cortez and make em feel like a plugged dime.

WELL Marg I nearly done a fade out. Then he says, Mr. Shea for $2,500 I can give you the leadin part. I will cable my office to reserve the part where you play opposite Marion Davis in the $50,000 dollar prize story called LOVES PASSIONS. Oh, Mr. Shea he says, I know that youre goin to make a tremondous sensation. I want you to know and feel that an opportunity like this comes once in a life time.

So I says to him I says, But Mr. Throckmorton Im no actor. And he says Anybody with your looks, skill, and inteligence will panik em. My directors, senario and title writers will make the greatest actor of you in thirty days.

He told me not to breathe a word to anybody on the boat as it was to be a big secrit between me and him. Then he says Come up to my sweet on the promonade deck and we'll have a little drink and bind the contract.

So me and him goes up to his room and orders up a couple of pails of Shampain and we talk the thing over.

After we knock over about four quarts of the Pithon Sweat he pats me on the back and says, Mr. Shea when youre a big movie star youll never forget me for this.

So I goes down to the purser and takes out $2,500 from my saferty deposit box and gives him the dough. And just to show you how clubby he gets he sits down and writes a personal letter to his head director. Heres the note:

Mr. Percy De Millie,
Director in Chief,
The Paradox Motion Picture Co.,
205 Celluloid Bullevard,
Hollywood, Cal.
DEAR PERCY:

I have been all over Europe to find the male STAR that you require for the lead in "LOVES PASSIONS." I feel that you will agree with me that the gentleman has looks, bearing, statue, and is embibed with God's gift, Romance.

This letter introduces our mutual friend, Mr. Mike Shea. Please take him in hand, introduce him to Miss Marion Davis and start production on LOVES PASSIONS at once.

Very Cordially,
WINSTON.

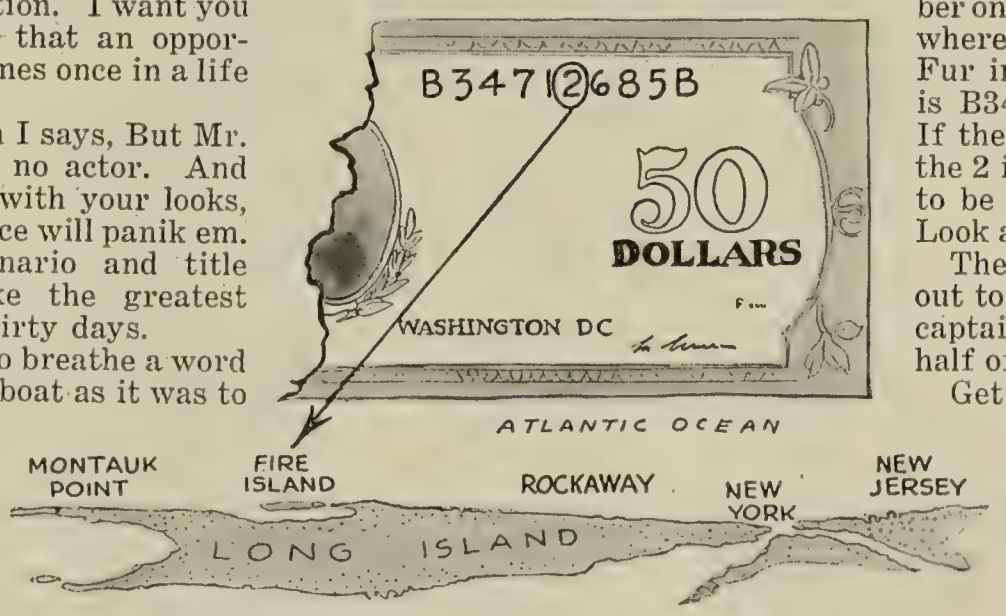
WET/OK $2,500

CAN you beat that Good Lookin. I'll bet your old lady will be stuck up when she hears Im goin to be a big shot in the movies. I knew Id click sometime, eh Marg.

All Ive been doin ever since is walkin the deck so I'll look good and strong by the time I get out to the coast. Gee you should see the color of my cheeks. Nice an red as though I been drinkin. I'll bet when Marion sees me shes goin to get stuck on her leadin man, but you dont hafta worry.

When the boat gets into New York Marg Im goin to stay there about a week and go over and see the gang over in the Gas House district, and maybe I'll get a chance to run up to Mooch Chunk and see you before I go into the pitchers. Anyway, I'll write you next week.

By the way tell your old man that I got another set of french post cards for him and the punks in the fire house. I bought em in Cheerburg.



One half of the bills goes to the captain. If theres a circle drawn around the 2 it means that the stuff has to be delivered off Fire Island.

We had a big show in the main saloon on the boat last night Marg. Everybody showed up in their high hat burlap. It seems to me that the wimins dresses get shorter and the shoulder straps get longer. Thats my dope.

The way them society birds sit around and put on the dog would wrinkle the celluloid on your toes. They give me a pain in the elbow. All they do is crack wise and try and out sit the people next to em. I'll bet you that there balance is so far overdrawn by the time they get back that they hafta move out of the naiborhood. Most of the fried shirts that were buyin last night will be layin carpets next week, AND HOW!

The first ones up on the bill was the two sisters I met on the train. One played the sillyphone and the other one sang. Oh, Lady was that Brutal. Did you ever step on a cat? Well that was her.

The next feller up was the chief engineer. He was a WOW. He resited a poem by Rudoph Kipplin called Gunger Gin. He could get more tears out of you than an onion. I was soakin wet when he got done.

The woman in the strong act what has all the rocks busted on her dome was supposed to go on next but the manager came out and made a speech. He says, Ladies and gents, I am very sorry to dissapoint you to night but my wife is laid up with fallin arches.

Then a wop from the Metropoliten Opre Co got up and sang The Belching Song from Budwiser. But I cant give that classical junk a thing. Id rather hear a feller on a saksfone.

Now listen Marg Im goin to slip you somethin very secrit. Be tight as a foldin bed. If the fedril cowboys ever get next to this I'll be ruined. Dont even crack to your girl friend with the crockery eye. Shes all right but shes a funnygraf.

I SHIPPED a big order of giggle soup into New York. Now heres the low down on how we work. As soon as we get all the cases on the ship in England we take a big package of brand new $50 bills and tear them in half. One half of the bills goes to the captain of the ship.

When he gets off Long Island or Jersey he looks at the serial number on the top bill. That tells him where hes got to land the stuff. Fur instence the serial number is B34712685B on the top bill. If theres a circle drawn around the 2 it means that the stuff has to be delivered off Fire Island. Look at the sketch.

Then when the rum boat goes out to get the stuff he gives the captain of the ship the other half of the $50 bill.

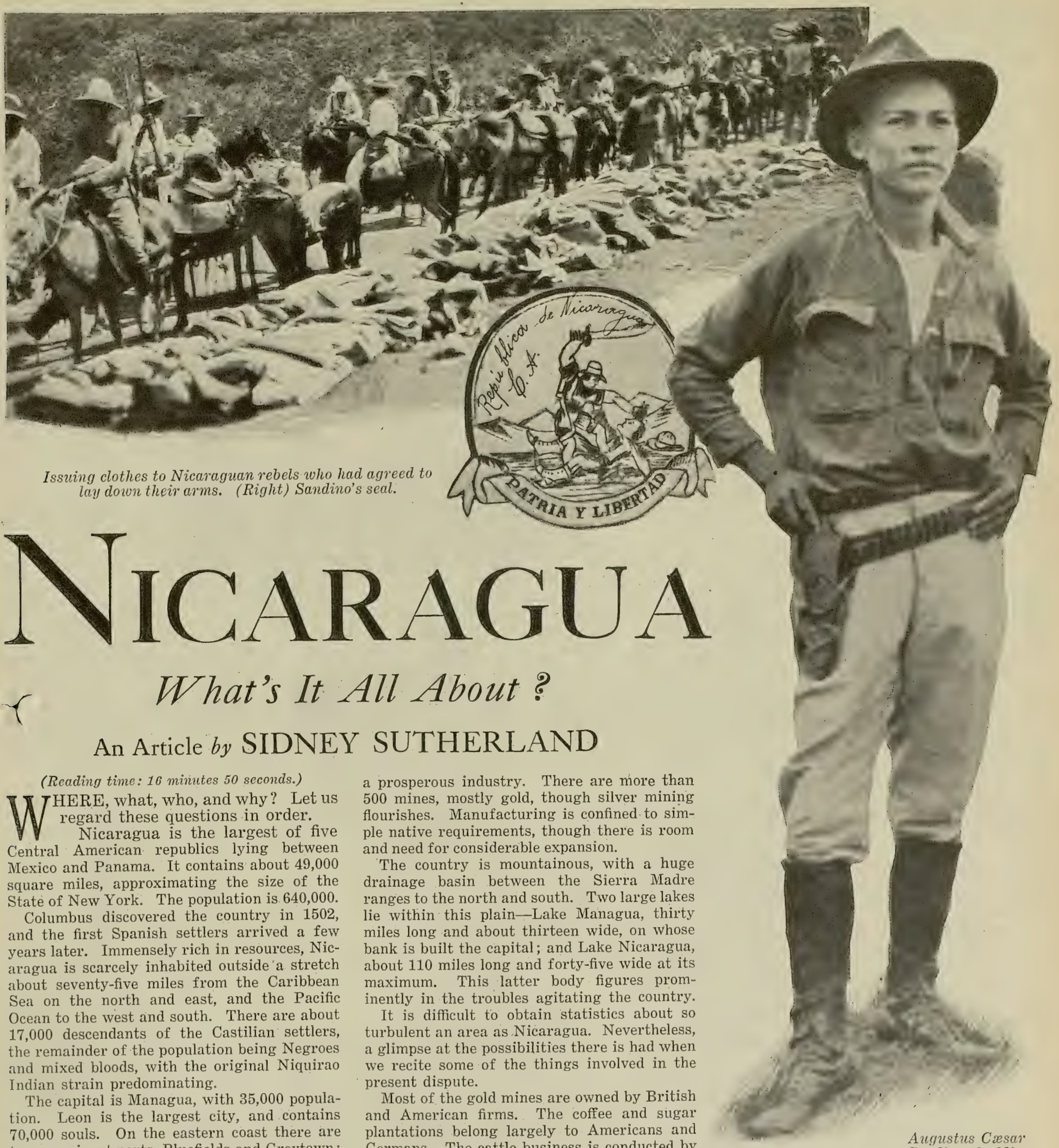
Get the dope? He only starts out from england with the money torn in half and hes got to deliver the stuff so he can get the rest of the jack. We got em comin and goin.

Well I got to go now and read the senario of LOVES PASSIONS and study my part. I'll write you as soon as I land.

Remember me to your mother and the girl friend with the crockery glim. Wishin you the same

Yours very dryly
MIKE SHEA.

Hope this bird doesn't turn into a stuffed shirt now that he's a movie actor. Well, we'll wait a week or two and see.



Issuing clothes to Nicaraguan rebels who had agreed to lay down their arms. (Right) Sandino's seal.

NICARAGUA

What's It All About?

An Article *by* SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

(Reading time: 16 minutes 50 seconds.)

WHERE, what, who, and why? Let us regard these questions in order.

Nicaragua is the largest of five Central American republics lying between Mexico and Panama. It contains about 49,000 square miles, approximating the size of the State of New York. The population is 640,000.

Columbus discovered the country in 1502, and the first Spanish settlers arrived a few years later. Immensely rich in resources, Nicaragua is scarcely inhabited outside a stretch about seventy-five miles from the Caribbean Sea on the north and east, and the Pacific Ocean to the west and south. There are about 17,000 descendants of the Castilian settlers, the remainder of the population being Negroes and mixed bloods, with the original Niquirao Indian strain predominating.

The capital is Managua, with 35,000 population. Leon is the largest city, and contains 70,000 souls. On the eastern coast there are two prominent ports, Bluefields and Greytown; on the Pacific there are Corinto and San Juan del Sur. The interior is virgin jungle populated scantily by roving tribes.

Nicaragua is a Golconda awaiting orderly rule and intelligent exploitation, neither of which it has ever enjoyed. There are, for example, fifty-four varieties of valuable hardwood trees; forty varieties producing gums, balsams, resins, fibers, oils, and spices; seventy-four varieties bearing fruit.

Rubber abounds. Other products are bananas, coffee, sugar, cacao, tobacco, yams, breadfruit, and coconut. Cattle and hides are a prosperous industry. There are more than 500 mines, mostly gold, though silver mining flourishes. Manufacturing is confined to simple native requirements, though there is room and need for considerable expansion.

The country is mountainous, with a huge drainage basin between the Sierra Madre ranges to the north and south. Two large lakes lie within this plain—Lake Managua, thirty miles long and about thirteen wide, on whose bank is built the capital; and Lake Nicaragua, about 110 miles long and forty-five wide at its maximum. This latter body figures prominently in the troubles agitating the country.

It is difficult to obtain statistics about so turbulent an area as Nicaragua. Nevertheless, a glimpse at the possibilities there is had when we recite some of the things involved in the present dispute.

Most of the gold mines are owned by British and American firms. The coffee and sugar plantations belong largely to Americans and Germans. The cattle business is conducted by wealthy natives. The banking interests are largely controlled from New York City, for reasons presently to be told.

Nicaragua exports more than it buys abroad. The value of the exports in 1926 totaled $13,000,000; and her imports came to about $10,250,000. The United States supplies more than 80 per cent of Nicaragua's importations, and is the market for about 65 per cent of her products. The United Kingdom comes next financially, with about 12 per cent and 4 per cent, respectively, Germany, France, Italy, and other countries trailing.

Augustus Cæsar Sandino, the Nicaraguan bandit who is responsible for the latest revolutionary outbreak in the Central American republic.

There are thirteen departments (comparable to our States), two *comarcas,* and three districts, political entities somewhat resembling our Territories. Each of these is under a governor, appointed by the President, who is also military commander in his domain. There are supposed to be 4,000 men in the army, with 40,000 under arms in the event of war. The

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The story behind truly charming

H-A-I-R

Joan Crawford discusses with her admirers just what should be done to retain that much desired natural gloss.

THE best advice about the care of my hair came from a man who was not a California Lemon Grower—but he *was* a hairdresser.

Seemed to me I never could get the natural lustre of my hair as in the schoolgirl days. And, it cost me tears—until one day, I had to have a hurry up shampoo.

And then, what do you think this strange Mr. Hairdresser did? I was shocked to see him cut two lemons in halves and squeeze them into clean rinse water. I protested. But, finally, to pacify him I allowed him to go ahead.

Well, I had my surprise! When the lemon rinse was accomplished and the clear-water rinsing, too, I could see that something cheerful had occurred! Why, when he dried and started to comb my hair, there was that schoolgirl lustre again!

Shampoo with, say, two soapings, then rinse with plain water thoroughly. Now—put the real, fresh juice of two California Lemons in about four quarts of water—*and rinse several times*. Once again, use a plain water rinse. Then that lustrous natural gloss comes back! Try it—that's the advice of

Joan Crawford

EVERY modern woman should understand the value of fresh lemon juice as a toilet requisite. Send today for our informative booklet, "Lemon the Natural Cosmetic," containing tributes from screen stars. Write your name and address on corner of this page, tear off and mail to

California Fruit Growers Exchange
Sec. 903, Box 530 Station "C," Los Angeles, Calif.

[NICARAGUA
Continued from Page Thirty-seven]

President is elected, if you like irony, for four years.

The banking situation is important and interesting. As in other Central American countries, Nicaragua's revenues are the goal of every armed bandit. Equality, the Constitution, and Justice are merely convenient slogans.

LIKE her sister republics, Nicaragua thrives largely through taxation of business. Since business is mostly conducted by foreigners, there is no native reluctance about using the vise *ad libitum*. When the foreigners could no longer satisfy the insatiable buccaneers in the Presidential palace, overt outrages were committed, and the home governments of the foreigners, estopped by the Monroe Doctrine, complained to Washington. Obviously, our prized Doctrine makes it sometimes incumbent on America to straighten out the naughty Central American countries and at times to paddle the offending outlaws masquerading as patriots and statesmen.

In 1911 Nicaragua's finances and debts, mostly held abroad, required expert nursing, so New York City financiers made an arrangement whereby in return for certain loans to redeem previous bond issues, the National Bank of Nicaragua would be reorganized and made stable. Of its $300,000 capital stock, 51 per cent was held by Brown Brothers and J. and W. Seligman of New York, bankers, and 49 per cent by the government. Americans were put in charge of the bank.

This arrangement followed an earnest appeal to New York by the helpless and muddled natives. Nobody except the natives got the country into its muddle, and it is axiomatic that gentlemen who loan money insist on providing for its eventual repayment. In 1924 Nicaragua purchased control of the bank.

But another arrangement was necessary in 1911. The country's greatest source of revenue was, and is, the customs duties. At Nicaragua's own suggestion, the Americans took over the collection of these revenues, and they quickly eliminated graft. Part of the money thus collected goes to the government, and part is applied to the matter of the loans and foreign debts.

The customs receipts have increased miraculously.

The age-old looting of Nicaragua began with the Spaniards, and continued after 1821 among the Nicaraguans. In that year the country declared its independence from Spain—and immediately started to fight with her neighbors and herself. In the midst of the countless insurrections, the patriots paused long enough to combine forces against Great Britain, who claimed a protectorate over the Mosquito Coast.

War seemed inevitable, when Uncle Sam took a hand; and in the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty of 1850 a clause was inserted whereby England surrendered its rights in and claims to Nicaragua—the first of the tyrannical practices of the Colossus of the North, as fiery Latin orators love to call us.

From 1821 to 1893 Nicaragua went her disorderly way. In 1893 she declared war on Honduras and then took on Salvador. The next year José Santos Zelaya was *elected* President and ruled until 1909. The only countries with which Nicaragua didn't get into a quarrel during those fifteen years were countries which Zelaya couldn't find on his atlas. Uncle Sam surely was kept busy placating enraged European governments and trying to pacify the incorrigible revolutionists.

The marines' fort at Ocotal. Note the bullet-scarred walls.

The Sandino chasers with a captured rebel battle flag.

Captain G. D. Hatfield, commanding the Ocotal marines.

WE finally kicked Zelaya off the chair when Groce and Cannon, two American citizens, were executed by a firing squad. Zelaya fled to Mexico, and Adolfo Diaz, Conservative, ultimately succeeded him, and made the arrangement with the New York bankers in 1911.

By 1912 the country was in such turmoil that Europe again appealed to us to intervene, and we sent 2,000 marines in to protect American and foreign property and persons. We quieted the brigands at the cost of five lives, and withdrew, leaving a small legation guard. This company remained in Managua for thirteen years, returning to America in August, 1925.

In 1916 a new treaty was arranged between the United States and Nicaragua concerning the building of a canal. Since then we have had nothing but trouble in that country, culminating, January, 1927, in the landing of marines.

It is desirable, however, before we describe this climax and its complications, to retrace our steps and discuss the Nicaragua Canal, since this is the outstanding item in the long and tangled relations between the two countries.

The subject of a canal across the Central American isthmus began to interest the infant United States more than 100 years ago. In 1826, Henry Clay, Secretary of State, named commissions to study the comparative merits of Nicaragua, with its great lake, and Panama, with its short span of land, with the idea of building a canal to bridge the distance between our Atlantic seaboard and the Orient, since we had no Pacific coast at that time.

These first of countless canal commissions set a precedent which was almost invariably followed by their successors—they reported unanimously in favor of the Nicaragua route.

BUT nothing happened, and with the gold rush to California, which we had acquired from Mexico in 1848, a New York company was formed to build a canal.

The concession lapsed in 1856 because of nonfulfillment by the Yankees. Followed numerous conferences between American companies and Nicaragua, while other American and European organizations considered the Panama route.

In 1872 President Grant named three eminent military and naval engineers to study the Isthmian puzzle, and in 1876 their report indorsed the Nicaragua site. The channel they advocated was to run from Greytown up the San Juan River, across Lake Nicaragua, and end at Brito, near San Juan del Sur, on the Pacific coast. It is 170 miles from Greytown to Brito, a large part of it through the lake.

Again nothing happened, except that trails were worn smooth

across the mountains and through the jungles of Central America by American and alien commissions and experts.

The Panama Canal Company, after its epic and ghastly failure, was reorganized and offered all its assets and franchises to any buyer for $40,000,000. Then came the moves with which the modern world is familiar—the independence of Panama, the acquirement by the United States of the right to build a canal there, and the actual building of it by Theodore Roosevelt.

Notwithstanding this, the American House of Representatives voted, 307 to 2, in 1902 to dig the Nicaragua ditch; but because of volcanic occurrences in the Caribbean area at that time it was decided to proceed at Panama.

By 1914 the commerce through the Panama Canal had grown to such extent that it was deemed desirable to keep other nations from utilizing the Nicaragua route, so a treaty called the Bryan-Chamorro Pact was concluded between the United States and Nicaragua in 1916 whereby America would have in perpetuity the exclusive right to build a canal through that country. For this Nicaragua was paid $3,000,000.

NATURALLY, with so paramount an interest in the fortunes of Nicaragua, anything that happens there is important to the United States; and, with the postwar increase in the investments in that country of American and European money, our burden has increased until it has become practically necessary to establish a supervision that is tantamount to a protectorate over Nicaragua.

If the natives would settle down and behave themselves with the ordinary comity which safeguards foreigners and foreign interests, the United States would withdraw its last vestige of interference with Nicaraguan destiny. But when every outlaw who can obtain a rifle determines to launch an insurrection against his own government—and, incidentally, fatten his exchequer by capturing a few foreigners for ransom and by looting their lawfully acquired property—somebody has to step in. And that somebody can and shall be nobody but Uncle Sam.

The bewildering developments of last year which have brought on the present somewhat sanguinary and unsettled state of affairs in Nicaragua are, briefly, as follows:

ON November 14, 1926, following a *coup d'état* and certain congressional maneuvers, Adolfo Diaz was named President, the Conservatives coming into power.

On November 17, Diaz, having appealed to Washington, was recognized by President Coolidge. Dr. Juan Sacasa, Liberal, promptly rallied the discontented citizens opposed to Diaz, and started a revolution, establishing a provisional capital at Puerto Cabezas.

His leading general was José Moncada, and under him were Generals Parajón, Calderas, Wassmer, Reyes, and Augustus Cæsar Sandino. Each of these leaders had about 500 soldiers, armed and otherwise equipped with material purchased in the United States and near-by republics.

But a great deal of the rebel equipment came from Mexico, being sent under the direct orders of President Calles, who saw in this uprising an opportunity to harass the Colossus of the North. The arms were identified because most of them had been sent to Mexico, under the express authorization of the United States government, to enable Calles to quell the Adolfo de la Huerta revolution.

Photo by U. S. Marine Corps

Ocotal, the scene of fighting July 17, when one marine was wounded and the rebels suffered 150 casualties.

The Nicaraguan rebels operated throughout the northern and western parts of the country, a difficult and inaccessible terrain. The defending forces were strung out across the region between Managua, the capital, and the bandit-swarming jungles. There were numerous comic-opera sorties by both camps and a bit of bloodshed.

On January 5, 1927, American

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Teeth may be flashing white

STILL . .

Pyorrhea attacks

4 out of 5

SO long as you neglect to combat dread Pyorrhea, health is jeopardized.

This grim foe which ignores the teeth and attacks the gums takes as its victims 4 out of 5 after forty and thousands younger.

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As a dentifrice alone, you would prefer it. Without the use of harsh abrasives, it helps to keep teeth clean and restore their natural whiteness. Also it protects them against acids which cause decay.

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[NICARAGUA Continued from Page Thirty-nine]

marines were landed to protect the nationals who had complained to their governments. And, unavoidably, there were clashes between the gringos and the natives.

In March, Brigadier General Logan Feland was sent in with marine re-enforcements, and with orders to try to settle the internecine fighting. Washington having declined to recognize Sacasa as a belligerent, Sacasa got help from Calles and lost no time in retaliating against the American forces and against American noncombatants and their possessions.

Finally it dawned on Washington that Diaz's endless claims of victory over Sacasa and Moncada were just imagination, and former Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson was sent down as a personal emissary from President Coolidge to examine the situation and proceed toward peace as his judgment counseled.

Stimson reached Managua on April 17, and asked both sides to send representatives to a conference. Moncada came in person and met Stimson at a little town called Tipitapa. He assented to the American's terms, to which the government already had acceded. The principal points of this arrangement were the simultaneous disarmament of both sides and the supervision by Americans of the election of 1928.

On May 11 the surrender of arms began. General Moncada estimated his scattered forces at 3,000 men. He thought about 2,000 of them would come in. He demanded for his followers four days' rations and clothing and shoes, as well as a bonus of ten dollars to each man who gave up his rifle and cartridges. Stimson agreed.

THE government hordes were left weaponless, and marine officers departed at once for Toustepe and Boaco, where the rebel chieftains were mobilizing. The natives marched past the marine patrols and laid down their arms.

But not all the rebel bands came in. The largest group to balk was led by the young Nicaraguan, Sandino. Sandino, a bandit all his life, was said to have been convicted of murder and to have fled to Mexico, where he joined Pancho Villa in the days before that archoutlaw went to his reward.

Not long ago he returned to Nicaragua and took command of several marauding bands around the British-owned gold mines at San Albino.

When Sacasa uprose, Sandino placed himself at Moncada's orders and demanded arms and rations. Moncada incorporated him in the rebel alignment. After the disarmament by the marines, Sandino fled with his followers to the department of Nueva Segovia, on the Honduran border, and began to harry the Americans and the native forces who had surrendered to the despised gringo.

With both sides disarmed, save for Sandino, the country became chaos. So the marines organized municipal police squads and native constabulary to hunt down the few remaining insurrectos. The native troops have proved quite unreliable, either reluctant to fight their countrymen or actually deserting, singly or *en masse*, to the rebels.

There are numerous small villages in the republic and it was necessary to police each with a handful of marines in command of constabulary. Transport of men and supplies is a nightmare, so frightful are the quagmires miscalled highways, and so incessant the tropical rainfall. And, of course, the Americans had to keep an eye on the constabulary as warily as on the sullen citizenry and prowling enemy.

ONCE fairly in order, the country began to watch the strange man hunt, with Sandino as the quarry and the gringos as the hunters. Sandino called himself the Chief of the Mountain Wild Beasts, and laid waste to the countryside, raiding plantations and mines and little towns, robbing everybody impartially and killing those whom he disliked. Americans and British and Germans suffered heavily.

General Moncada, Sacasa leader who agreed to the Stimson disarmament proposals.

Sandino even issued his own postage stamps. They bear a picture of a marine couchant being scalped by a Nicaraguan rebel armed with a machete. He tried to coin money, but hasn't found anybody eager to accept it.

As soon as Sandino struck anywhere, the marines were rushed in. As usual with American forces striving to restore law and order, they were handicapped by orders to avoid combat when possible. American army officers in service abroad perforce keep an anxious eye on the American Congress.

American aviators flying above Jinotega were fired on and struck several times. American detachments were waylaid, from a safe distance, and exposed to sniping. Early in June marines occupied Ocotal, capital of Nueva Segovia, and commenced, as usual, to clean up the filth and stop local outrages. In mid-July some of the marines were detached from the

garrison and sent to Sebao, Trinidad, and Esteli.

On July 17, about 1 o'clock in the morning, Sandino and 500 men attacked the reduced garrison at Ocotal. The encircling assault lasted several hours, when the rebels were driven off. One marine was wounded and the Nicaraguan casualties were estimated at 150.

The brutal gringos forced the citizens to reveal the hiding places of numerous wounded rebels and punished these severely by giving them medical attention and proper food, even depriving themselves of their scanty stock.

This map shows Nicaragua in relation to the Colossus of the North.

umns were dispatched on Sandino's trail, and ran into dynamite ambuscades, endless sniping, and pitched battles in the winding paths of the jungles. Wounded Americans were taken to Ocotal, and the bodies of dead foes were buried.

The campaign since late last summer has consisted of flying columns trying to overtake Sandino's scattered bands as they were reported at different places. Airplanes have bombed the clusters of fleeing natives with more or less success. Marines have suffered considerably when Sandino was able to throw a large body of his forces against small detachments.

THE outstanding engagement of the occupation took place early in January, when Sandino ambushed and surrounded a file of marines and killed six of them. Nearly twenty were wounded. The rebel losses are not known. As a consequence of this fight, marine fliers have rained bombs on villages known to have harbored the outlaws, and there has been less of the petting and more of the punitive in the subsequent clashes.

On January 19 it was reported that Sandino was killed during an American air raid on his headquarters at El Chipote.

At this writing the report has not been confirmed. But if it is true it is by no means a corollary that the end of brigandage is in sight. Some other rebel leader will carry on where Sandino left off.

What will be the outcome of the muddle is, of course, a mystery. The effort of the Americans to achieve peace and insure an honest election this summer is already meeting with opposition from the least expected source—the very Conservatives the United States kept Sacasa from kicking out of Managua.

Where Uncle Sam's going to see they have an honest 1928 election.

The Liberals are now actively campaigning for the offices in six departments where their following predominates, and the Conservatives want fewer of these offices to be voted on. The latter claim that the Stimson agreement provides only for the election of a *jefe politico*, or governor, in each department; while the Liberals interpret that clause to mean that with the success of a *jefe politico* the other offices are to be decided.

It is hoped that with the arrival of Major General John A. Lejeune at the head of 2,000 marines, rushed south after the January battle, some sort of understanding will be reached that will insure a reasonably honest election, a cessation of insurrection, and a withdrawal of American forces.

Among the largest foreign interests in Nicaragua, according to latest available information, are the following:

Panama Mail Steamship Company (American), Pacific Steam Navigation Company (British), the Roland and Kosmos lines (German), on Nicaragua's west coast.

On the east coast are the Cuyamel Fruit Company and the Orr Fruit and Steamship Company (American).

All America Cable Company and the Tropical Radio Company (American).

Commercial Bank of Spanish America (British).

J. R. E. Tefel & Co. (German bankers).

National Bank of Nicaragua (Americans own 49 per cent of the $300,000 capital and administer the bank).

Insurance firms, fire and life (American and Canadian).

Wholesale business of the republic (mostly American).

Railway bonds (held heavily in London, Paris, and New York).

Tonopah Mining Company (American).

Nicaragua Development Syndicate, Central American Mines, Ltd., and Oroya Leonesa, Ltd. (all British mining companies).

United Fruit Company, 170,882 acres; Atlantic Fruit Company, 125,000 acres (American).

Nicaragua Sugar Estates, Ltd. (British).

Lumber interests in republic (American and British).

THE END

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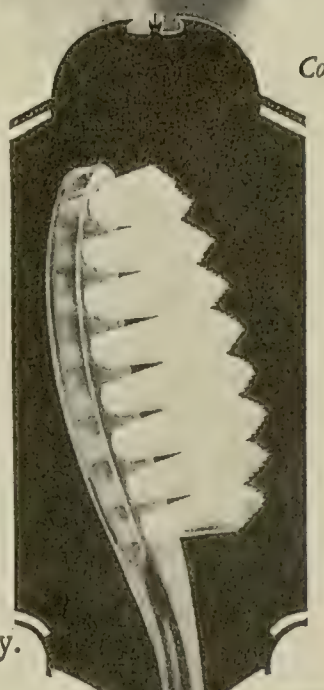

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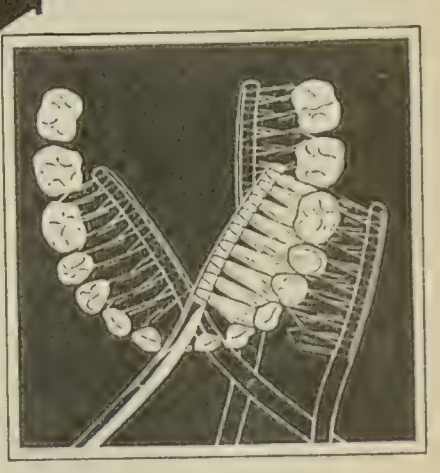

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When the WORLD Screamed

The End of an Amazing Adventure

Concluding a Two-Part Story by

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

Pictures by HERBERT M. STOOPS

(Reading time: 24 minutes 50 seconds.)

THE thought crossed my mind that I was being approached by a lunatic. This was when I received a letter from Professor George Edward Challenger demanding that I, as an expert on Artesian borings, wait upon him at his home. The wording of his communication was gratuitously insulting.

But my friend Edward Malone of the *Gazette* reassured me. He knew the Professor and enjoyed the old bear's confidence. He characterized him as a cave man for disposition, with the biggest brain in all England.

Malone said Challenger had been left several millions to use in the interests of science, and that at Hengist Down, in Sussex, he was experimenting behind a veil of mystery.

He had built a model village for teetotal bachelor workmen, sworn to secrecy, had wired the place off, and guarded it from reporters by bloodhounds. There he was excavating on an enormous scale.

Curious, I went to see Challenger. I found the most disagreeably forceful individual I had ever met, who voiced the strangest theory I had ever heard. His theory was that this planet, the earth upon which we live, is itself a living organism with a circulation, a respiration, and a nervous system of its own!

This he meant to prove by piercing its tough hide of soil and rock.

He made the amazing statement that he had already bored through the outer crust—that he had sunk a shaft eight miles deep. It remained for me, by a percussion drill, to give the final prick.

A strange commission!

In some excitement I got everything ready and loaded on a lorry.

Malone himself conducted me to the sacred precincts.

Roy Perkins, a reporter, tried to break through with us, but the gatekeeper threw him out.

Inside, we ran into Barforth, the head engineer and manager, who looked as solemn as if we were going to tap hell's fires.

PART TWO

AFTER a hurried and frugal meal we were introduced, with loving assiduity upon the part of the manager, to the contents of his engine house and to the miscellaneous scrap heap of disused implements with which the grass was littered.

On one side was a huge dismantled Arrol hydraulic shovel with which the first excavations had been rapidly made. Beside it was a great engine which worked a continuous steel rope on which the skips were fastened which drew up the débris by successive stages from the bottom of the shaft.

In the power house were several Escher Wyss turbines of great horse power, running at 140 revolutions a minute and governing, hydraulic accumulators which evolved a pressure of 1,400 pounds per square inch, passing in three-inch pipes down the shaft and operating four rock drills with hollow cutters of the Brandt type.

Abutting upon the engine house was the electric house supplying power for a very large lighting installment, and next to that again was an extra turbine of 200 horse power, which drove a ten-foot fan forcing air down a twelve-inch pipe to the bottom of the workings. All these wonders were shown with many technical explanations by their proud operator, who was well on his way to boring me stiff, as I may in turn have done my reader.

There came a welcome interruption, however, when I heard the roar of wheels and rejoiced to see my Leyland three-tonner come rolling and heaving over the grass, heaped up with my tools and sections of tubing, and bearing my foreman, Peters, and a very grimy assistant in front. The two of them set to work at once to unload my stuff and to carry it in.

Leaving them at their work, the manager, with Malone and myself, approached the shaft.

It was a wondrous place, on a very much larger scale than I had imagined. The spoil banks, which represented the thousands of tons removed, had been built up into a great horseshoe around it which now made a considerable hill.

In the concavity of this horseshoe, composed of chalk, clay, coal, and granite, there rose up a bristle of iron pillars and wheels from which the pumps and the lifts were operated. They connected with the brick power building, which filled up the gap in the horseshoe. Beyond it lay the open mouth of the shaft, a huge yawning pit some thirty or forty feet in diameter, lined and topped with brick and cement.

As I craned my neck over the side and gazed down into the dreadful abyss, which I had been

It was a howl in which pain

nger, menace, and the outraged majesty of Nature all blended, paralyzing all the great multitude with its fierce insistence.

assured was eight miles deep, my brain reeled at the thought of what it represented. The sunlight struck the mouth of it diagonally, and I could see only some hundreds of yards of dirty white chalk, bricked here and there where the surface had seemed unstable.

Even as I looked, however, I saw, far, far down in the darkness, a tiny speck of light—the smallest possible dot, but clear and steady against the inky background.

"What is that light?" I asked.

Malone bent over the parapet beside me.

"That's one of the cages coming up," said he. "Rather wonderful, is it not? That is a mile or more from us, and that little gleam is a powerful arc lamp. It travels quickly and will be here in a few minutes."

Sure enough, the pin point of light came larger and larger, until it flooded the tube with its silvery radiance, and I had to turn away my eyes from its blinding glare. A moment later the iron cage clashed up to the landing stage, and four men crawled out of it and passed on to the entrance.

"Nearly all in," said Malone. "It is no joke to do a two-hour shift at that depth. Well, some of your stuff is ready to hand here. I suppose the best thing we can do is to go down; then you will be able to judge the situation for yourself."

There was an annex to the engine house into which he led me. A number of baggy suits of the lightest tussah material were hanging from the wall. Following Malone's example, I took off every stitch of my clothes, and put on one of these suits together with a pair of rubber-soled slippers. Malone finished before I did and left the dressing room.

A moment later I heard a noise like ten dog fights rolled into one, and, rushing out, I found my friend rolling on the ground with his arms round the workman who was helping to stack my Artesian tubing. He was endeavoring to tear something from him to which the other was most desperately clinging. But Malone was too strong for him, tore the object out of his grasp, and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[WHEN THE WORLD SCREAMED] Continued from Page Forty-three

danced upon it until it was shattered to pieces.

Only then did I recognize that it was a photographic camera. My grimy-faced artisan rose ruefully from the ground.

"Confound you, Ted Malone!" said he. "That was a new ten-guinea machine."

"Can't help it, Roy. I saw you take the snap, and there was only one thing to do."

"How the devil did you get mixed up with my outfit?" I asked with righteous indignation.

The rascal winked and grinned.

"There are always ways and means," said he. "But don't blame your foreman. He thought it was just a rag. I swapped clothes with his assistant, and in I came."

"And out you go!" said Malone. "No use arguing, Roy. If Challenger were here he would set the dogs on you. I've been in a hole myself, so I won't be hard; but I am watchdog here, and I can bite as well as bark. Come on—out you march!"

So our enterprising visitor was marched by two grinning workmen out of the compound.

So now the public will at last understand the genesis of that wonderful four-column article headed Mad Dream of a Scientist, with the subtitle A Bee Line to Australia, which appeared in the *Recorder* some days later and brought Challenger to the verge of apoplexy and the editor of the *Recorder* to the most disagreeable and dangerous interview of his lifetime.

THE article was a highly colored and exaggerated account of the adventure of Roy Perkins, "our experienced war correspondent," and it contained such purple passages as "this hirsute bully of Enmore Gardens," "a compound guarded by barbed wire, plug-uglies, and bloodhounds," and, finally:

> I was dragged from the edge of the Anglo-Australian Tunnel by two ruffians, the more savage being a jack-of-all-trades whom I had previously known by sight as a hanger-on of the journalistic profession, while the other, a sinister figure in a strange tropical garb, was posing as an Artesian engineer, though his appearance was more reminiscent of Whitechapel.

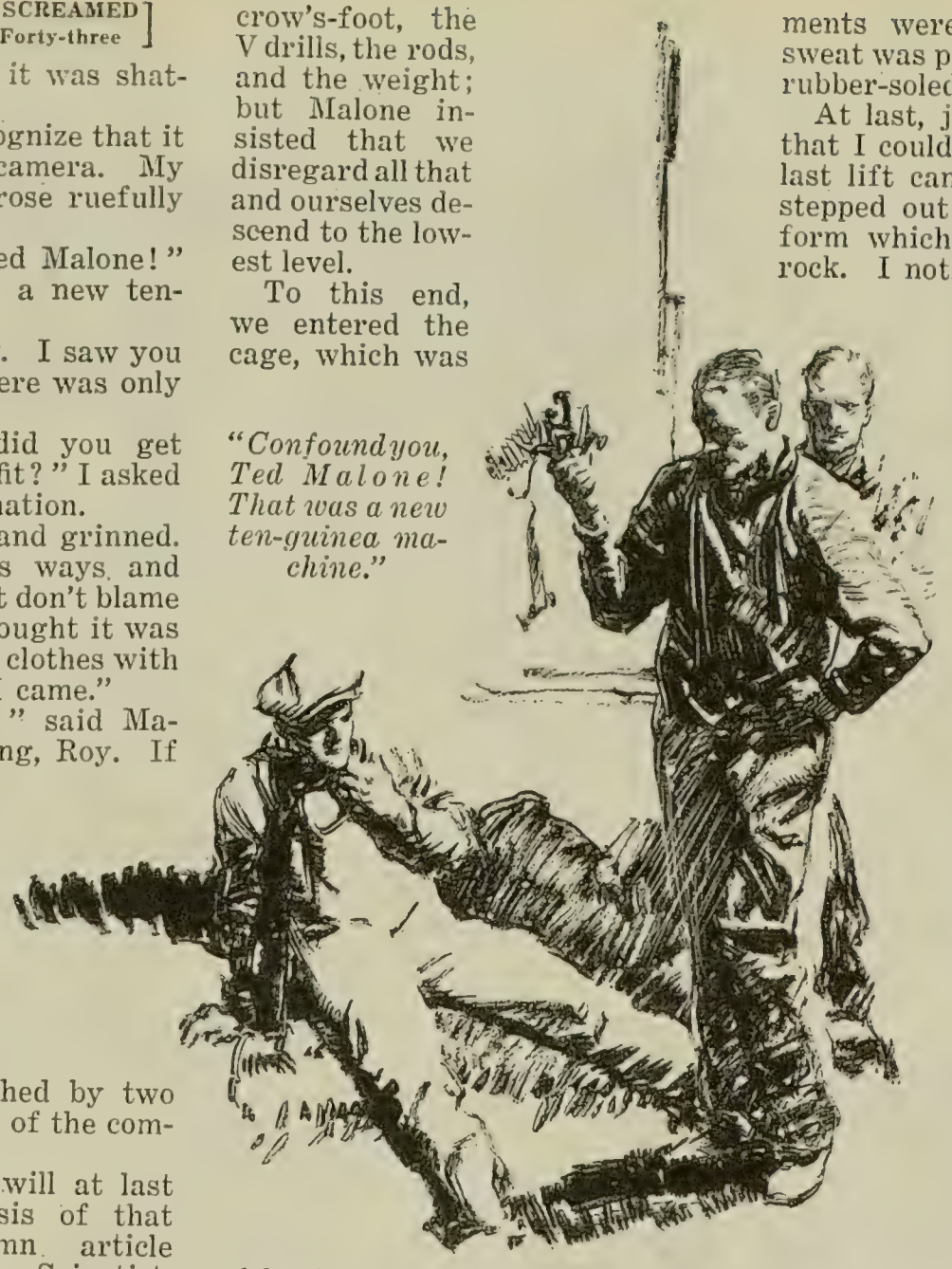
Having ticked us off in this way, the rascal had an elaborate description of rails at the pit mouth, and of a zigzag excavation by which funicular trains were to burrow into the earth. The only practical inconvenience arising from the article was that it notably increased that line of loafers who sat upon the South Downs waiting for something to happen.

The day came when it did happen, and when they wished themselves elsewhere.

My foreman with his faked assistant had littered the place with all my apparatus—my bell box, my crow's-foot, the V drills, the rods, and the weight; but Malone insisted that we disregard all that and ourselves descend to the lowest level.

To this end, we entered the cage, which was of latticed steel, and, in the company of the chief engineer, we shot down into the bowels of the earth.

"Confound you, Ted Malone! That was a new ten-guinea machine."



There was a series of automatic lifts, each with its own operating station hollowed out in the side of the excavation. They operated with great speed, and the experience was more like a vertical railway journey than the deliberate fall which we associate with the British lift.

Since the cages were latticed and brightly illuminated, we had a clear view of the strata through which we passed. I was conscious of each of them as we flashed past. There were the sallow lower chalk, the coffee-colored Hastings beds, the lighter Ashburnham beds, the dark carboniferous clays, and then, gleaming in the electric light, band after band of jet-black sparkling coal alternating with the rings of clay.

HERE and there brickwork had been inserted; but as a rule the shaft was self-supported, and one could but marvel at the immense labor and mechanical skill which it represented. Beneath the coal beds I was conscious of jumbled strata of a concretelike appearance, and then we shot down into the primitive granite, where the quartz crystals gleamed and twinkled as if the dark walls were sown with the dust of diamonds.

Down we went and ever down—lower now than mortals had ever before penetrated. The archaic rocks varied wonderfully in color, and I can never forget one broad belt of rose-colored feldspar which shone with an unearthly beauty before our powerful lamps. Stage after stage and lift after lift, the air getting ever closer and hotter, until even the light tussah garments were intolerable and the sweat was pouring down into those rubber-soled slippers.

At last, just as I was thinking that I could stand it no more, the last lift came to a stand and we stepped out upon a circular platform which had been cut in the rock. I noticed that Malone gave a curiously suspicious glance round at the walls as he did so.

"Funny - looking stuff," said the chief engineer, passing his hand over the nearest section of rock. He held it to the light and showed that it was glistening with a curious slimy scum. "There have been shiverings and tremblings down here. I don't know what we are dealing with. The Professor seems pleased with it, but it's all new to me."

"I AM bound to say I've seen that wall fairly shake itself," said Malone. "Last time I was down here we fixed those two crossbeams for your drill, and when we cut into it for the supports it winced at every stroke. The old man's theory seemed absurd in solid old London town, but down here eight miles under the surface I am not so sure about it."

"If you saw what was under that tarpaulin you would be even less sure," said the engineer. "All this lower rock cut like cheese, and when we were through it we came on a new formation like nothing on earth. 'Cover it up. Don't touch it!' said the Professor. So we tarpaulined it according to his instructions."

"Could we not have a look?"

A frightened expression came over the engineer's lugubrious countenance.

"It's no joke disobeying the Professor," said he. "He is so damn cunning, too, that you never know what check he has set on you. However, we'll have a peep and chance it."

He turned down our reflector lamp so that the light gleamed upon the black tarpaulin. Then he stooped and, seizing a rope which connected up with the corner of the covering, he disclosed half a dozen square yards of the surface beneath it.

It was a most extraordinary and terrifying sight. The floor consisted of some grayish material, glazed and shiny, which rose and fell in a slow palpitation. The throbs were not direct, but gave the impression of a gentle ripple or rhythm which ran across the surface.

This surface itself was not entirely homogeneous, but beneath it, seen as through ground glass, there were dim whitish patches or vacuoles which varied constantly in shape and size. We stood all three gazing spellbound at this extraordinary sight.

"Does look rather like a skinned animal," said Malone in an awed whisper. "The old man may not be so far out with his blessed echinus."

"Good Lord!" I cried. "And am I to plunge a harpoon into that beast?"

"That's your privilege, my son," said Malone; "and, sad to relate, unless I give it a miss in balk I shall have to be at your side when you do it."

"Well, I won't," said the head engineer with decision. "I was never clearer on anything than I am on that. If the old man insists, then I resign my portfolio. Good Lord, look at that!"

The gray surface gave a sudden heave upward, welling toward us as a wave does when you look down from the bulwarks. Then it subsided and the dim beatings and throbbings continued as before. Barforth lowered the rope and replaced the tarpaulin.

"Seemed almost as if it knew we were here," said he. "Why should it swell up toward us like that? I expect the light had some sort of effect upon it."

"What am I expected to do now?" I asked.

MR. BARFORTH pointed to two beams which lay across the pit just under the stopping place of the lift. There was an interval of about nine inches between them.

"That was the old man's idea," said he. "I think I could have fixed it better, but you might as well try to argue with a mad buffalo. It is easier and safer just to do whatever he says. His idea is that you should use your six-inch bore and fasten it in some way between these supports."

"Well, I don't think there would be much difficulty about that," I answered. "I'll take the job over as from today."

It was, as one might imagine, the strangest experience of my very varied life, which has included well-sinking in every continent upon earth. As Professor Challenger was so insistent that the operation should be started from a distance, and as I began to see a good deal of sense in his contention, I had to plan some method of electric control, which was easy enough, as the pit was wired from top to bottom.

WITH infinite care, my foreman, Peters, and I brought down our lengths of tubing and stacked them on the rocky ledge. Then we raised the stage of the lowest lift so as to give ourselves room. As we proposed to use the percussion system—for it would not do to trust entirely to gravity—we hung our 100-pound weight over a pulley beneath the lift and ran our tubes down beneath it with a V-shaped terminal. Finally the rope which held the weight was secured to the side of the shaft in such a way that an electrical discharge would release it.

It was delicate and difficult work, done in a more than tropical heat, and with the ever-present feeling that a slip of a foot or the dropping of a tool upon the tarpaulin beneath us might bring about some inconceivable catastrophe.

We were awed, too, by our surroundings. Again and again I have seen a strange quiver and shiver pass down the walls, and have even felt a dull throb against my hands as I touched them. Neither Peters nor I was very sorry when we signaled for the last time that we were ready for the surface, and were able to report to Mr. Barforth that Professor Challenger could make his experiment as soon as he chose.

And it was not long that we had to wait. Only three days after my date of completion my notice arrived.

It was an ordinary invitation card such as one uses for "at homes," and it ran thus:

Professor G. E. Challenger, F. R. S., M. D., D. Sc., etc.
(late President Zo-ological Institute and holder of so many honorary degrees and appointments that they overtax the capacity of this card),
requests the attendance of
Mr. Jones (no lady)
at 11:30 A. M. of Tuesday, June 21, to witness a remarkable triumph of mind over matter
at
Hengist Down, Sussex.
Special train Victoria 10:5. Passengers pay their own fares. Lunch after the experiment or not—according to circumstances. Station Storrington.
R. S. V. P. (and at once, with name in block letters) 14 (Bis) Enmore Gardens, S. W.

"My God, Jones!" he cried. "Look there!"

I found that Malone had just

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

You may have shaving soap *but*—

your favorite

USE BARBASOL ON ONE SIDE—YOUR FAVORITE SHAVING SOAP ON THE OTHER

Barbasol Skin Freshener A Tonic Stimulant After Shaving—After Bathing Any Time 65¢ At All Druggists

LET YOUR FACE DECIDE

YOU shave the same way every day. Same old soap. Same old brush. So much rub-in. So many towels. More soap . . . more brush . . . more lathering—*man*, it's a HABIT!

We'd like to change that habit. Not only to get a new customer, but to give you a better shave—*easier, faster, smoother*—with Barbasol.

So we make you this proposition:

Let Your Face Decide

Use your favorite shaving soap, just the way you use it every day—but *only on one-half* of your face.

Now wet down *the other side* of your face—with hot water or cold, only so it's wet. Then spread on a film of creamy, cooling Barbasol. No brush. No lathering.

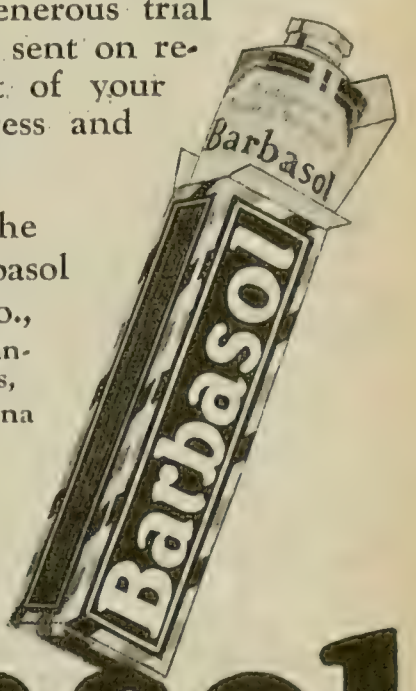
No rub-in. Just shave! Like this:

1—*Wash the face (but leave it wet)*
2—*Spread on Barbasol (but don't rub in)*
3—*Shave!*

We'll leave it to your face! Soap side's full of razor pull and smart and beard resistance. Barbasol side is all cool and soft—pliant with the natural oils left right in the skin. Younger looking, cheerier, cleaner!

Will *you* let your face decide? At all druggists 35¢ and 65¢. A generous trial tube sent on receipt of your address and 10¢.

The Barbasol Co., Indianapolis, Indiana



Barbasol
For Modern Shaving

Do This
to have bright eyes

To restore the lustre of youth to dull, lifeless eyes, simply apply a few drops of harmless *Murine*. Also use it when your eyes are bloodshot to quickly clear them up. Many women use *Murine* every day to keep their eyes *always* clear and radiant. 60c buys a month's supply at any druggist's. Try it!

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Free Mail to Murine Co., Dept. 86, 9 E. Ohio St., Chicago, for book checked: ☐ "Eye Beauty" ☐ "Eye Care"

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Please PRINT your name and address in PENCIL

Expect applause when you serve as first course of lunch, dinner or "bridge supper"

Cuban Tang
Fruit Appetizer

Use large oranges, same size, one per person. Cut off top and cut orange so it stands steady. Remove meat. Cut in dice. To each cup of oranges add three tablespoons Martini & Rossi Vermouth (Italian or Extra Dry) and one tablespoon powdered sugar. Chill on ice. Scallop shell of orange around and fill. Decorate with Maraschino cherries.

Send for "Happy Days Vermouth Recipes"

An all-star collection of club style cocktails, appetizers, salads and desserts wonderful for bridge parties. Address

W. A. Taylor & Co., 94-B Pine Street, New York City, sole importers of

MARTINI & ROSSI
NON ALCOHOLIC
Vermouth

[WHEN THE WORLD SCREAMED Continued from Page Forty-five]

received a similar missive, over which he was chuckling.

"It is mere swank sending it to us," said he. "We have to be there whatever happens, as the hangman said to the murderer. But, I tell you, this has set all London buzzing. The old man is where he likes to be, with a pinpoint limelight right on his hairy old head."

And so at last the great day came. Personally I thought it well to go down the night before, so as to be sure that everything was in order. Our borer was fixed in position, the weight was adjusted, the electric contacts could be easily switched on, and I was satisfied that my own part in this strange experiment would be carried out without a hitch. The electric controls were operated at a point some 500 yards from the mouth of the shaft, to minimize any personal danger.

On the fateful morning, an ideal English summer day, I climbed halfway up the slope of the down in order to have a general view of the proceedings.

ALL the world seemed to be coming to Hengist Down. As far as we could see, the rocks were dotted with people. Motor cars came bumping and swaying in the traffic. Some approached and discharged their passengers at the gate of the compound.

This was in most cases the end of their progress. A powerful band of janitors waited at the entrance, and no promises or bribes, but only the production of the coveted buff tickets, could get them any further. They dispersed, therefore, and joined the vast crowd which was already assembling on the side of the hill and covering the ridge with a dense mass of spectators.

The place was like Epsom Downs on the Derby day. Inside the compound certain areas had been wired off, and the various privileged people were conducted to the particular pen to which they had been allotted. There was one for peers, one for members of the House of Commons, and one for the heads of learned societies and the men of fame in the scientific world, including Le Pellier of the Sorbonne and Dr. Driesinger of the Berlin Academy. A special reserved inclosure, with sandbags and a corrugated iron roof, was set aside for three members of the royal family.

At a quarter past eleven a succession of chars-à-bancs brought up the specially invited guests from the station, and I went down into the compound to assist at the reception.

PROFESSOR CHALLENGER stood by the select inclosure, resplendent in frock coat, white waistcoat, and burnished tophat, his expression a blend of overpowering and almost offensive benevolence, mixed with most portentous self-importance — "clearly a typical victim of the Jehovah complex," as one of his critics described him.

He assisted in conducting and occasionally in propelling his guests into their proper places; and then, having gathered the élite of the company around him, he took his station upon the top of a convenient hillock and looked around him with the air of the chairman who expects some welcoming applause. As none was forthcoming, he plunged at once into his subject, his voice booming to the farthest extremities of the inclosure.

"Gentlemen," he roared, "upon this occasion I have no need to include the ladies. If I have not invited them to be present with us this morning, it is not, I can assure you, for want of appreciation, for I may say"—with elephantine humor and mock modesty—"that the relations between us upon both sides have always been excellent, and indeed intimate.

"The real reason is that some small element of danger is involved in our experiment, though it is not sufficient to justify the discomposure which I see upon many of your faces.

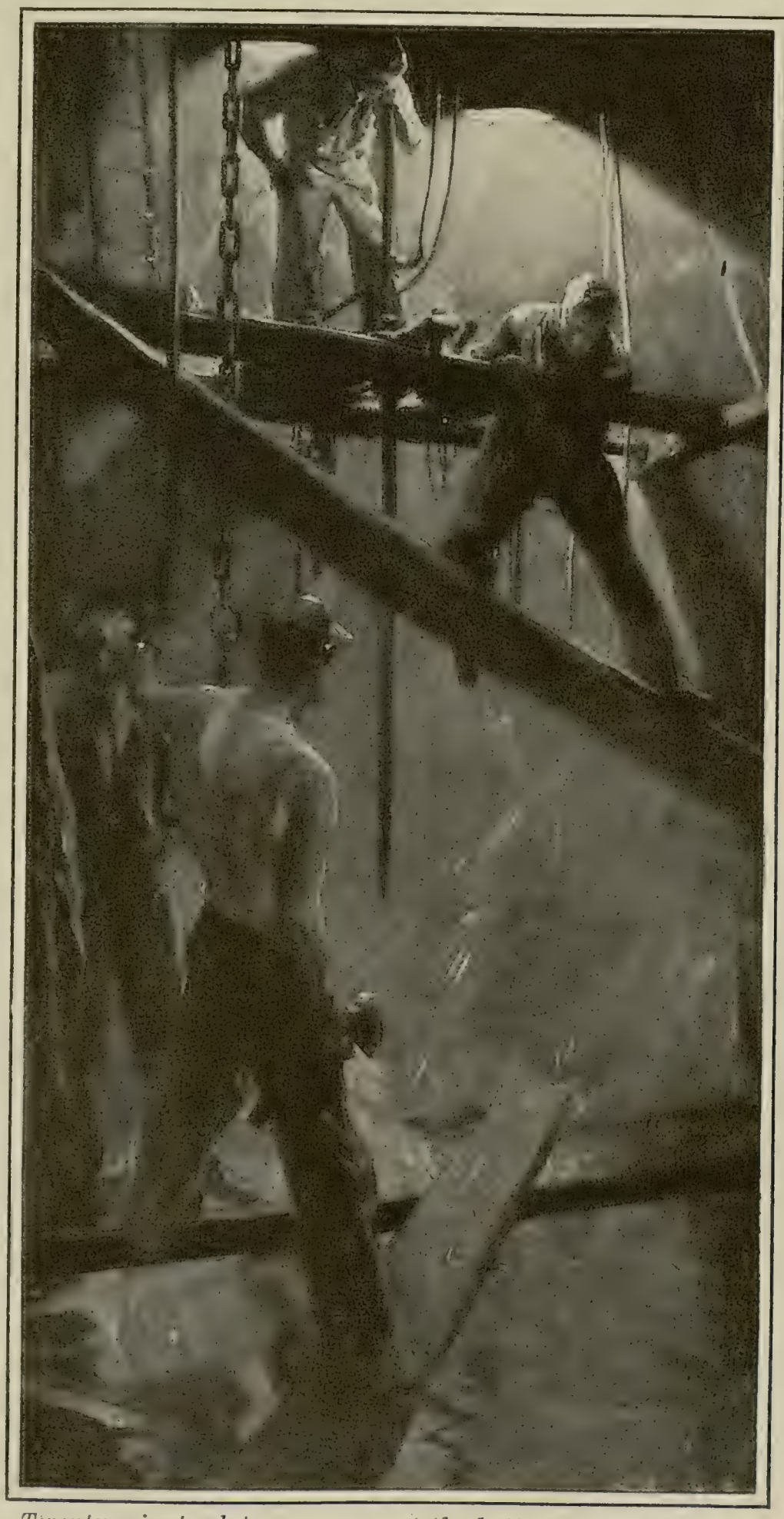
"It will interest the members of the press to know that I have reserved very special seats for them upon the spoil banks which immediately overlook the scene of the operation. They have shown an interest which is sometimes indistinguishable from impertinence in my affairs, so that on this occasion at least they cannot complain that I have been remiss in studying their convenience.

"IF nothing happens, which is always possible, I have at least done my best for them. If, on the other hand, something does happen, they will be in an excellent position to experience and record it, should they ultimately feel equal to the task.

"It is, as you will readily understand, impossible for a man of science to explain to what I may describe without undue disrespect as the common herd, the various reasons for his conclusions or his actions. I hear some unmannerly interruptions, and I will ask the gentleman with the horn spectacles to cease waving his umbrella.

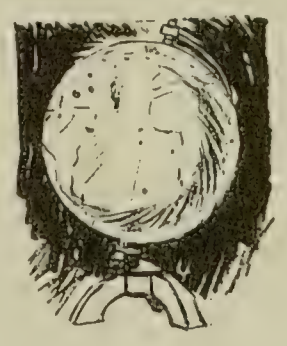
[A voice: "Your description of your guests, sir, is most offensive."]

"Possibly it is my phrase 'the common herd' which has ruffled the gen-



Twenty minutes later, we were at the bottom of the shaft and had pulled the tarpaulin from the exposed surface.

tleman. Let us say, then, that my listeners are a most uncommon herd. We will not quibble over phrases. I was about to say, before I was interrupted by this unseemly remark, that the whole matter is very fully and lucidly discussed in my forthcoming volume upon the earth, which I may describe with all due modesty as one of the epoch-making books of the world's history.



[General interruption and cries of "Get down to the facts!" "What are we here for?" "Is this a practical joke?"]

"I was about to make the matter clear, and if I have any further interruption I shall be compelled to take means to preserve decency and order, the lack of which is so painfully obvious.

"The position is, then, that I have sunk a shaft through the crust of the earth, and that I am about to try the effect of a vigorous stimulation of its sensory cortex—a delicate operation which will be carried out by my subordinate, Mr. Peerless Jones, a self-styled expert in Artesian borings, and Mr. Edward Malone, who represents myself upon this occasion. The exposed and sensitive substance will be pricked, and how it will react is a matter for conjecture.

"If you will now kindly take your seats, these two gentlemen will descend into the pit and make the final adjustments. I will then press the electric button upon this table and the experiment will be complete."

An audience, after one of Challenger's harangues, usually felt as if, like the earth, its protective epidermis had been pierced and its nerves laid bare. This assembly was no exception, and there was a dull murmur of criticism and resentment as they returned to their places.

Challenger sat alone on the top of the mound, a small table beside him, his black mane and beard vibrating with excitement, a most portentous figure. Neither Malone nor I could admire the scene, however, for we hurried off upon our extraordinary errand. Twenty minutes later we were at the bottom of the shaft, and had pulled the tarpaulin from the exposed surface.

IT was an amazing sight which lay before us. By some strange cosmic telepathy, the old planet seemed to know that an unheard-of liberty was about to be attempted. The exposed surface was like a boiling pot. Great gray bubbles rose and burst with a crackling report. The air spaces and vacuoles below the skin separated and coalesced in an agitated activity. The transverse ripples were stronger and faster in their rhythm than before. A dark purple fluid appeared to pulse in the tortuous anastomoses of channels which lay under the surface. The throb of life was in it all. A heavy smell made the air hardly fit for human lungs.

My gaze was fixed upon this strange spectacle when Malone, at my elbow, gave a sudden gasp of alarm.

"My God, Jones!" he cried. "Look there!"

I gave one glance, and the next instant I released the electric connection and sprang into the lift.

"Come on!" I cried. "It may be a race for life!"

What we had seen was indeed alarming. The whole lower shaft, it would seem, had shared in the increased activity which we had observed below, and the walls were throbbing and pulsing in sympathy. This movement had reacted upon the holes in which the beams rested, and it was clear that with a very little further retraction—a matter of inches—the beams would fall. If they did so, then the sharp end of my rod would, of course, penetrate the earth quite independently of the electric release.

Before that happened it was vital that Malone and I should be out of the shaft. To be eight miles down in the earth, with the chance any instant of some extraordinary convulsion taking place, was a terrible outlook. We fled wildly for the surface.

SHALL either of us ever forget that nightmare journey! The lifts whizzed and buzzed, and yet the minutes seemed to be hours. As we reached each stage, we sprang out, jumped into the next lift, touched the release, and flew onward.

Through the steel-latticed roof we could see far away the little circle of light which marked the mouth of the shaft. Now it grew wider and wider, until it came full circle and our glad eyes rested upon the brickwork of the opening.

Up we shot, and up—and then at last, in a glad, mad moment of joy and thankfulness, we sprang out of our prison and had our feet upon the greensward once more. But it was touch and go.

We had not gone thirty paces from the shaft when, far down in the depths, my iron dart shot into the nerve ganglion of old Mother Earth and the great moment had arrived.

What was it happened? Neither Malone nor I was in a position to say, for both of us were swept off our feet as by a cyclone, and swirled along the grass, revolving round and round like two curling stones upon an ice rink. At the same time our ears were assailed by the most horrible yell that ever yet was heard. Who is there, of all the hundreds who have attempted it, who has ever yet described adequately that terrible cry? It was a howl in which pain, anger, menace, and the outraged majesty of Nature all blended into one hideous shriek.

For a full minute it lasted, a thousand sirens in one, paralyzing all the great multitude with its fierce insistence, and floating away through the still summer air until it went echoing along the whole South Coast and even reached our French neighbors across the Channel. No sound in history has ever

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

NOW SCIENCE TRIUMPHS over constipation and the forty thieves

At Last, the Safe, Sure Laxative That Tastes Like Candy

Doctors tell us that more than forty serious diseases such as pneumonia, cold, indigestion, liver trouble and nervousness begin with constipation. When let alone, this dread foe of health sweeps through the system taking as its toll, youth, beauty and energy.

By all means, protect yourself against constipation; but be sure to take the laxative that will bring relief most easily, pleasantly and safely.

Modern science has brought you Ex-Lax—a safe laxative that tastes like candy. It's pure chocolate treated with a tasteless, harmless laxative agent that relieves constipation naturally and helps to restore good health.

for constipation
EX-LAX
"it's the candy"

Take Ex-Lax before you go to bed and you'll be all right in the morning. It cannot form a habit. It will not gripe or upset the most delicate stomach. Doctors prescribe and recommend Ex-Lax for children and grown-ups.

Make This Free Test

Of course you can get Ex-Lax, the chocolated laxative, from your druggist, 10c, 25c and 50c. Also for more obstinate cases he sells Ex-Lax, Fig Flavor, delicious nuggets made from the choicest Smyrna Figs, 15c and 35c. In foreign countries, slightly more.

We are so sure that you will like Ex-Lax that we want you to try it at our expense. Just fill in and mail the coupon. We'll send you an introductory box of this laxative—*free!*

NOW MAIL COUPON FOR FREE EX-LAX

Ex-Lax Manufacturing Co., P. O. Box 170
Times Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Dept. L-328

Please send me, without obligation on my part, an introductory box of Ex-Lax, the safe laxative that tastes like candy.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

ASPIRIN

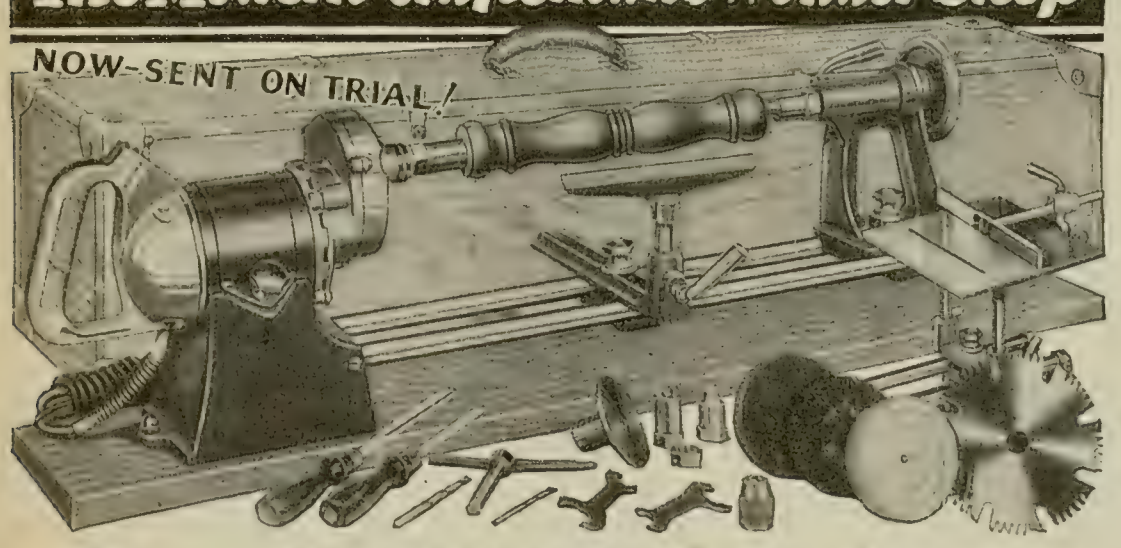
For sore throat, there's a swift and sure way to soothe away the inflammation. Every singer knows the secret! Dissolve Bayer Aspirin tablets in pure water, and gargle. Nothing in the whole realm of medicine is more helpful in cases of sore throat. And you probably know how Aspirin dispels a headache; breaks up colds, relieves rheumatic pain, neuralgia, neuritis, lumbago! Just make certain to get genuine Bayer Aspirin; it has Bayer on the box, and on each tablet. All druggists, with proven directions.

For TONSILITIS *and* SORE THROAT

Physicians prescribe Bayer Aspirin; it does NOT affect the heart

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

The Modern Craftsman's Wonder Shop



New 1928 Red Jacket Assembly

Five Thousand Red Jacket Craftsmen have made a bargain possible for you

Without Waco sales volume, no manufacturer could give the equivalent of "*Waco Shop No. 12*" at its price—*A Red Jacket Master Drill*, the *Waco Craftsman's Lathe*, the *electric power tools*, the *Jig Saw*, the *Red Jacket Band Saw*, or the Crafts Courses.

This equipment was designed, tested, approved and is guaranteed by Wm. L. Aylward, a nationally known craftsman and manufacturer, who has developed his hobby into a co-operative association of five thousand craftsmen.

Portable—Interchangeable—Complete Home Work Shop

The new 1928 Combination of Electric tools brings you a Red Jacket Band Saw and, in addition the powerful Red Jacket Master Drill Motor with direct drive to the Waco Craftsman's wood turning lathe (capacity 9 in. x 38 in.); a bench saw that has depth and side gauges, scroll and jig saw; and all accessories for both portable and stationary power drilling, buffing, grinding and cleaning. Attaches to any light socket and converts your work bench into a complete private tool and machine shop. It is a complete chest full of electrically driven tools designed by a master for the private use of tool lovers and men who create, repair and appreciate handy tools at home.

Tilt Top Table

Easy to Do These Things

The WACO GUARANTEE
If it is not what you want when you get it—send it back

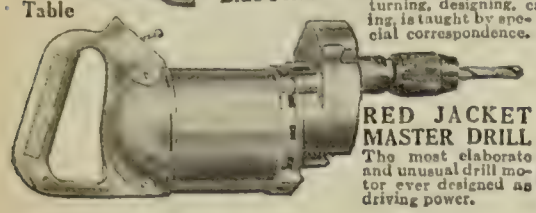
Write or send coupon at once for valuable information to all interested in beautiful handiwork It is free. It tells you how easy it is to operate a Red Jacket set of tools and lists the advantages and privileges that are free to member craftsmen. Don't miss knowing all about Waco. It is free. You are invited. *Look out for imitations.* There is only one Red Jacket—one Waco—one Wm. L. Aylward, Mastercraftsman.

Complete *Only* $10.00 Down 10 DAY FREE TRIAL

Special Crafts Course FREE

SPECIAL CRAFTS COURSE and blueprint service is free to Red Jacket Shop owners—all that there is to know about handicraft methods, raw materials, woods, carving, sawing, turning, designing, carpentering, decorating, is taught by special correspondence.

FREE Blue Prints



RED JACKET MASTER DRILL

The most elaborate and unusual drill motor ever designed as driving power.

Send the Coupon

WACO TOOL WORKS, Inc.
542 N. Parkside Ave.
Chicago

Manager, Dept. 703. Please send me all free information and literature on Red Jacket Assemblies.

Name.....

Address.....

[WHEN THE WORLD SCREAMED Continued from Page Forty-seven]

equaled the cry of the injured earth.

Dazed and deafened, Malone and I were aware of the shock and of the sound; but it is from the narrative of others that we learned the other details of that extraordinary scene.

THE first emergence from the bowels of the earth consisted of the lift cages. The other machinery, being against the walls, escaped the blast; but the solid floors of the cages took the full force of the upward current. When several separate pellets are placed in a blowpipe, they still shoot forth in their order and separately from each other. So the fourteen lift cages appeared, one after the other, in the air, each soaring after the other and describing a glorious parabola which landed one of them in the sea near Worthing Pier, and a second one in a field not far from Chichester.

Spectators have averred that, of all the strange sights that they had seen, nothing could ever exceed that of the fourteen lift cages sailing serenely through the blue heavens.

Then came the geyser. It was an enormous spout of vile treacly substance, of the consistence of tar, which shot up into the air to a height which has been computed at 2,000 feet. An inquisitive airplane, which had been hovering over the scene, was picked off as by an Archie, and made a forced landing, man and machine buried in filth.

This horrible stuff, which had a most penetrating and nauseous odor, may have represented the life blood of the planet, or it may be, as Professor Driesinger and the Berlin school maintain, that it is a protective secretion, analogous to that of the skunk, which Nature has provided in order to defend Mother Earth from intrusive Challengers.

If that were so, the prime offender, seated on his throne upon the hillock, escaped untarnished, while the unfortunate press men were so soaked and saturated, being in the direct line of fire, that none of them was capable of entering decent society for many weeks.

This gush of putridity was blown southward by the breeze, and descended upon the unhappy crowd who had waited so long and so patiently upon the crest of the downs to see what would happen.

There were no casualties. No home was left desolate, but many were made odoriferous, and still carry within their walls some souvenir of that great occasion.

And then came the closing of the pit. As Nature slowly closes a wound from below upward, so does the earth with extreme rapidity mend any rent which is made in its vital substance. There was a prolonged high-pitched crash as the sides of the shaft came together, the sound reverberating from the depths, and then rising higher and higher until, with a deafening bang, the brick circle at the orifice flattened out and clashed together, while a tremor like a small earthquake shook down the spoil banks and piled a pyramid fifty feet high of débris and broken iron over the spot where the hole had been.

Professor Challenger's experiment was not only finished—it was buried from human sight forever.

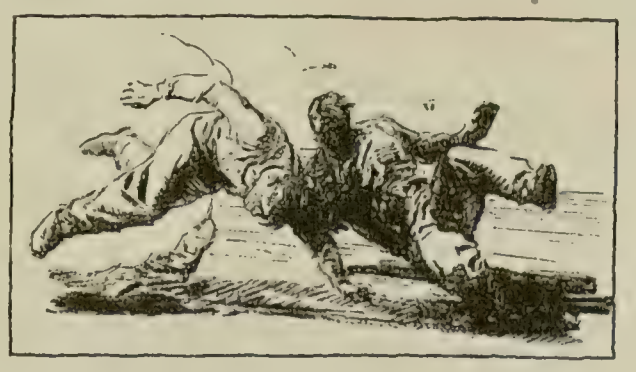
And then came the grand finale. For a long period after these successive phenomena there was a hush and a tense stillness as folk reassembled their wits and tried to realize exactly what had occurred and how it had come about. And then suddenly the mighty achievement, the huge sweep of the conception, the genius and wonder of the execution, broke upon their minds.

With one impulse they turned upon Challenger. From every part of the field there came the cries of admiration, and from his hillock he could look down upon the lake of upturned faces, broken only by the rise and fall of the waving handkerchiefs.

As I look back, I see him best as I saw him then. He rose from his chair, his eyes half closed, a smile of conscious merit upon his face, his left hand upon his hip, his right hand buried in the breast of his frock coat. Surely that picture will be fixed forever, for I heard the cameras clicking around me like crickets in a field.

The June sun shone golden upon him as he turned, gravely bowing to each quarter of the compass—Challenger the superscientist, Challenger the archpioneer, Challenger the first man of all men whom Mother Earth had been compelled to recognize.

ONLY a word by way of epilogue. It is, of course, well known that the effect of the experiment was a world-wide one. It is true that nowhere did the injured planet emit such a howl as at the actual point of penetration, but she showed that she was indeed one entity by her conduct elsewhere. Through every vent and every volcano she voiced her indignation. Hekla bellowed until the Icelanders feared a cataclysm. Vesuvius blew its head off. Ætna spewed up a quantity of lava, and a suit of half a million lire damages has been decided against Challenger in the Italian courts for the destruction of vineyards.



Even in Mexico and in the belt of Central America there were signs of intense Plutonic indignation, and the howls of Stromboli filled the whole eastern Mediterranean.

It has been the common ambition of mankind to set the whole world talking. To set the whole world screaming was the privilege of Challenger alone.

THE END

Modern Means to BEAUTY

By
EILEEN BOURNE

TAKING beauty seriously without making a fetish of it is what has made the American woman achieve such astonishing progress in the last ten years.

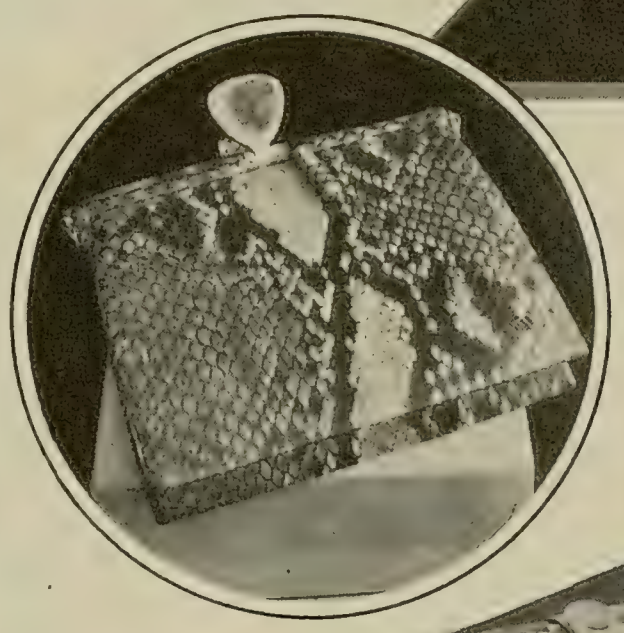
We believe in preparedness. Organized routine for daily care of the skin and hair is supplemented by equipment always ready for those deft touches essential to charm. For travel, for the street, and for evening occasions we are always ready for action, and nowadays no bag that does not offer conveniences for an emergency toilette is going to be sure of a customer.

As for the boudoir table, it has become a workbench. It is cleared for action and arranged for convenience and neat workmanship. That frilly table laden with dozens of bottles, implements, jars, and trays is in this day a thing of the past.

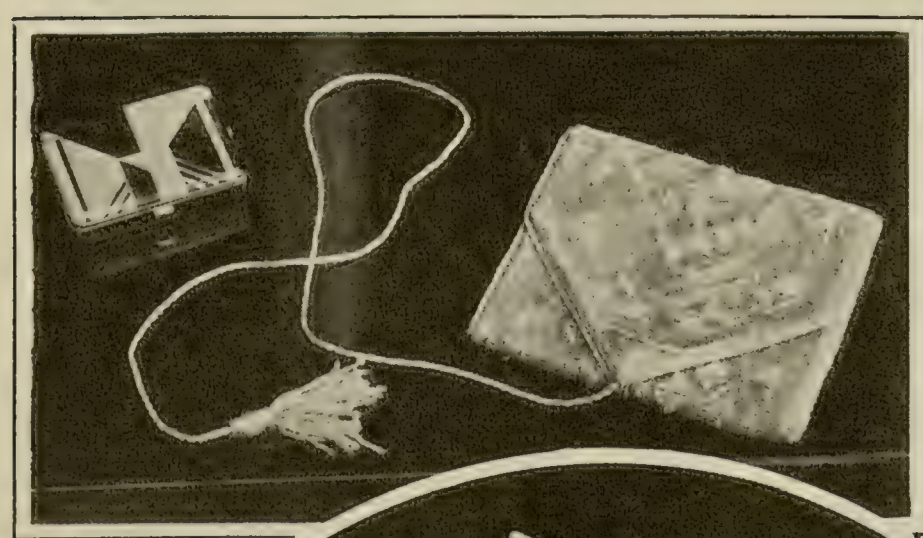
Elimination of nonessentials and space for manipulations are what we want nowadays. Here we see how the modern designer is responding to this practical demand of the modern woman.

Photos by BONNEY

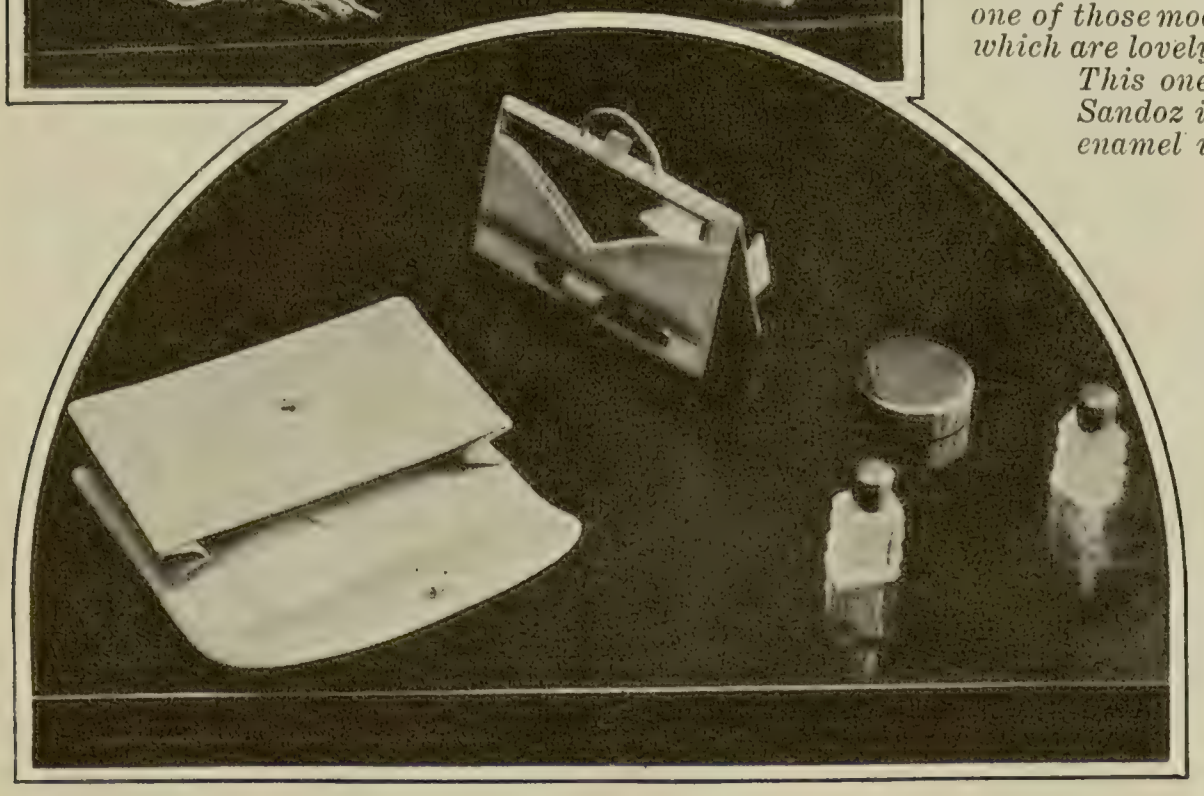
CHAREAU, one of the most modern of French designers of furniture, made this boudoir table (above). Its mirror slides on a little track around the outer edge of the table. In a case beneath the mirror, and in recesses provided in one wing of the table, is space for the tools of the modern toilette—make-up, lotions, creams, and manicure set. The table top remains cleared for action.



EVEN the street hand bag nowadays is ready to serve with everything necessary for an emergency toilette. Shown at the right is one of snakeskin made by Hermès. The fastener has a place for a lip stick, and the flap conceals a mirror. Inside of the bag is a pocket for powder and another one for rouge.



SIMPLE and practical are the creations of the art of today for evening. Louiseboulanger designed this bag (left) with its wrap-around cord. It has a pocket for loose powder and a place for the lip stick, as well as for handkerchief and change. Beside it is one of those modernistic compacts which are lovely as well as useful. This one was designed by Sandoz in green and black enamel with silver insets.



EITHER for evening or for daytime use is this bag with its convenient containers for paste rouge, perfume, astringent, powder, and lip stick. The case folds over and slips into the envelope you see beside it. Louis Vuitton made this ensemble of beige pin seal.

NOTHING could be more indicative of future trends in beauty equipment than the airplane traveling case pictured above. Made by Hermès of gray pin seal, it provides compartments for cream, powder, perfume, and astringent lotion, as well as for a manicure set, brushes, comb, toothbrush, and handkerchiefs. Closed, it is carried easily by its convenient handle. Even if you're only going by motor for a week-end visit, such a case will prove highly convenient. The clever woman might contrive something very similar to this for herself.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)

Street and No.....

City.....State..... 81

Vox Pop

What Shall We Do with the Crazy Killer?

WILMINGTON, OHIO—With many of your editorials I do not agree; but the one entitled "Mad Dogs," in which you urge that the execution of insane murderers is even more important than that of killers who are in their right minds, reflects a stand by your paper that is entirely commendable. Your logic should convince many Sob Sisters of the error of their ways and be a real forward stride toward justice in this murderer-infested nation.—*V. G. Marconett.*

NYACK, N. Y.—Your editorial "Mad Dogs" seemed to me an affront to thinking men. After so many centuries of slow progress toward humanitarianism, are we to revert to downright savagery?—*P. F. Matson.*

AURORA, ILL.—Just how has an insane murderer forfeited his right to life? By your hypothesis, he has no reason; he is irrational. To deliberate, to entertain malicious designs, is an impossibility for him.

He has shown himself to be a danger to society, true, and for that reason must be put where he can offend no one; but to go further, and to say that because the State cannot afford to house and keep him he must die, is the rankest perversion of justice.—*Clarence J. Ruddy.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The editor of LIBERTY who is responsible for the editorial "Mad Dogs" should be in line for a Nobel or Pulitzer or some other prize.—*C. L. T.*

CEDAR CREST, N. M.—If capital punishment for the insane should be enacted, who would write your editorials?—*D. D. Sharp.*

FORT COLLINS, COLO.—Amen, and yet again *amen* to your "Mad Dog" editorial!—*F. E. Barnes.*

Leaving the Caption Writer in Good Company

ARCHER, FLA.—I will be frank and own the only reason I tolerate LIBERTY is because of Viña Delmar and Bert Green. The bird what writes the captions for Vox Pop is good, too.

Shoot the rest of the staff. Also poison the other so-called authors.—*H. M. H.*

Memo to Mr. Springs

LOGANSPORT, IND.—I propose to become a regular contributor to LIBERTY, taking the place of Elliott White Springs. I will write as much spaceage as E. W. S. for just half of what he receives.

I have no experience as a writer, but that will be no handicap.

With my meager experience, you need not fear that an original thought, or even an idea, will ever creep into my work.—*A. Hunt.*

It's No Laffing Matter

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN—One of my instructors in the University said the other day that the reason Chicago does not have a tabloid is because LIBERTY has such an enormous sale there! Laff that off, will ya?—*B. D.*

This Is All There Was; There Wasn't Any More

KANSAS CITY, MO.—

—*Z. R. Talbot.*

Vintage Humor?

HOUMA, LA.—Thyra Samter Winslow's "Born in a Prop Trunk" was about as entertaining as a 1900 joke book.—*Gym.*

Higher Criticism

OMAHA, NEB.—I have read LIBERTY for some time and have found some very interesting reading, but I think that what Norman S. Hall says about the Balloon Buster of Arizona is the bunk, as I doubt if Lieutenant F. Luke, Jr., ever done as Mr. Hall says.—*H. S.*

Mr. Hall Takes a Bow

REGINA, CANADA—With due respect to Elliott White Springs, whose stories will never fail to furnish real, red-blooded interest to your honest readers, I think you have rung the bell with the acquisition of Norman Hall's new story of the Arizona Ace.

Here is a writer who brings the fighter back to life; a born story teller who serves it up red-hot and sputtering; a deft artist whose style has never before been equaled in LIBERTY and will never be excelled in any publication.—*Wells Macdonald.*

Epitaph

JOPLIN, MO.—Frank Luke! Lord! I didn't know they made 'em like him any more. They don't. He's dead.—*Ruth.*

But of Course, Outside of That—

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—With rare good judgment, you awarded a Louisville, Ky., contributor to Vox Pop the sum of $25 for a suggestion for the improvement of LIBERTY. Following should be worth at least $1,000:

For the permanent and vast improvement of your Vox Pop page, I suggest that you eliminate therefrom all communications from women. There are many reasons for this action, among them being that (1) Women are illogical. (2) They are inconsistent. (3) They are unfair. (4) They are self-opinionated.—*E. H. Bee.*

"Liberty's Best Story"

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I have just finished reading "Magnificent Pose" by Charles Caldwell Dobie. To my mind it is the best short story published by LIBERTY since its birth.—*Leo J. Vincelette.*

Probably

CHICAGO, ILL.—I am a fond reader of the *Tribune* and its bad baby, LIBERTY MAGAZINE.

I am employed by a great guy—a great guy indeed—but oh, how he hates LIBERTY! Nevertheless, his lowly stenog creeps home to her li'l' nest at night with LIBERTY under her arm, and just now when I told this great guy that I was writing to Vox Pop about him he said, "My opinion has not changed. I used to like the editorials, but even they are no good any more."

What to do with him? Shall I make it swift and painless or can I do it better with gas?—*Just Me.*

Some Authors Might Not Like It

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—When reading a story, I like to see what the writer looks like. Why not have a little picture of the writer with each story, as in Bert Green's last "spasm"?—*Walter McCarty.*

Maybe, Some Time

LANSING, MICH.—Give us more editorials, or rather, longer ones. Why not utilize the entire page for the editorials and place the index and "Coming next week" stuff on a separate page? The editorials are fine, written in good old homespun language, and about things, generally, that we are interested in.—*J. H. Cooper.*

No Money for This

DIXON, ILL.—Having read your publication regularly since its first issue, and noted the many innovations introduced, I suggest one more improvement—and then LIBERTY will be nearly perfect.

May I suggest that your magazine have each page numbered at both top and bottom? In doing this you will win the thanks and applause of those of your readers who enjoy your magazine by reading same abed. The present page numbering arrangement is unhandy for those readers.

Yes, I accept a check for $25 for this suggestion!—*Eugene J. McNamara.*

Just Woman's Intuition

CINCINNATI, OHIO—How come that "Doris Webster" and "Mary Alden Hopkins" took both sides of the "How to Choose" question? Assuming, of course, that Doris is feminine, what in 'ell does she know about choosing a *wife?*—*P. J. Jayne.*

Help Wanted

ROCKFORD, ILL.—Can't you please shorten the length of LIBERTY? It is

so inconvenient to read so that the boss can't see me. And oblige—*A Hard-Working Stenog.*

Aw Now, A. S.!

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I have been raised and educated so naïvely that until I had read LIBERTY for about a year, I had supposed that there were a few honest people on this earth.

I thank LIBERTY for disillusioning me, for after reading its pages and pages about bootleggers, rum runners, "straight-shooting cops," gunmen, murderers, murderesses, dope fiends, assassins, etc., I no longer believe in Santa Claus and I am certain that the goblins 'll get me if I don't watch out.—*A. S.*

Self-Biters

ALHAMBRA, CALIF.—Some of the destructive criticisms on your Vox Pop page may be like the legendary serpent, in its rage, biting its own tail!—*C. M. T.*

From a Husband

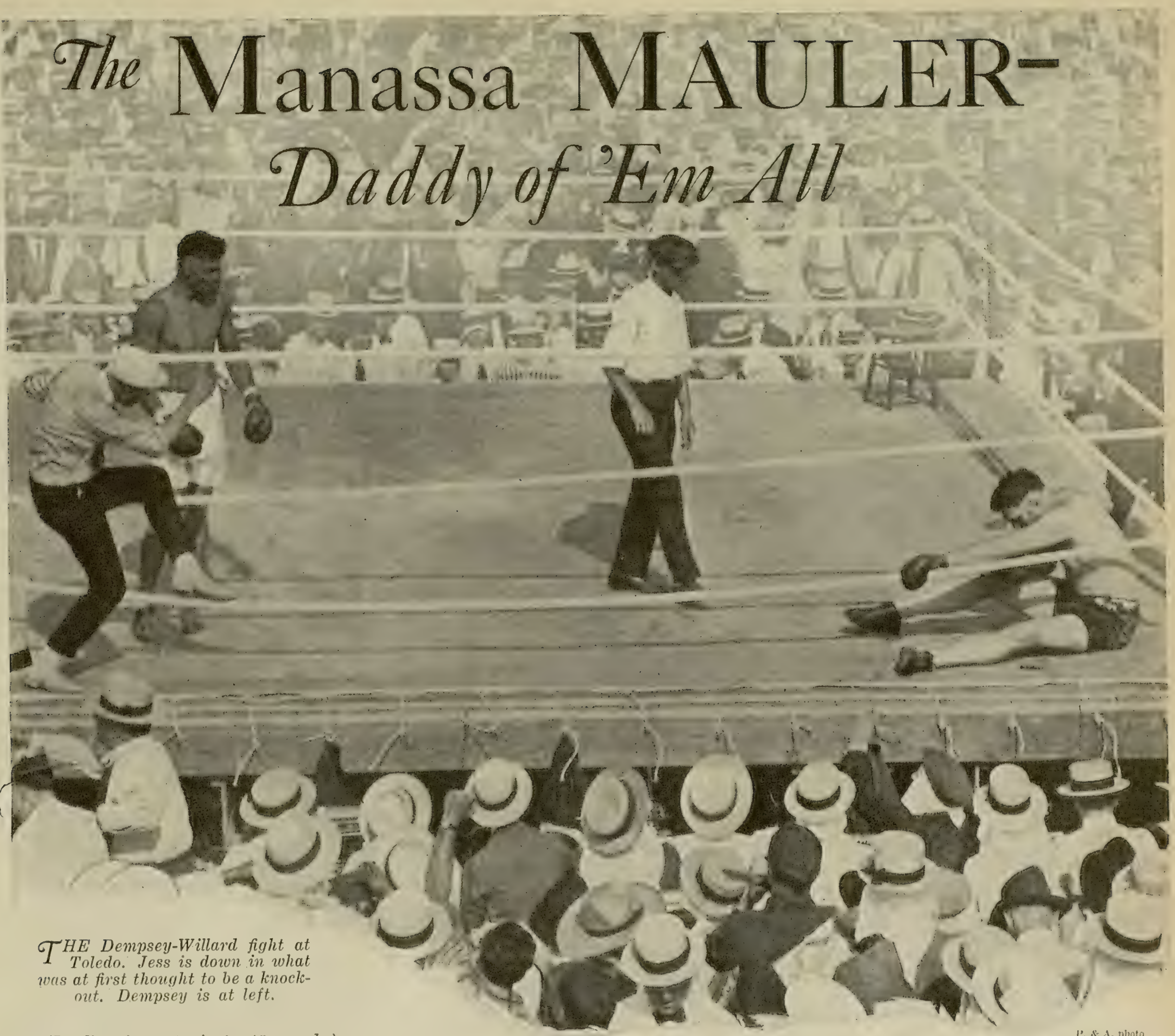
LONG BEACH, CALIF.—I have just finished reading your story, "Give Them What They Want." It utterly lacked sense. The husband showed himself to be a *human rag.* I certainly hope that there is no such man in our dear old U. S. A.

Arthur Somers Roche is a very good author, but—oh, what a theme!—*E. J. T.*

It's One Way to Success

TARRYTOWN, N. Y.—LIBERTY gives me a constant series of shocks and surprises. Sometimes I'm amazed because you're so good, and sometimes because you're so rotten. But that's what I like about your magazine. You keep me guessing.—*L Hand.*

The Manassa MAULER—
Daddy of 'Em All



THE Dempsey-Willard fight at Toledo. Jess is down in what was at first thought to be a knock-out. Dempsey is at left.

P. & A. photo

(Reading time: 24 minutes 15 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: A "road kid," trained in the wiles of hobodom, who commanded respect with his fists—this was the Jack Dempsey of little more than twelve years ago who in 1919 was to become the champion boxer of the world. But he had hardly attracted attention before he was accused of faking a fight and practically forced out of the fight game. Then he met Jack Kearns in San Francisco and there began the partnership that carried both of them to fortune.]

Dempsey Hammers His Way from Oblivion to the Championship of the World

By CHARLES J. McGUIRK

PART THREE

IF Jack Dempsey had searched all over the world, he couldn't have found a man better fitted for his needs than Jack Kearns.

Kearns was a fight manager with years of experience. An old fighter himself, he had handled hundreds of battlers, and he knew Fistiana from its respectable shows with a ten-dollar admission to its dark byways where a "queer" fight could be arranged in the back room of a saloon, or a promising young fighter's steady march to the championship could be stopped by a glove with a horseshoe in it.

Like George (Tex) Rickard, Kearns was a showman. He was a ballyhoo artist of the barker type; a rough, tough, loud, and raspy talking individual who knew the value of publicity, favorable or otherwise, as few individuals have ever known it.

But in February, 1917, when he got Dempsey's instructions to find him a fight, Jack Kearns was hitting a period of black depression. As he expresses it himself, things weren't coming so good. The best man in the stable of fighters he then had was Marty Farrell of New York, a great middleweight and one of the cleverest boxers who ever drew on a glove.

Kearns matched him with Mick King, the former middleweight champion of Australia, also a clever boxer, for a four-round fight at Dreamland Rink in San Francisco. They were thrown out for stalling, and that put it strictly up to Kearns to work along other lines to keep his meal ticket punchable. His only hope was "this bum Dempsey, fresh from a fake fight with Jim Flynn."

Kearns took the young fighter with the hang-dog look and the mottled complexion out to his mother's home in Oakland, where he had rigged up a small gymnasium. Mrs. McKiernan, Kearns' mother (Jack's real name is John McKiernan, Kearns being a ring name), took a liking to the lonely, half-starved boy, and plied him with meals of her own cooking.

In the gymnasium Dempsey betrayed all the awkwardness of the palooka. He fought straight

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Before you face the weather—*take out the*
"cheapest health insurance in the world"

Smith Brothers' Cough Drops safely protect your throat. They quickly soothe irritation, ease and stop the cough.

A delicious precaution! 5c Two Kinds: S. B. or Menthol.

The Perfect Anti-Acid

Why Doctors are all Decided in favor of just ONE product

Many ailments start in the stomach, most of them from too much acid. Take an anti-acid, is frequently the doctor's advice. But why does he always say *Phillips?*

First, because it's harmless in anybody's hands; it is used for a score of childish ills; and even in infants' milk. Next, because Phillips Milk of Magnesia is in *perfect suspension.* Because fifty years have proved that anything short of this perfection does not achieve the same results. Because there is no more certain and prompt relief for acid stomach, indigestion, biliousness, or even heartburn.

The physician specifies Phillips. The druggist fills prescriptions with Phillips. If the public were as careful as either there would be no imitations of Phillips.

It's PHILLIPS *that's always used for Prescriptions*

[THE MANASSA MAULER Continued from Page Fifty-one]

up and wide open—"you sock me and I'll sock you." He stopped most of the punches with his face. He used only one hand, the right, and he swung that too wide.

Kearns set about teaching him. "Move around," he'd say. "Keep moving. They can't hit you so easily. Use your left. Use your left! Don't throw it. Aim and sock with it. Here!"

Kearns jerked a heavy curtain from the window and tied it tightly about Dempsey's right arm. Then he sent Marty Farrell and Red Watson at him together and instructed Dempsey not to attempt to hit them, but to keep away from their punches. "And," he told the two, "sock Dempsey with everything you got. Don't pull any punches. Sock him!"

THEY socked him plenty. For three days they hit him almost at will and with all their strength. But Dempsey's left was taking on new life and movement. He was a bear wounded in the right paw and beset by two swift-fighting dogs. The left started whipping out in defense, picking their punches out of the air.

It whirled. It straightened. It covered Dempsey from every angle. He began to sense a blow coming. He weaved. He ducked. His feet moved incessantly. In two weeks Kearns untied his right arm and put him through a monotonous drill to shorten its arc, to convert the haymaker swing into a deadly hook. Dempsey now was fighting with all the speed of a lightweight.

Meanwhile Kearns was ballyhooing Dempsey all over Frisco and was being met with amused smiles.

"Why, that ham can't fight," Tommy Simpson, an Oakland promoter, told him. "He took one on the chin from Jim Flynn in Salt Lake and then Al Norton beat him ragged out here. I wouldn't give you twenty bucks for him."

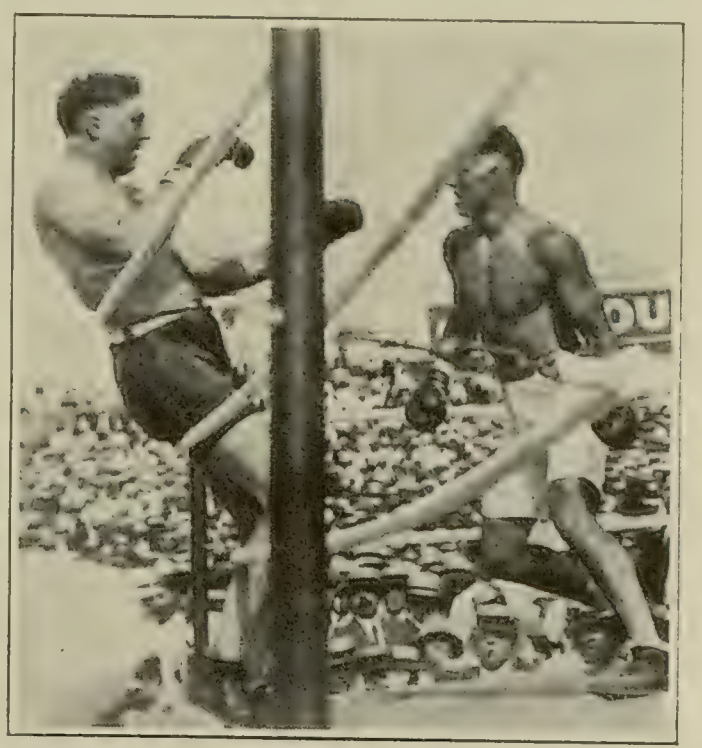
"Give me twenty and I'll fight him with any man you pick," said Kearns.

Simpson laughed. "All right. I'll put him on with Willie Meehan, and this punk of yours is in for one sweet whaling."

Meehan was a fat heavyweight and a good one, but something of a clown. Dempsey got the decision. That was in July. Then Kearns signed him with Al Norton, his discoverer. Dempsey walked out of his corner, feinted with his left, crashed with his right, and knocked him out. He fought Meehan again to a draw, knocked out Charlie Miller, a good heavyweight, in one round, and then outboxed Bob McAllister.

Then he was matched with Gunboat Smith, one of the hardest hitters the ring has ever known. Kearns called in Spider Kelly, great fighter and conditioner of men, and they started grooming Dempsey. They did not know whether he could take it, and they gave him so much advice about getting up after he was knocked down that Jack made them promise that, no matter how badly he was being beaten, they wouldn't throw in the towel, signifying defeat.

"If this fellow knocks me over," he said earnestly, "I don't want no towels. I don't want to go out that way, if I have to go. I'll take mine on the chin and be satisfied I can't make good. Don't throw it in to save my life. He must whip me through and through before I'll bend."



Int. photo

DEMPSEY rushed Willard like a wildcat, sending him to the floor seven times during the first round.

The fight was a sell-out. Dempsey walked into the center of the ring and, as Gunboat led, forgot all his instructions. He stood straight up and exchanged blows. Smith was working him into position for a knockout when the bell rang. He got him in the second, flush on the chin, and Dempsey quivered. But he did not go down.

He weathered the round, but when he came back to his corner he sat down and snored, completely out. They worked fast and Spider Kelly told him to keep boring in. For the rest of that fight he actually chased Smith all around the ring and won the decision.

IN his dressing room he sat looking at the floor, not listening to the delighted ravings of Spider Kelly or Kearns. Then he looked up.

"Well, I lost the fight, eh, Jack? Guess I'm through."

Kearns' mouth fell open: "Lost, hell! You won it by a mile. Don't you remember?"

"No. I remember that sock on the chin in the second. I thought a stove had fell on me. I didn't know any more till just now."

He had been fighting—out on his feet—by sheer instinct.

Carl Morris, 210 pounds, one of the original crop of white hopes, was the next victim. Dempsey outpointed him and got the decision. That fight closed the year of 1917, a gloomy year, which started with the fake knockout of Dempsey by Flynn at Salt Lake City, but was ending in a discreet blaze of glory.

Kearns then informed Dempsey they were going East, "after that

big bum Willard" and the championship of the world.

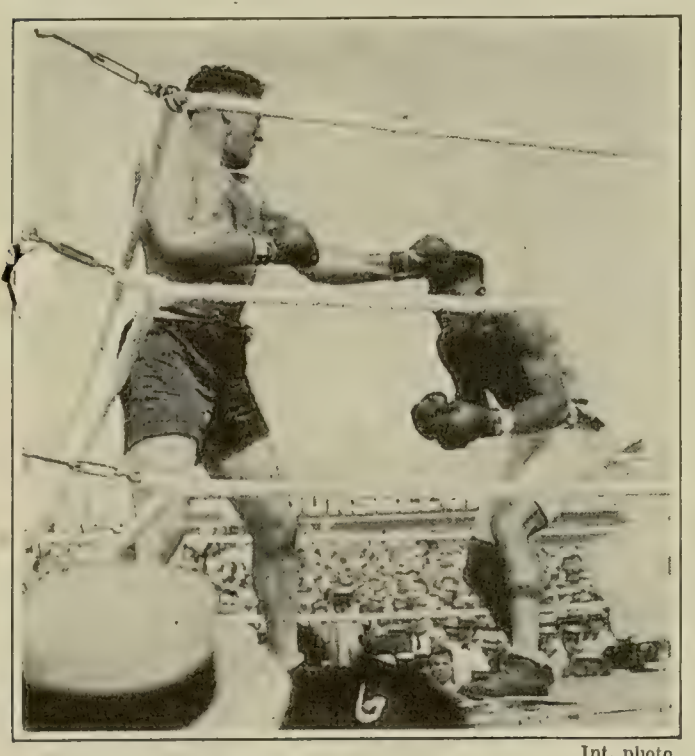
Dempsey left for Salt Lake City to see his mother and Maxine, his wife. On the train he was taken down with a sudden illness that nearly wrecked his career.

He went home and to bed, to stay there for a long time. He found that Maxine had left the family home to return to the dance halls.

He traced her to Ely, Nevada, thence to Seattle, thence to Cairo, Illinois, and thence to Peoria. In a letter written in answer to one of his begging her to come home, she admitted having resumed her old life and told him she couldn't afford to live with him any more. She advised him to get a divorce.

DEMPSEY and Kearns left Salt Lake City near the end of December. They arrived in Chicago January 2, 1918, broke and wearing light overcoats. A blizzard enveloped the Middle West, and when they started to plow through the snow, they found it almost to their waists.

They looked up Jim Mullen, a fight promoter who is to the Middle West what Tex Rickard is to New York. Mullen loaned them enough money to buy overcoats and a few dollars for "coffee and cakes," and promised to keep an eye open for fights for them in neighboring States.



Int. photo

JACK had Jess backed up against the ropes and helpless to defend himself.

Boxing was illegal in Illinois and had been for twenty years.

They went to the Morrison Hotel on Madison Street, a great hang-out for sporting men, and here Dempsey had a relapse and took to bed again. But Kearns went on ballyhooing. He haunted the newspaper offices, telling of his great fighter, "the next champion of the world," and newspaper men, coming to look over the wonder, found a thin-faced youngster, seemingly undersized, lying there "suffering from a sprained ankle," as Kearns explained it. They were not impressed.

Poverty and tough luck tightened their hold. Their money ran out, and here Jim Mullen stepped in again. He introduced Kearns to May Brown (now Mrs. Oscar Kuffer), cashier at a movie theater across from the Morrison, and asked her if her mother, Mrs. Sheehy, didn't have a room to spare.

Mrs. Sheehy did, and Jack Dempsey, still sick, went out there. Mrs. Sheehy took an instant liking to him, as Mrs. McKiernan had done. She had a son, Johnny, who also was a fighter, and she knew boys and very young men by instinct. Dempsey, under her care and with her good cooking, got well. And then he started his sprint toward the championship.

He knocked out Homer Smith at Racine, Wisconsin, with one punch. He smacked down Jim Flynn, his Salt Lake City "conqueror," at Fort Sheridan in one minute twenty seconds.

Then there was a pause in which Dempsey gave his attention to the marital situation.

Maxine was in Peoria and Jack went down to see her. She refused to give up the old life for him again, in spite of his pleadings, and he warned her he would divorce her. Maxine laughed and shrugged her shoulders. He filed suit, charging desertion, and was granted a divorce in February.

HIS next fight is historic. On February 25 he fought Bill (K. O.) Brennan at Milwaukee. When Kearns signed up for that match, there wasn't enough money between them to put up the $100 guaranty.

May Brown came to the rescue. She loaned Jack the money and also made his fighting trunks. And she made his trunks for every championship fight except the last one with Gene Tunney. Also, for every fight, she and her husband delivered them to him personally at the scene of the fight.

Brennan stepped into the ring with a string of impressive victories, forty-two straight with twenty-eight knockouts among them. But he fell before Dempsey. Jack knocked him down eight times in the fight. He knocked him out in the sixth round, when he hit him on the jaw so hard that he spun him halfway round.

Brennan's leg twisted and a bone in his ankle snapped. Dempsey, with a punch on the jaw, had broken his leg.

That feat focused the attention of the country upon him and brought Kearns many offers from Eastern promoters to appear at their shows. But the cagy Kearns was not quite ready. He went on with his ballyhoo, trying to goad Willard into a match, and then he started on a tour of the South and West.

In March Dempsey knocked out Bull Sadee at Memphis in one round and Tom Riley at Joplin in the first session. May netted him Dan Ketchel at Excelsior Springs in two rounds, and Arthur Pelkey at Denver a week later in one. In July he knocked out Kid McCarthy in the first, Bob Dever in the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Brush your teeth twice each day with Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder; consult your dentist regularly to be on the safe side and you will be doing the very utmost to protect your teeth. Make this test if you want whiter, cleaner and more beautiful teeth.

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Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. Any druggist who is out will get them from his jobber for you.

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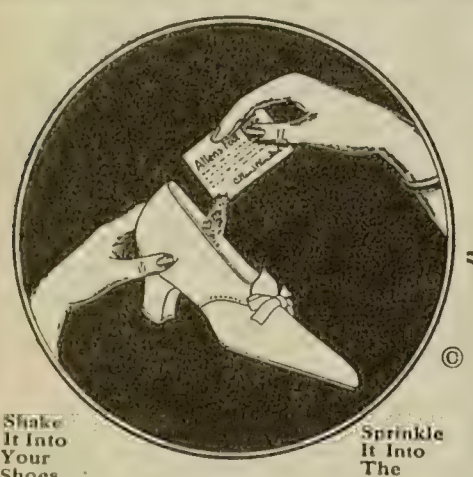
The Pleasant Way to Reduce



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[THE MANASSA MAULER Continued from Page Fifty-three]

first, and then Porky Flynn likewise.

Then Murray, a Buffalo promoter, telegraphed Kearns an offer to put on a bout between Carl Morris and Dempsey. Kearns accepted. When Murray and his partners got their first sight of Dempsey, he was in bed, resting.

He weighed 175 pounds, and the Buffalo sports were afraid to go ahead with the fight; afraid Morris, who weighed 210 pounds, would kill Jack. They were "walking out" when Dempsey got up and said, "Mr. Murray, if I don't hang that fellow over the ropes, I won't ask for a cent."

And he did it. He walked out of his corner for the first round, feinted twice with his left for Morris' stomach, and as the giant dropped his shoulder he popped him on the chin and floored him. Morris was up at the count of nine and fought through five rounds.

In the sixth, as he hit Dempsey low, Jack lifted him on to the ropes with a right and he hung there. Before he could get off, the referee gave the fight to Dempsey on a foul.

DOWN through the Southwest swept the two Jacks in burlesque, running up a string of knockouts as long as your arm. In Denver, Kearns met Jess Willard, who refused to shake hands with him, but promised to fight his man after the war.

Kearns left off the "after-the-war" part and gave out a statement that Willard would fight Dempsey soon. Willard denied it and nominated Fred Fulton as his next opponent. Kearns beat him to Fulton and got the match for Dempsey.

Dempsey knocked Fulton out in Jersey City with one punch, in less than a minute. It happened so fast that many who attended never saw the fight at all.

The rumbling of war prevented their meeting, but it was in the cards that Willard's next opponent would be Dempsey. Kearns and Dempsey plunged into war work, giving exhibition bouts from coast to coast, running up the sum of $400,000 for the country. One of these included a fight with Willie Meehan which was given to Meehan, then in the navy. That was the last time Dempsey lost until Tunney took away his championship.

Paul Thompson photo

WHEN the articles for the Dempsey-Willard fight were signed: (left to right) John L. (Ike) Dorgan, Jack Dempsey, Jack Kearns, Tex Rickard.

Dempsey, in his draft questionnaire, which he had made out before he and Kearns left Frisco after the first fight with Gunboat Smith, had declared himself a married man with dependents, and named Maxine, his mother and father, and a Mrs. Barrow and her children as the dependents. When they got to Chicago, the questionnaire was sent on for signing. Dempsey signed it, and heard no more about it for a while.

He sent money to Maxine and to the others. After the Carl Morris fight he sent his mother a roll containing several thousand dollars wrapped up in many newspaper clippings telling what a great fighter he was. After the Fulton fight, he jumped to Salt Lake City and bought her a pleasant little country house with several acres of ground about it at 3572 South State Street. The whole Dempsey family moved into it, and also Mrs. Barrow, her husband, and their two children, Phyllis and Eileen.

THE war ended just as Dempsey waived exemption and got ready for service in the navy. He went on fighting, knocking out Terry Keller in five rounds; Jack Moran and Porky Flynn in one apiece; Battling Levinsky in three; Carl Morris again with one punch at New Orleans; and Gunboat Smith in two.

It was the Morris fight that got him his match with Willard. Morris was fighting under the management of Jack Curley, and Curley sent John L. (Ike) Dorgan to New Orleans to collect his manager's 25 per cent. But Morris beat Dorgan to it, took $2,500 as his share from Dominic Tortorich, the promoter, and beat it. Dorgan went to Tortorich for Curley's split, and was sorrowfully informed that Morris had already collected.

"I like this guy Dempsey," Tortorich told Dorgan. "I'm going to offer Willard seventy-five thousand dollars to fight him."

Dorgan looked him over thoughtfully and drawled, "That's right. Don't offer him a cent more." Then he took a train for New York and told Tex Rickard to give Willard $100,000 for the match. Rickard at first demurred, but under the spell of Dorgan's eloquence he caught a train for Chicago and signed up Willard.

As Rickard boarded the train, Dorgan caught the tube over to Newark, where Dempsey and Kearns were playing a burlesque engagement. He told them that Willard was signing up and advised them not to take a cent less than $25,000, but not to boost the price over that. Kearns promised.

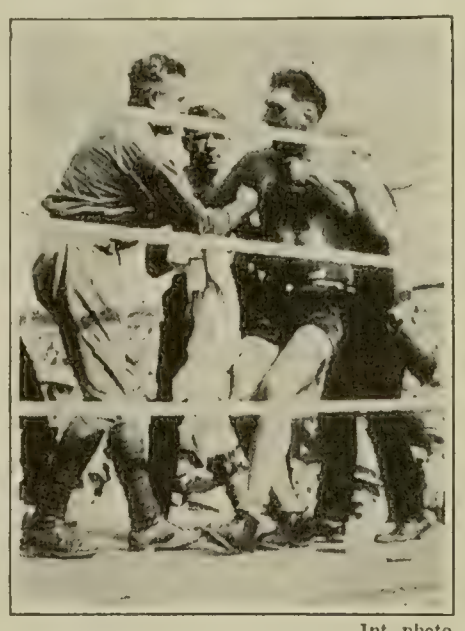
But a few days later, when Rickard came back with Willard's signature in his pocket, Kearns held out for $30,000 as the fighter's end. Rickard refused to pay more than $25,000, and there the affair hung until both agreed to put it up to the newspaper men and let them vote on it.

Among the fight writers at that historic meeting were Jim Dawson of the New York *Times*, Damon Runyon of the New York *American*, Hype Igoe of the New York *World*, and Jack Skelly, an old fighter, then writing for a Yonkers paper. The newspaper men voted for $27,500 as Dempsey's share and the matter was settled.

It was illegal at that time even to sign articles for a fight in New York, so immediately after the vote the whole party boarded a ferryboat for New Jersey, Rickard paying all the fares. They didn't leave the boat. Kearns signed for Dempsey, and Skelly and Ike Dorgan (who was christened John L.) signed as witnesses.

As the final pen stopped scratching, Igoe remarked: "There's three Jacks on that contract and three jacks are hard to beat."

Then, before he met Willard, Dempsey added five more knockouts to his record: Big Jack Hickey, Kid Harris, Kid Henry, Eddie Smith, and Tony Drake being put away in one round each.



Int. photo

Just before the towel was thrown in — Willard being helped to his corner at the close of the third round.

The championship fight was held at Toledo on July 4, 1919. Dempsey weighed 184 pounds; Willard, 250. Truly, it was *Jack* and the *Giant* all over again.

The night before the fight Toledo went crazy — and wet. Men poured in from all parts of the country and from the four corners of the world, and enough booze was swallowed to float a dreadnought. Kearns was the center of a group of reporters from every big newspaper and press association. But Dempsey sat all alone, except for his guards, looking out over the moonlit lake and trying to keep from thinking of tomorrow.

Around 9 o'clock Mrs. May Brown Kuffer and Oscar, bringing the trunks which Mrs. Kuffer had made, passed through to Dempsey as two of his best friends. Mrs. Kuffer handed them to him with a smile.

"Mother sent word for you to wear them in to win," she said.

INDEPENDENCE Day in 1919 was hot. The sun rose a sullen ball of fire in the east and started heat waves dancing over the Ohio landscape. Men, women, and children groaned in their sleep as the hot winds swept over prairie and town and city. It was not a day to be out.

But at 3 o'clock that afternoon all roads leading toward the arena were glutted with traffic as thousands and thousands made their way, good-humored and hopeful, to witness another battle for the championship of the world.

When Jack Dempsey, the contender, clambered through the ropes at 4 o'clock, there were 50,000 people to roar welcome and good wishes. There were few who expected the boy to win. The betting was from five to seven to two against him, with few takers. But they admired his youth and his spirit and the courage which sent him in against this mountain of a man who was champion. And when Jess Willard, the champion, followed a minute later, they gave him the royal salute.

The contrast between the two men was so great that many would have laughed if tragedy had not seemed so close. Why, this was plain murder! Dempsey looked so slim beside that 250 pounds, even though he was brown as an Indian and the huge muscles of shoulders, chest, and back rippled in the sunlight like molten bronze.

He was a study in movement. He danced, jigged, pulled at the ropes, and waved to friends in the crowd, his back to Willard, never even looking toward him. If Dempsey had been alone in that ring, or if his opponent had not been so huge, the crowd might have appreciated his lithe build and his obvious good condition. But when they looked at Willard all of Dempsey's chances seemed to fade almost into nothingness.

Willard towered. His six feet six inches dwarfed Jack's six feet one and one-half. It was hard to believe that the contender was coming to that fight with twenty-three knockouts in his last twenty-eight fights, eighteen of them in the first round. It was hard to remember the story of Jack the Giant Killer. The crowd saw only a youth, whose sole asset seemed to be courage, about to be slain by a mammoth man.

AND the story of *Jack* and the *Giant* started to unfold before their startled eyes at the clang of the bell.

At the sound of it, Dempsey rushed Willard like a wildcat. Willard, smiling a little at his temerity, landed with a right to the head and repeated to the body. But he grunted with surprise and pain when Dempsey hooked a left into his stomach.

Dempsey missed a right and left, and Willard slapped another left to the face. And then Dempsey feinted with his left. Willard's guard went down—and Jack's left darted through the air to the point of the jaw. Those at the ringside heard the thud. And Willard toppled.

He seemed to go slowly, like a mighty oak struck by lightning. Then, gathering momentum, he hit the floor with a crash.

Willard sprawled on his hands and knees. His mouth was open. He was dazed. From a great distance someone was counting—"four—five—"

He scrambled to his feet at "six" and Nemesis descended upon him.

Dempsey measured him. Wham! The giant went down again. He crawled up. Bang! On the floor. Blows raining a storm of pain on his head, on his heart, into his solar plexus. He was on the floor seven times in that furious first round. He was sitting asprawl, a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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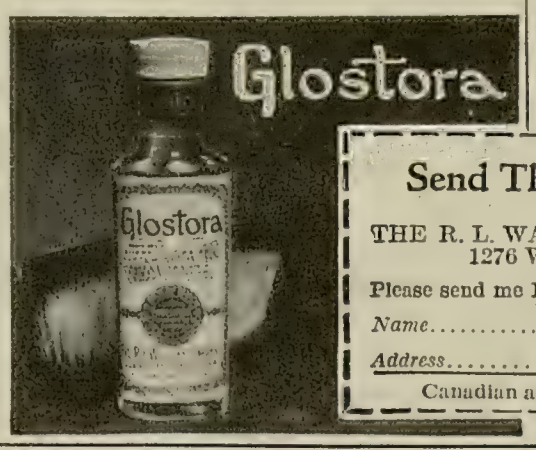

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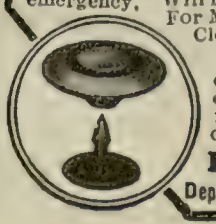

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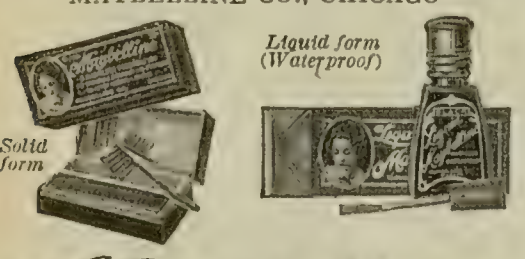

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[THE MANASSA MAULER
Continued from Page Fifty-five]

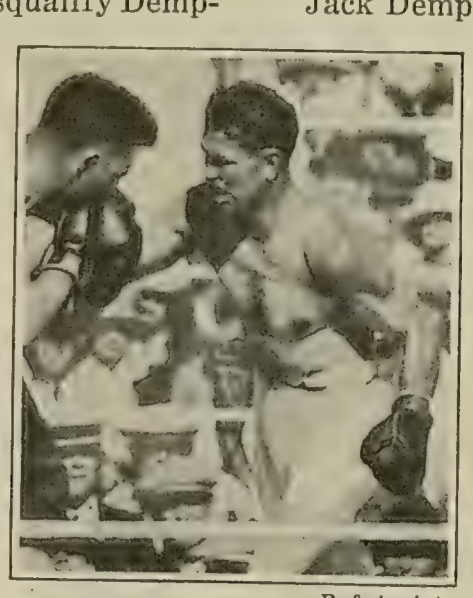
silly grin on his face, while Ollie Pecord counted him out, his arm rising and falling rhythmically. "—six—seven—eight—nine—ten and out!"

Men went mad. They had risen to their feet and their roars became a shriek, through which the voice of Warren Barbour, the official timekeeper, could not be heard. Pecord walked, grinning, to Dempsey's corner; raised the fighter's hand. And Jack leaped to his feet, delirious with excitement. Kearns threw his arms around his fighter and started to lead him from the ring.

They were over the ropes, out of it, when Barbour's voice came shrieking to them.

"Get back into the ring," he screamed, "or I'll disqualify Dempsey! The bell rope fouled. I tried to ring it at the count of seven. The bell saved Willard."

They climbed back into the ring again. Willard's seconds had carried him to his corner and were working furiously over him with sponges and smelling salts. His face was cut and his lips were puffed. His head was askew and bigger than normal.



P. & A. photo

Wham! Bang! "Hit him in the belly, then hit him on the chin."

Dempsey was in the air at the sound of the gong. He was upon Willard as the giant left his corner, a tiger springing to his kill. He hooked a vicious left to Willard's eye, partially closing it. And that hook was the first of a barrage of blows. Right, left to jaw. Right, left to body. Right, left to eye. He pounded him furiously.

Willard was dazed. His bad eye closed under the merciless beating. Jess's defense was feeble. He held his arms out before him, like a woman trying to catch a baseball. But as Dempsey smothered him with blows he steadied and shot the deadly left uppercut. It caught Dempsey fairly on the chin—shook him. He fell into a clinch, holding to the enfeebled giant.

Then he broke away again. Wham! Bang! Left to body. Right to head. His old tactics. Hit him in the belly, then hit him on the chin.

The bell.

Willard staggered like a drunken man. He took funny little dancing steps, trying to locate his corner. He was punch-drunk.

DEMPSEY was on him again in the third round. He pounded him with rights and lefts to the head. He varied them with rights and lefts to the body. He whanged him in the bad eye. Willard backed to the ropes. For seconds that seemed hours to the crowd and must have seemed years to him, he made no attempt to return the blows.

He backed to the ropes, trying to shield his head and body with his long arms. Blood gushed from his mouth and nose. He swung that left uppercut again, and again it caught Dempsey fair on the chin. But Dempsey smiled and returned another like it to the same place, and Willard staggered and was about to go down when the bell rang.

When he reached his corner, Willard was indescribably weary. He shook his head.

"Can you go any further?" his trainer asked him.

"No, I can't," he said. "You'd better throw in the towel."

The trainer called Pecord. Two towels sailed from Willard's corner; softly thudded in the center of the ring. Pecord again went over and lifted Dempsey's arm.

A CHAMPION had passed! A new champion had arrived! "The king is dead. Long live the king!"

Jack Dempsey was Champion of the World.

The crowd went wild.

Men yelled frantically and threw their hats into the ring. Women shrieked. A sullen, bloodcurdling roar went up as if a hundred thousand beasts were broadcasting their kill. The pack was welcoming its new leader.

They surged into the ring, brushing aside the protecting policemen as a freshet tosses aside a limb in its current. They ignored big Willard, sitting there half-dazed, gazing at the floor. They sprang at Dempsey, tossing his body upon their shoulders. Roared! Screamed!

"YOW! WA-A-AH! DEMPSEY!"

They carried him to his dressing room and watched him while he took a shower and dressed. They babied him. They petted him. They swarmed, almost smothering him, trying to shake his hand. He went to the hotel and made the first of the short, snappy speeches that have characterized his victories.

He seemed absolutely untouched. His head was not swelled. To all appearances, he was the same Jack Dempsey who had fought Freddie Woods; who had broken Denver Red; who had fought the bloody battle with Johnny Sudenberg at Goldfield.

But he was not.

He was not Jack Dempsey, hobo, miner, palooka. He was Jack Dempsey, Champion of the World.

Outside, the clamor and the clangor of the excited city rose and fell. The strident sound of men's voices, raucous with excitement, pierced through the quiet. A languor descended upon him. He stretched out on the bed. The world pulsated in pleasant heat, waved, danced, and faded into dream.

Jack Dempsey was asleep.

Dempsey's marital troubles and his career through the Carpentier fight comprise the next exciting installment of this biography.

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The Straight Line Is WAVERING

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

A GOOD deal of gossip has been going around lately regarding curves and lines and angles. Word has it that the feminine form divine has been undergoing slight alterations in its outward and visible appearance in costuming. There has been a tendency —at least, in evening things, so look for them in day clothes presently—to break up those everlasting and eternal straight lines and to go in for the horizontal for a while. A cross-line silhouette service is replacing the north-and-south movement.

We have seen the nipped-in waistline on coats, and it appears also on about every third evening dress coming out of Paris—supplemented always by a skirt falling almost to the floor in the back and rising in front well-nigh to the knees.

Other subtle, unadvertised influences also have been at work in the business of recasting the feminine figure, until now we are tempted to proclaim to you, behold the new silhouette!

Of course the statement requires modifying to a more conservative reading, to the effect that evening dresses (and therefore presently day frocks) are changing to meet the persistent wish for skirts that go in two long points on the side. To have them, the straight silhouette has to be broken if it is not to look exaggerated on some tall figures and out of proportion on almost all.

With the purpose of maintaining consistency, therefore, a silhouette has been gradually introduced with fullness round the hips. We have mentioned it many times in connection with Louise-boulanger's models, which carry twists and puffs and actual thicknesses of material.

The evening dress shown on this page is less extreme and therefore more practical for public appearance than those of hers. It has only an unpadded, circular cut ruffle round the hips below the waistline.

This dress adopts another of the fancies of the day in its coloring, which is just off white and inclining to amethyst.

It is the fashion to have things in the palest shade of whatever color you choose—or else black.

This particular off-white tint was selected, no doubt, to flow into the color scheme of the jewelry, which consists of a large pin across the front of the bodice at the waistline that is set with three great amethysts. An amethyst necklace encircles the neck.

Maybe you will think I am exaggerating when I say that the afternoon model has the same underlying principle of construction. One costume is for dress and the other for daytime; one is almost white and the other quite black: but they bow to the same idea, which is to break up that straight line.

You will admit that the day suit does this successfully with its wide, tight hipband and its loose, short coat hanging above it, thus doing away with any sense of continuity of line.

The coat has an edge with scallops that point down.

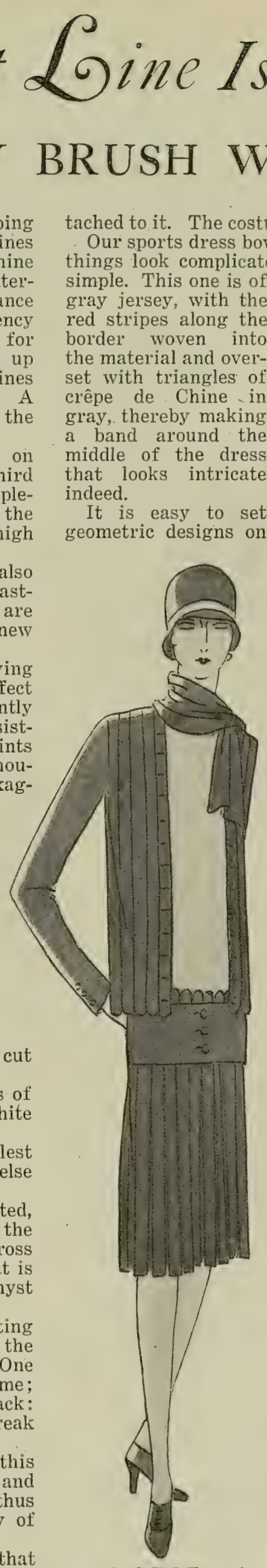
The skirt comes up under the wide hipband, in scallops pointing up.

There is the idea of a tuxedo front to the coat, which opens over a plain gray crêpe blouse.

The skirt is plaited and comes up over it, thus setting contrasting colors together and thus once again contributing a touch to destroy the long, unbroken line. The coat has a scarf attached to it. The costume is of black marocain.

Our sports dress bows to the rage for having things look complicated while they are really simple. This one is of gray jersey, with the red stripes along the border woven into the material and overset with triangles of crêpe de Chine in gray, thereby making a band around the middle of the dress that looks intricate indeed.

It is easy to set geometric designs on a striped material and achieve a similar modernistic pattern.



A SUIT of black marocain, with the broken lines of the new silhouette.

The neck handkerchiefs, both for afternoon and evening, which we acclaimed from Paris some months ago, were a distinct success and are all over the place. The one for this dress is of gray crêpe de Chine, with red bands and gray triangles sewed into it, since a scarf of the jersey of the dress would not be supple or take graceful lines.

The skirt has two clusters of plaits, front and back, above the knees. Plaits are still popular, though the circular skirt, flat in the back and undulating across the skirt edge in front, is smarter. One has to be very chic and sure of oneself, as well as slender, to wear these circular skirts. They are now at a critical moment in their introduction. It will be interesting to watch and discover whether they make popularity the first time they try.

TO return to the subject of scarfs. These are being used for entire dresses. Both the woolen scarfs and those of silk are employed. Designers plait them together, making their stripes and angles assemble into colossal patterns, and, needless to say, being most careful to match the edges so that one would never know there was a seam.

Three of the big scarfs of the day will usually furnish enough material for a skirt and two for a blouse. These are a mere fantasy of the moment, and find their most appropriate setting in the holiday places. They flourish on the Riviera, but are most attractive, perhaps, as they appear in woolens at Saint Moritz.

THIS sports dress (above) is of gray jersey, with horizontal red stripes in waist and neck decorations. These are overset with gray crêpe triangles.

PALE amethyst satin made this evening dress (left), which shows the tendency to a new silhouette.

French Fashions Favor Satin

By Bettina Bedwell

Cannes, February 5.

IT has been cleverly said that "what Cannes wears today the whole world will wear tomorrow." Cannes is a town on the Côte d'Azur, where, from January to March, the making and consuming ends of Paris fashions meet. Here the first fashions of spring are worn.

Plying my trade of style sleuth, I have come down to Cannes to search out the secrets of future modes. And from this temporary style center of the world it looks like a satin springtime. This doesn't mean, of course, that all the people are going to wear satin all the time. It does, however, mean that in every well arranged wardrobe there will be at least one satin frock, or suit, for daytime, and at least one satin gown for night.

The mode has a definite satin sheen. To the student of cause and effect in clothes there is no difficulty in reasoning out the whys and wherefores of the present vogue for satin. This is the high tide of fashions, when women are reaching out for everything that is decorative, picturesque, opulent.

Satin, with its aristocratic tradition, has all of these qualities. It is also practical—indeed, vastly more practical than the ubiquitous crêpe de Chine which we have worn for so long. Also satin has the advantage of variety, and the present mode for satin employs stiff satin, the softest of crêpe satin, and true satin, which is between these two extremes. Bright and dull sides both are employed to give greater latitude to personal tastes. In addition to satin, there are a number of new satinlike fabrics, such as Bianchini's satinska, which have the surface of satin and are at the same time a bit different.

Satin for daytime means just one thing — black satin. I have seen many extremely smart black satin frocks at Cannes, and not a few black satin suits. They always appear smart, if they are well cut and beautiful in line. They need no extraneous trimmings. Black satin is not for the débutante, of course, but any woman of voting age can safely wear it.

I cannot think of any fabric which is more universally suitable to all kinds of complexions and figures. Black satin is a reducing magic for the stout woman, and becoming to the very thin also. Here on the Riviera I see all weights and colors of women wearing it, and I have yet to see one who does not appear to advantage in a smart frock of ebon satin.

There are, of course, tricks to employ where all black must be relieved a bit. A string of pearls, an antique necklace of gold or jewels, or a blouse of écru lace will do the stunt without marring one iota the stunning effect of the black satin toilette.

One of the most popular of the satin outfits is Worth's black satin suit shown here. This ensemble has a sweater of heavy écru lace, which is in itself a novelty, and which also makes the effect livelier. This sweater of lace is placed over a dark foundation. The jacket is of the cardigan type, with a collar of summer ermine, and the skirt is knife-plaited from two bands at the center front, which descend the full length of the skirt.

Alternating bands and panels of bright and dull satin make this Lanvin frock.

Worth's satin suit (left), with plaited skirt and cardigan jacket, is worn with a sweater blouse of écru lace. Yteb's satin frock is one of the smart novelties of the Riviera season.

Dœuillet designed this ivory satin frock, with the cocktail jaquette.

Satin for daytime is often cunningly worked in bands and panels alternating the dull and bright sides of this material, as is shown in our afternoon frock from Jeanne Lanvin, seen at the Cannes Casino. The right side of the fitted bodice of this one-piece dress is made of bright satin, which descends to the hemline in a wide band.

Below this other bands of the dull side of the reversible satin descend to make the skirt. Each of these bands, bright or dull, has an accompanying cascading panel of satin faced with red satin. A similar panel hangs from the single button fastening of the waist to the hemline at the left side. The left side of the bodice is of dull material, and has a flaring scarf-panel from the shoulder in front. This is one of the few sleeveless afternoon dresses I have seen.

Yteb's simple daytime dress of black satin, created for the Duchess d'Ayen, makes very original use of bright and dull sides. The right sleeve, the right side of the shoulder yoke, and the scalloped band at the left-side closing are of the satin side, and the rest of the sweater blouse is made of the dull side, with the exception of the narrow belt and the scalloped bands on the sleeves. The plaited skirt is made of alternating bright and dull plaits, scalloped at the bottom.

These three models illustrate the prevailing ways of wearing satin in the daytime, in addition to which there are many simple one-piece dresses of black satin and crêpe satin in already known lines.

SATIN for the evening is the smartest of all fabrics on the Riviera. It is more often than not ivory or white satin, and is usually untrimmed except for self-drapery.

Our Dœuillet model shows one of the new ivory satin evening gowns that are greatly favored by fashionable Parisiennes.

It has a simple sheath foundation, the charm of the gown being in the crossed circular flounces that rise on the center front of the skirt and are plaited into fans at the waistline.

Over this frock I have had sketched for you the cocktail *jaquette*, the latest accessory of the smart world at Cannes.

This one is of black satin without a collar, embroidered in shaded gray chenille around the borders and studded with steel-bead embroidery.

A *jaquette* of this type forms a part of the fashionable wardrobe, and is worn over the evening gown for the before-dinner cocktail, when formal dress seems somewhat out of place, and slipped off when the dinner and dancing begin.

The Balloon Buster of ARIZONA

"There it is! The third one! There it is!"

Frank Luke Wins Eight Victories in Three Days and Becomes an Ace

By

NORMAN S. HALL

Pictures by CLAYTON KNIGHT

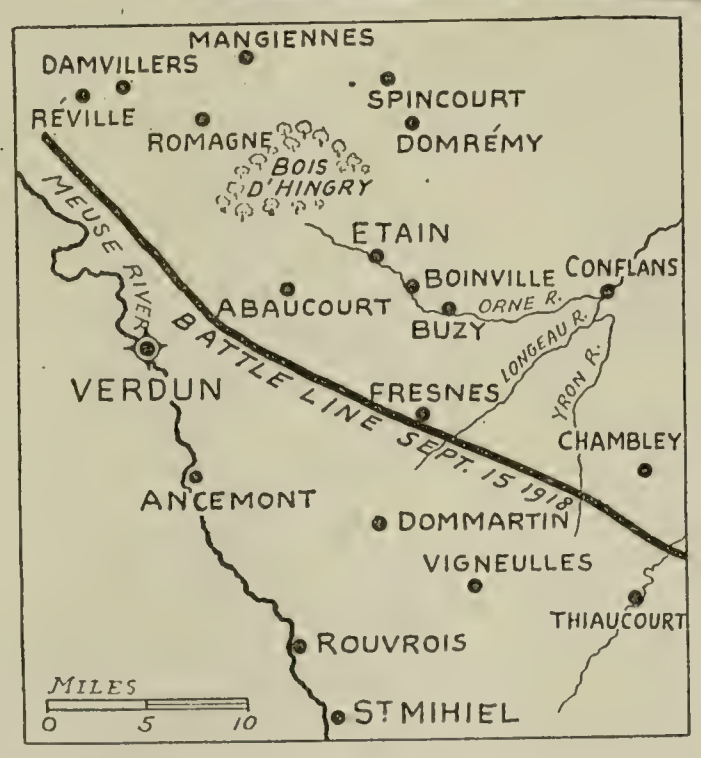
(Reading time: 19 minutes 32 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: From high over Marieulles, on the afternoon of September 12, 1918, Frank Luke dived to destroy his first balloon. Three times, through a hail of flaming death, he swooped to the attack. Three times his guns poured hot bullets into the bulging bag before it went down in a burst of fire and smoke. It was just as he had told his squadron mates that morning it would be—and they had scoffed. Unharmed—that day the darling of the gods—he piloted his shot-riddled plane back to the American lines.]

PART EIGHT

CAPTAIN GRANT, sprawled over an operations map, addressed Frank Luke, who was following closely a pencil with which the Captain made neat circles around the names of towns. When the Squadron Commander spoke, his tone was that of a man aggrieved:

"Corps has just given Group hell about a drachen over near Buzy," he said, "and Hartney has passed the Hades on to me. I'm handing it down to you. Get that sausage and get it today. You can take one man with you. Who do you want?"



Showing Reville, Romagne, and Mangiennes, scene of Luke's brilliant night raid; and Buzy, Boinville, and Bois d'Hingry, where other balloons were shot down.

"Joe Wehner."

Grant nodded. He sensed something of the friendship between these two.

"All right," he said.

The thrice-qualified balloon probably would cost him one of the pilots, perhaps both; but Corps had demanded it, and Luke was a balloon man if ever there was one.

"Drop out of the formation at Buzy," Grant continued, "and—try to get back. Another thing, Luke: keep your eye peeled, because there's a whole flock of Fokkers nesting under that sausage."

Five minutes later the flight was up, its wings sun-painted for a moment as it squared off for its afternoon patrol over the lines. As the wedge of war birds neared Buzy, Luke wiggled his flippers and swung away from the formation, Wehner following immediately and making altitude.

Wehner was to ride the sun—remain high aloft, using the sun's brilliance as a screen—while Luke worked low on the balloon. In the event of an attack on the balloon strafer by enemy planes, Wehner could zoom down upon the attackers—a fire-spitting avenger from out the fiery orb.

If not too busily engaged with the sausage, Luke would participate in the dog fight certain to follow; but it was ten to one Wehner would have to fight it out alone!

The balloon at Buzy occupied Luke but a few seconds. A long, straight dive, a burst from both guns that pierced the rolls of gassy fat where the rudder-like aftersection bulged, a pall of flame-shot, odorous smoke. That was all.

BUT the Fokkers had seen him! The entire enemy flight—eight planes—swooped down upon his lone machine. He sagged back on the stick, stood the quivering Spad on its tail, and reached for his guns. Jammed! Jammed as

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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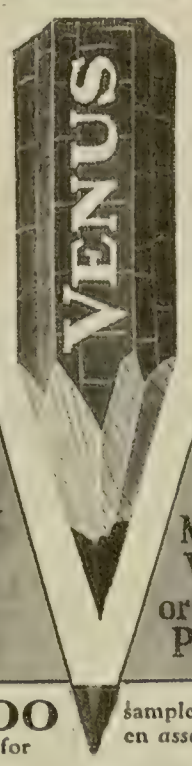

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[THE BALLOON BUSTER OF ARIZONA
Continued from Page Fifty-nine]

tightly as a dowager's shoes.

The Hun leader veered off and up, fell over into perfect attack position, and sprayed him with tracers. Behind him two other Germans were raking his fuselage with short, quick bursts. Bullets splintered his instrument board, fashioned an openwork pattern in his wings. He rolled, tipped the Spad over on one wing, and swung away. Then he saw Wehner!

Throttle open, guns chattering, his goggled face poked far over the edge of the cockpit, Wehner was charging the enemy formation. He dived upon it from above, into it, through it to the planes on Luke's tail. They veered, forgot Luke, and shied off to meet this new menace.

Luke's air position was such that he could not read Wehner's plane markings, and for the moment he thought him another foe speeding to the attack. Frank's guns were useless, so he availed himself of the temporary respite occasioned by Wehner's onslaught to speed away.

Luke repaired his guns and headed in the direction the formation had taken. Wehner overtook him. They picked up the formation, continuing the patrol until the flight was over Abaucourt, where Luke again left it. He had spotted an enemy balloon near Boinville.

Six times he dived on the unwieldy bag, scorning the tempest of steel that lashed about him. Twice he pulled away, tinkered deliberately with his jammed guns, and returned to the assault.

AT Luke's first attack the balloon observer, armed with a light machine gun, fired blindly at the plane roaring down upon him, then abandoned the defense and jumped. Frank didn't want him, but an Archie battery, banging away below, annoyed him. With but seventy-five rounds left in one gun, he dived and strafed it.

His guns empty, but with a scattered battery and a collapsed observation balloon to mark where he had emptied them, he again piloted a bullet-pocked plane back to the Twenty-seventh's landing field.

That night Captain Grant perused Luke's combat report with keen interest. It read:

COMBAT REPORT
September 14, 1918.

Lieutenant Frank Luke reports:

I and Lieutenant Wehner were to leave with formation to attack enemy balloon by order of C. O. On arriving at Buzy, left formation and brought down enemy balloon in flames. While fixing my guns so I could attack another balloon near by, eight enemy Fokkers dropped down on me. Pulled away from them. They scored several good shots on my plane.

I saw Lieutenant Wehner dive through enemy formation and attack two enemy planes on my tail; but, as my guns were jammed, did not turn, as I was not sure it was an Allied plane until he joined me later. You will find attached confirmation of balloon.

Left formation at Abaucourt and attacked an enemy balloon near Boinville. Dove at it six times at close range. Had two stoppages with left gun which carried incendiary bullets and, after fixing both, continued the attack. After about seventy-five rounds being left in right gun, I attacked an Archie battery at the base of the balloon. Am sure that my fire took effect as the crews scattered.

After my first attack on the balloon the observer jumped after he shot at me. The last I saw of the balloon, it was on the ground in a very flabby condition. Confirmation requested.

"Why didn't you get that observer?" Luke was asked. His reply was sterling proof of sportsmanship.

"Hell," he said, "the poor devil was helpless!"

Because of Frank's magnanimity, Sergeant Muenchhoff of German Balloon Company No. 14 lives today to tell of his effort to bring the Balloon Buster down. According to Muenchhoff's version, Signaler Gasser jumped from the basket a few seconds later. Although both floated slowly earthward, offering excellent targets for Luke's guns, he made no attempt to fire upon them.

WITH his twin victories on September 14, but two days after he had downed his first balloon, Luke began to take on the stature of the great.

There was a congratulatory message from the Group Commander to top off the fulsome praise of his squadron mates. Wehner, too, became aware of a changed attitude in his brother officers, a new friendliness he would have accepted eagerly in the days when he was regarded as a spy suspect.

Neither of them needed it now. They were combat men, destined to be aces—superaces—within a matter of days at their present pace, and they were sufficient unto themselves.

Luke spent long hours going over his plane, taking up a half turn on this turnbuckle, easing off a quarter of an inch on that wire. From other hangars and other planes he purloined sundry attachments, small parts and gadgets he believed would add to the fighting and maneuvering ability of his Spad.

U. S. Official photo

Shell-torn Romagne as it looked in November, 1918.

In this respect he became a squadron pest; but, because they were aware of the enthusiasm for conquest that prompted these raids, the victimized pilots viewed them with good-humored resignation. As one of them complained to Captain Grant: "It's got so you have to sleep in your ship if you want to keep the damn thing in one piece!"

On September 15 Luke and Wehner were instructed to bring down a German balloon sighted over Boinville. They did not leave their airdrome until after the patrol was up, and then, instead of making the dual attack as ordered, they separated!

Disobedience of orders? Certainly. Rank insubordination, punishable by a general court-martial! Almost any soldier who prides himself on waging war according to the military textbooks would froth at the mouth over such conduct. But consider what that breach of instructions accomplished. Wehner got a balloon and two planes! Luke shot down two balloons!

Northeast of Verdun, Wehner spied a balloon, dropped on it, cindered it with 100 rounds of incendiary ammunition, and crowded his machine into immediate flight with a formation of five enemy planes on his tail. He lost them over Chambley when a formation of French Spads swung in to give battle.

Wehner, remembering a drachen he had seen over the Bois d'Hingry, turned in that direction. When about a mile away he saw it go down in flames, concluded correctly that Luke had shot it down, then turned south, where he had sighted another sausage. Observing a barrage of anti-aircraft in the vicinity of the Bois d'Hingry balloon, Wehner accepted it as an indication that Luke was in difficulties there and sped toward the shrapnel puffs.

Above Rouvrois a plane separated itself from the mist and smoke. It was Luke. With his nose down for speed, he was coming like a bat out of hell with seven Hun planes booming along behind him! Wehner got one, a Fokker, before the Germans realized he was part of the show. It fell off in a spiral, sideslipped, then spun to the ground.

JOE had bested it as part of his original attack maneuver, so it was only a matter of seconds before his guns, for once functioning perfectly, were streaming tracers into an Albatross close on Luke's tail. It turned, but soon went into a steep dive and crashed.

Wehner swung in behind Luke and both peaked for the American lines. The Hun formation followed until it encountered Allied anti-aircraft fire, then turned back. A balloon and two planes for Wehner! Two balloons for Luke! An aërial hare-and-hounds chase over the smoke-dimmed, embattled land that was turned to his advantage only by the participation of Wehner, and he reported it all in thirty-eight words!

Listen to this:

COMBAT REPORT
September 15, 1918.

Lieutenant Frank Luke reports:

I left formation and attacked an enemy balloon at Boinville in accordance with instructions and destroyed it. I fired 125 rounds. I then attacked another balloon near Bois d'Hingry and fired fifty rounds into it. Two confirmations requested.

And he wanted more! Again that afternoon he took the air—

after the formation, as usual. Let his own combat report tell the story of that third balloon in one day.

COMBAT REPORT

September 15, 1918.

Lieutenant Frank Luke reports:

Patrolled to observe enemy activity. Left a little after formation, expecting to find it on the lines. On arriving there I could not find formation but saw artillery firing on both sides. Also saw a light at about 500 meters. At first I thought it was an observation machine but on nearing it I found that it was a Hun balloon, so I attacked and destroyed it. I was Archied with white fire, and machine guns were very active. Returned very low. Saw thousands of small lights in woods north of Verdun. On account of darkness coming on I lost my way and landed in a French wheat field at Agers about twenty-one hours thirty [9:30 P. M.]. Balloon went down in flames at nineteen hours fifty [7:50 P. M.].

Official German records, incomplete in many instances because of the rapidity of the German retreat during the latter days of the war, disclose that Luke was well known to the enemy as early as September 15. They list his victories of that day in detail.

In one of the enemy reports, Lieutenant Wenzel, who used his parachute to escape from Luke's attack, describes how the Balloon Buster destroyed one strategically placed bag that had lived through innumerable attacks by French, English, Belgian, and American fliers. This was a drachen in Balloon Company Eighteen of Balloon Battalion Thirty-three.

It was Frank's first victory that day.

LUKE returned by motor to an airdrome that buzzed and hummed with the recounting of his exploits. An American balloon company had seen his third burning drachen flaming redly in the night sky, had heard his motor whining overhead, and reported another Yank air conquest to Group Headquarters. The squadron gave the credit to Luke before he arrived to claim it.

Wehner was the first to take his hand when he came in. A spy congratulating a liar! Wehner, who had shot down two balloons and three combat planes in three days. Luke, who had cleared the skies of six enemy balloons in the same period—a record never equaled!

Spy and liar?

Not now! You should have heard that smoke-blued mess room! The clink of bottles and glasses, the scuff of sturdy boots, a mild bedlam of excited voices.

"Tell us about it, Frank! Was there much Archie over d'Hingry? Were there machine guns in any of the baskets? Shut up, damn it, and listen! Were you shot up badly, Joe? Oh, for God's sake, put down the bottle and give somebody else a chance!"

That and its like for an hour. Liar and spy? Why, that squadron would have closed a man's throat with his own smashed teeth if he had dared breathe it! Aces! That's what they were, aces! Men who would be dead within the week consumed with admiration or with envy —as though it mattered!

Messages! Flight commanders and squadron commanders burning telephone wires for a brief "Good work," or "Splendid," or "Tell 'em to leave one balloon for a sample." A side car rattling up to the door, a smart orderly, and, "Group Commander's compliments, sir. He is proud—" Oh, that bronze for their chests was well on its way now!

On the morning of September 16 Luke and Wehner again patrolled the front, but, other than for the evidences of strife below them, they might have been flying over farming land at home. The German balloon line had become wary. Twice they sighted German balloons and twice the bags were hastily lowered before they could approach within range.

That afternoon Luke went to the Group Commander. To Major Hartney and the Group Operations Officer, Lieutenant Romer Shawhan, he said: "I think I can get a bunch of these

Luke dove through a curtain of shrapnel to get a drachen that was being rapidly lowered by ground crews.

Hun balloons with very little risk if you will consider a suggestion I'd like to make. As you know, I got down all right night before last and last night, and Wehner and I now know the sector like a book. As a result of our scouting today we know where we can put our hands on three of them."

He slapped three fingers on the desk.

"How would it be if we left the airdrome just in time to get those balloons at dusk, when their observers are taking a last look at our troop movements? Wehner can get one about seven-ten, I'll get another about seven-twenty, and between us we ought to get the third about seven-thirty. Just start burning flares and shooting rockets here on the drome about that time and we'll get back all right. I'll promise you that."

MAJOR HARTNEY considered the situation. Could they get back? The landing speed of a Spad was about seventy-five miles an hour —something of a risk under ideal landing conditions; a positive hazard in the dark. Nor was there sufficient time to warn friendly anti-aircraft batteries of the contemplated maneuver. Friend and foe alike would strike at them in the dark.

On the other hand, German balloon observation was one of the factors slowing up the St. Mihiel drive, which had commenced September 12.

Hartney's eyes sought those of his Operations Officer. After all, their job was to obtain victories, and if a man pleaded for an opportunity to become more intimately acquainted with death, why not?

"All right," the Major said.

Out came the maps. There is something sinister about the way of strategists with a map. You can almost see their minds function. Here is a small wood—put a machine-gun company in there; that hill offers excellent defilades for artillery; and we can hold this stream with infantry.

I wonder if they ever realized that the machine gunners, the artillerymen, and the doughboys were just other Toms and Bills and Jacks, down there because they could not all be strategists? They probably never did. It might not add to the success of battles if they came to regard the colored pins in their maps as men who laughed and sang sometimes, when they were happy.

Carefully Luke and his Major went over the aërial map. They weren't placing troops, but they discussed the men who might kill Frank and the men he hoped to kill, in the abstract terms of the staff. From headquarters Luke went to Wehner's billet.

"It's all right, Joe," he said. "Hartney's all for it. Says he'll burn flares and send up rockets so we can get in. We'll take off at six-forty-five. Now, when we get over Verdun—"

FRANK and Wehner pored over a small map until notified their planes were warmed up and ready. At 6:45 o'clock to the second Luke nodded, the wheel chocks were yanked free, and they bumped down the field, waving carelessly as they banked over for direction and straightened out toward the line.

The two-man patrol that was to revolutionize balloon combat tactics was on its way!

In front of the Operations Office, Major Hartney, Captain Henry Lyster, and Lieutenant Shawhan, standing in apprehensive silence, stared in the direction the pilots had taken. A short distance away a group of fliers collected, held the darkening sky under close scrutiny, and waited.

The silence thickened. It was the kind of silence in which part of a man's mind counts the buttons on another man's blouse or wonders how many stitches there are in the seam of a riding boot, while the other part toys with suspense and dread and fear born of old experience.

Hartney broke with speech the stillness that soon would have required a yell or a pistol shot.

"It's seven-ten," he said, and in the same breath, "By God! They've got one! Look there!"

They had!

Off to the northeast, beyond Verdun, the sky flared red as though some Gargantuan stove lid had been raised for a few moments, held above the fire box, and slowly replaced. There was quick, animated conversation; then tense, ringing silence. That patrol wasn't back on the drome yet!

At 7:21 o'clock the Brobdingnagian fire tender went to his stove again.

"They're a minute late," someone said nervously. A wave of almost hysterical laughter rolled out over the watchers and receded into

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE BALLOON BUSTER OF ARIZONA
Continued from Page Sixty-one]

that tingling silence. But you could feel the strengthened confidence. Two out of three always *was* lucky!

By 7:30 o'clock each man was striving to follow the minute hand of his wrist watch on its labored, halting way and regard the sky in the region of Verdun at the same time.

7:31—2—3—4—

Hartney coughed nervously and lit a cigarette.

7:35—6—

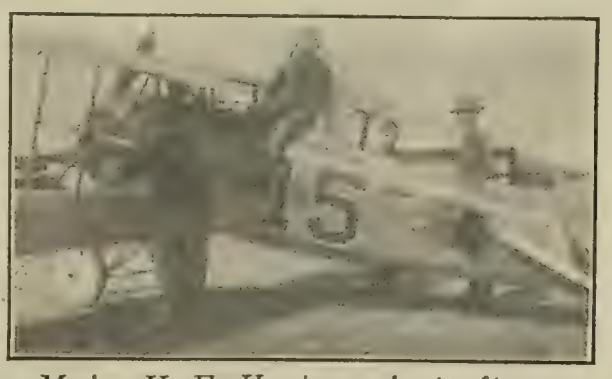
And he was dashing through the clustered fliers, bellowing:

"There it is! The third one! There it is! Ready with those flares, you men! Get those rockets under way, Shawhan! Lively, now! Burn the damned hangars if you have to, but give 'em a lighted field!"

He scuttled out to meet a gray staff car rolling down to a halt.

"Did you see it, Colonel?" he demanded of the stocky man who was alighting. "Did you see it?"

Indeed Colonel William Mitchell, Chief of Air Service for the First Army, had seen it, for the giant stove lid was slowly descending and cutting off the third red glow as he acknowledged the salutes of the grouped pilots. Today he speaks of Luke's part in it as, "One of the most remarkable feats in the military career of a youngster that was nothing short of amazing."



Major H. E. Hartney, just after a patrol in one of the new Spads.

HE said that and more when, a few minutes after his arrival, Luke and Wehner made perfect landings on the light-streaked field. Yes, it worked, they told him, abashed as second lieutenants should be in the presence of a colonel.

The first balloon had given them the least trouble. The sausage swung low over Reville and each gave it a long burst from both guns. It flamed up immediately, and they headed for one at Romagne. Luke got that drachen alone, while Wehner swung off to attack another he had located at Mangiennes.

Over Romagne, Frank dove through a curtain of shrapnel to get the bag that was being rapidly lowered by the ground crews. He dropped it upon them, burning, for their pains. He rejoined Wehner, only to leave him and swoop down to strafe a German supply train which had awaited the dusk before starting for the front areas.

LUKE again caught up with Wehner, and a few minutes later the American anti-aircraft went into action against them, scoring several hits on both planes. To avoid disaster at the hands of men who, the next day, would thrill to the tale of the three balloons, they climbed for a long circle and a swooping descent on to the field.

Within an hour Corps Headquarters was ponderously excited over the astounding success of what it was pleased to describe as, "A unique air maneuver by pilots under its command."

By noon the next day the troops had it, for news of the two-man offensive and its results traveled through the battle zone faster than a scared cook getting under a rolling kitchen.

This guy Luke again, huh? What a baby he must be! Nine victories to his credit, eight of them observation balloons, and the entire eight bagged in five consecutive days!

Thereafter they looked for him, and whenever they saw a lone Spad streaking for the German lines they identified it as Luke's.

"That's Luke," they would say, turning grimed, unshaven faces to the sky. "'At a boy! Go get 'em, Arizona! Ride 'em, cowboy!"

And Luke rode 'em—for the thirteen days he had to live!

Luke destroys three planes and two balloons in ten minutes and becomes the leading American ace. Wehner is shot down in flames. All this is told in next week's LIBERTY.

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As necessary as the morning shave

Corns Vanish after this amazing liquid

Acts like an anaesthetic
Stops pain in 3 seconds

INSTANTLY and at once, you can wear tight shoes, dance, walk in comfort. Then soon the corn or callus shrivels up and loosens.

You peel it off with your fingers like dead skin. No more dangerous paring.

Professional dancers by the score use this remarkable method. Acts instantly, like a local anaesthetic. Doctors approve it. Removes the whole corn, besides stopping pain at once.

Ask your druggist for "Gets-It." **Satisfaction guaranteed.** Works alike on any corn or callus—old or new, hard or soft.

"GETS-IT" *World's Fastest Way*

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(*Answers will be found on Page Eighty-one*)

1—What countries surround the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg?

2—What two monarchs died last year?

3—What marriage anniversary is called the wooden wedding?

4—What is Brazil's official language?

5—With what President is the phrase "innocuous desuetude" associated?

6—How many players on a lacrosse team?

7—Who wrote The Blue Bird?

8—When it is noon in New York what time is it in Honolulu?

9—How many United States Senators are there?

10—What is a hurricane?

11—How many amendments are there to the Constitution?

12—Who was called "Poor Richard"?

13—What water separates Alaska from Siberia?

14—In what months do the equinoxes occur?

15—From what is morphine derived?

16—What is the name of the President's yacht?

17—To what notes are the strings of a violin tuned?

18—What distinguished English novelist died last January?

19—What play introduces the character *Mrs. Malaprop?*

20—Where is Cape Sable?

Where is the nearest Vul-Cot?

Is it across the aisle or two desks below—a target for you to shoot at and miss? . . . Or is it where it should be—right at your side, ready to receive the flotsam and jetsam of your business day? . . . Modern business calls for a Vul-Cot for every worker. Saves time. Saves interruption. Saves money. Surprising how it speeds things up! Buy them by the dozen—at stationery, housefurnishing and department stores.

VUL-COT
- the national wastebasket
National Vulcanized Fibre Co.
Wilmington, Del.

Banish Pimples By Using Cuticura
Soap to Cleanse
Ointment to Heal
Try our new Shaving Stick.

Mary took her front feet and I took her back ones, and we made her go down.

I'm Not Afraid *of* CATS!

As Dictated by TONI, JR., *to* ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

Pictures by DOROTHY HOPE SMITH BARLOW

(Reading time: 3 minutes 50 seconds.)

DEAR WORLD:

Mary Louise isn't coming to our house any more. I'm sorry. I like Mary Louise. She wears pretty dresses. She has nice yellow hair with curls in it. She wears things in her ears. She always let me sit in her lap and play with them. When I asked her, "What's them?" she said, "Bait." And I said, "What's bait?" and she said, "Anything to lure 'em with." And I said, "What's lure?" and she said, "You ought to know; you're full of it yourself." I wasn't. It was my dinner that made me stick out.

Mary Louise wears bracelets. They don't fit tight like mine. She has more than me. I only have one. Hers slide up and down her arm. She let me slide them. They jingle. She wears pretty beads around her neck. She's awful pretty, Mary Louise is. She let me look in her pocketbook. I like to look in pocketbooks. You find so many things there.

Auntie says she believes Mary Louise never will come back. Also, if she doesn't lock me up, all her friends won't ever come back either.

Mary Louise likes everything but cats—and me, I guess now when she won't ever come back. She's dreffful 'fraid of cats. I'm not afraid of big cats or little cats or any kind of cats. Only snakes I'm 'fraid of. So's the bunny in my storybook.

He thought one was a stick. But the stick rose up on his tummick and hissed at my bunny. He runned to his hole.

There is a cat comes after the bunny in the book. He was chasing a mouse on a shelf. He fell off the shelf into a bowl of milk on the table. He laughed, though, when he found out what he'd fallen into.

There's a dog's tail that sticks out under the fence. Kitten didn't know there was a dog 'tached to it on the other side of the fence until she clawed at the tail. The dog barked and Kitty ran up a tree, where she stayed until the next picture in the book.

Anyhow, one day Auntie and I went to the door to get the milk. There was a cat licking up the milk that had spilled on the floor. It must have been awful hungry to drink that dirty milk. So I told Auntie to let's give it a whole saucerful. When it had drunk all the milk, it didn't want to go home. It just stayed and stayed after I coaxed it.

Well, in the afternoon, a girl came to play with me. Her name's Mary. Not Mary Louise, like Auntie's friend. Just Mary, my friend. She's a year older than me.

Mary, not Mary Louise, liked the cat too. After we were playing awhile Mary Louise came to show Auntie her new hat. Auntie said it was *too* lovely, and where did you get it and may I try it on. She told Mom afterward that it was a ter-rible piece of work and why did Mary Louise always pick such awful hats?

Well, anyway, they were all standing in front of the mirror trying on Mary Louise's hat and saying isn't it precious? So Mary and I ran off to the bathroom to play. We can only go there to play when nobody sees us going. The kitty followed us.

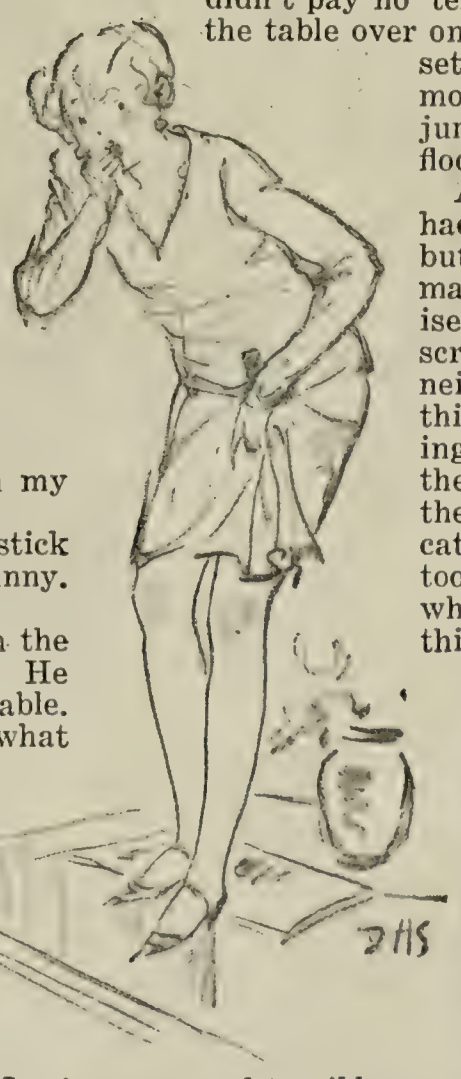
Kitty was all black except for a big white spot down her front. Mary said she was dirty. So I said, "Let's wash her and make her all white." And Mary said, "Yes, let's."

WE couldn't reach down in the big tub and we couldn't reach up to the washbasin. So I got my washtub that I wash my dolls' clothes in. We filled it with water. Kitty didn't want to go into the water. She spitted awful. Mary took her front feet and I took her back ones, and we made her go down. We couldn't use the soap on her because we couldn't let go of her feet.

So I thought if we dried her maybe the black would rub off. Mary thought so, too. So we took the towel with the flowers 'broidered on it that nobody ever uses and tried to rub off the black. It wouldn't come off. Mary said if we'd put powder on her, it would make her white.

So we got my powder and sprinkled it all over Kitty. She was wiggling around so, it only went on her face. A lot went on her face. Before we could get her white all over she leaped out of our arms and ran out into the living room. We runned after her to catch her.

When Mary Louise saw her coming she let out a terrible shriek and jumped up on the table. The cat jumped up after her. Mary Louise screamed terrible. But the cat didn't pay no 'tention. She jumped from the table over on to the bookcase and upset a lot of things that made more noise. Mary Louise jumped back down on the floor.



Mary Louise screamed terrible.

And pretty soon the cat had nowhere else to jump but on the floor, too. She made a leap at Mary Louise's leg. Mary Louise was screaming so loud that the neighbors thought something terrible was happening in our house. One of them came running across the hall. When she saw the cat she started to scream too. She wanted to know who'd done this terrible thing to her Marma-juke, her poor, dear Marma-juke that she'd been looking for all day.

Well, it looked pretty bad for me and Mary for a while. If it hadn't been that Mary was a visitor I guess it would have been worse. But when Auntie saw the scratches on my arms and face, she said I'd been punished enough. So she put on some medicine that hurt worse than the scratches.

The last seen of Mary Louise she was running faster than the cat when she got out of our hands in the bathroom. And Auntie says, "It's over a week now and Mary Louise hasn't called up."

Further adventures of Toni will be published in next week's LIBERTY.

SOMEBODY *Has To*

The Story of a Girl Who Learned Courage from Fear

By

IDA M. EVANS

Pictures by DALTON STEVENS

(Reading time: 25 minutes 50 seconds.)

NORTON found the note at dawn. A hasty pink-and-gold dawn that spread over the small, neat town like an entrancing celestial garment of negligée.

A huge rusty spike held the brown splotch—a soiled scrap of wrapping paper—to the exact center of the locked, white-painted door of the Norton garage at the rear of the back yard.

He thrust a quick hand. Maybe Una, her back turned, would not know.

But she happened to be at the window—the white-ruffled west window of her bride's kitchen. After three years of married life, Una's soft face and thick fair hair and her blue-and-white kitchen still suggested the bride. She saw his hand, and she came flying down the neat graveled path, her eyes dilated with their usual terror.

She snatched at the paper in his tight fist.

"Let me see what that is!"

She read it, ill printed but to the point:

HE was erect, two revolvers ready, as they would have lifted and crumpled Means' trussed limbs to force him into the tonneau.

Lay off your present job, bo. Go and clerk in a store if you hope to live long and Mrs. Norton don't want to be a widow awful soon.

Una Norton faced her husband like an accuser.

"Can you refuse after this, Carry?" she panted. "Can you?"

In silence he shot the bolt of the garage door. He was in his olive-green uniform, cap off, but two revolvers in his belt. He took an oil can back to the side of the yellow bungalow where his motor cycle leaned over a plot of mixed nasturtiums, above which a wren chattered her opinion of dawn disturbance.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-SEVEN]

Up rises that sweet and tantalizing fragrance—the hot, spicy aroma of Heinz really *baked* beans—beans browned in heat flooded ovens. Flavor baked into them—flavor baked through and through them—from tender, golden skin to juicy, tomato-saucy center.

They *taste* baked. They *are* baked. They're Heinz.

Sometimes, in talking about flavor, we feel as if we're sitting down in your kitchen and exchanging recipes. . .

Naturally, we start with the beans—selecting them, sorting them. In fact, every bean is picked over twice, by hand.

Then we insist that the beans must be really baked—baked in the dry heat of ovens. For oven baking *is* the only way you can have them mealy, tender, golden-brown in color, with that real nut-like taste. And remember only beans that are *baked* can be labeled "baked".

Then, of course, for the sauce we *do* supervise the growing of our own tomatoes, plump, red, juicy ones. Always fresh from the garden . . . And each tomato is carefully inspected for perfection.

For care *is* important—the care with which we select our materials, the care with which we duplicate home methods of cooking . . . It is one of the many reasons why the Heinz name has come to mean Flavor. . . *H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.*

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HEINZ OVEN-BAKED BEANS

THOUSANDS of family "munchers" are sampling this luscious new confection right this minute. It's a sensation everywhere. Big molasses-coated clusters of popcorn, peanuts and cocoanut. Pure and wholesome. Keeps fresh in the airtight tin. If your dealer can't supply you with Cocoanut Corn Crisp, send 50 cents for giant tin, postpaid.

The Cracker Jack Co.

Makers of Cracker Jack — Angelus Marshmallows
Chicago, Illinois

The Cracker Jack Co.
534 So. Peoria St., Chicago, Ill.

Here's 50 cents (stamps, coin). Rush a giant tin of Cocoanut Corn Crisp, before our icebox becomes a total loss from "munchers'" raids.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State .....

Name of Dealer .....

LIB.—3-3

The Cracker Jack Co's
COCOANUT CORN CRISP
MADE BY The Cracker Jack Co.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-FOUR]

To be sure, the wrens about the Norton place should have been used to *chug-chugging* and bolt-shooting at unseemly hours.

Una had run at his heels, her hands twisting in an emotion that was partly anger.

"Threat-writers seldom have nerve to act," he said to her over olive-green shoulder.

"Nonsense!" And with her blue eyes in that frenzied dilation which of late had got on his nerves, she shrilled, "How can you expect me to endure things any longer?"

In the yard at the south of the Nortons', old man Thundy respectfully kept his gray head low over his onion bed. He was sorry for Mrs. Norton. But this last bank robbery had been an outrage; and for his part he only wished he were young and spry enough to chase the fellows.

Besides—where was Will Means these four days?

Old Thundy was troubled with insomnia. But he never complained when awakened at midnight or 3 A. M. by his next-door neighbor's motor cycle.

North of the Nortons', Mrs. Hume pursed middle-aged lips over her parsley bed. Una Norton's shrill cries were hard on ears, like a woman's labor screams.

Poor thing, thought Mrs. Hume; never knowing when her husband would be found face downward in a Great Lakes swamp or thicket with a gun charge in his olive-green back—as maybe poor Will Means was lying this hour. Of course somebody has to chase bank robbers and such bad fry.

But the sympathetic older woman went into her own house, unwilling to look on and listen to that next green yard.

UNA flew into her own kitchen, her bedroom. Madly blazing through tears, she shut the door of the bedroom.

In obstinate, miserable silence, Carry followed her into the house, but only as far as the kitchen. His own lips were ready to quiver with understanding of Una's feelings.

Funny—how a dank swamp cached with perhaps a hundred unseen shotguns with triggers afinger, could not affect him like Una's flying, shaken shoulders.

But, alone, he ate a substantial breakfast. He was a trained man. Behind his State constabulary years lay three years in France. He had learned long back to subordinate certain angles of life to the great angle—his work. This day it might be that he would have small chance to eat again till midnight. He might indeed not eat again, ever.

Will Means, now—eighty-eight hours since Will's motor cycle had purred away from a roadside sandwich stand forty miles east of Elbertatown; and no friend of Will's could say that Will had since eaten or drunk. On a sandy side road, three miles beyond the sandwich stand, the *chug-chug* of his machine had lessened, had silenced—had not been heard any more.

Brooding over the whereabouts of Will Means, with whom three years had been spent in A. E. F. days, Carry Norton's gray eyes turned to a chilly slate color.

He put up a lunch for himself. Four slices of bread with hot bacon and an egg from the pan which Una had carefully sizzled before her outbreak. No telling where or how he would be this noon.

"Good-by, Una." He spoke through the closed door. "Anyhow, you know I couldn't quit my job before we find Will."

"Why"—came muffled anger—"must you follow a dead man to death?"

"He may not be dead. He may be—somewhere; tied or—" Carry cleared his throat. "I've orders, anyhow."

"Orders! Take off that belt and cap, and you needn't have to take orders!"

He sighed, going outside to his machine. No use to force open the door and try to persuade her. He had tried that before in the past.

"I'll be back tonight, Una," he called in final farewell.

And likely enough he would be back. He sped off, while old Thundy respectfully watched him; and Mrs. Hume fixed hot cinnamon in a glass of milk to take over to Una, whose high weeping came through the breeze-swung curtains of two windows.

He sped through his small home town, most of it asleep; sped past the corner drug store owned by Una's father, with its door closed and its windows shaded at this early hour.

In his early thirties, he was lean, dark, and purposeful. He was farm-born, and sun-tanned in his early years. This dawn an unusual tenacity of purpose set a long mouth in an almost metallic mold of dark red lip-flesh. A whole State constabulary had the same kind of mouth during this current week.

Five days before, a bank nine towns to the east of Norton's home town had been held up at midafternoon, heavy receipts hour, by a trio of men in a stolen car.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"DON'T stay. Don't get a calling down for me," she said, evidently knowing a little about duty.

40 Fathom FISH

STRAIGHT *from the* SEA *to* YOU!

Always Fresh—Never Frozen!

WHEN we say *fresh*, we mean that this fish is as savory, firm and wholesome as if you yourself pulled it out of the sea and threw it right on the fire. . . . Not cold storage fish. Not frozen. But the finest *selected* fresh ocean haddock—cleaned and ready to cook. . . . No waste of any kind. You buy nothing but the clear haddock fillets—the snowy breasts and sides—nothing but flaky, delicious fish *meat*. . . . 40-Fathom Haddock Fillets are individually wrapped in parchment, iced and fast-expressed to your dealer the same day the fishing boat docks. They cost you no more than inferior fish. . . . Ask your meat, fish or provision dealer for 40-Fathom Fish. Insist on the trademarked wrapper. Unless it carries the 40-Fathom wrapper, it is not 40-Fathom Fish.

BAY STATE FISHING CO., 30 Fish Pier, Boston, Mass.
Largest Producer of Fresh Ocean Fish in America

Beware of Imitations!
Look for this trademark.

Mail this Coupon for FREE Recipe Book

BAY STATE FISHING CO. L. 3-3
30 Fish Pier, Boston, Mass..
Please send me your free Book of Recipes for cooking 40-Fathom Fish as fish is served at the famous Ritz-Carlton Hotel in N. Y.
Name .....
Address .....
.....

[SOMEBODY HAS TO!
Continued from Page Sixty-seven]

Stolen, indeed, a scant forty minutes before in a neighboring village by one of the trio. Scant time for an alarm to many towns.

Parked within the sumac-shaded dry selvage of a local swamp was the bandits' own car. Laden with money and bonds, they had ridden to the swamp, expertly leaped to their own car, whose make and license number had been noted by none, and made their get-away, with the stolen car abandoned at swamp edge like an empty oil can.

An unusually clever or lucky trio. Local and State police went on the job. They went singly, in pairs, in squads. Failure.

"Threat-writers seldom have nerve to act," he said to her over olive-green shoulder.

A BOHEMIAN trucker, living two counties north of the shot-up bank, reported a suspicious trio in a black touring car headed east past his place at dusk. Sheriffs rode east—and west, south, north. Will Means, resident of a northern county, rode farther east than his colleagues, perhaps on some clew which he was never given a chance to report. He was a chunky, blond bloodhound. His abdomen was still scarred from the barbed wire of no man's land.

Persons living along the sandy side road had heard his motor cycle. They testified to its unordinary lessened *chug*, as by distance. The road ran past houses into a stretch of sand-rooted second-growth timber which lapped into a mile-wide swamp.

Men and boys, wrought-up citizenry as well as police, had tramped woods and marshes, looking for spade work. But in certain marshes of which that part of the State knew far too many, a hasty grave would not be readily come upon. In swamps and thickets, spots were found where people had eaten and slept; camped for days. But it was summer; tourists, hobos, and young Scouts overran the State, making a veritable mortal haystack in which to find three human needles.

So in this rose-gilded dawn, now expiring in its own beauty, Carry Norton sped on grimly enough. Hard to think of Will Means maltreated, or dead! Una ought to understand—even if in the past there had been some justification for her reiterated pleas and tears.

For the first time in a conflict that now had endured for three years, mounting at times into hateful warfare, he was conscious of an actual dislike of Una's tears, continually running in hot, angry streams.

To be sure, they ran because she loved him and feared for him. But he had never dreamed that after

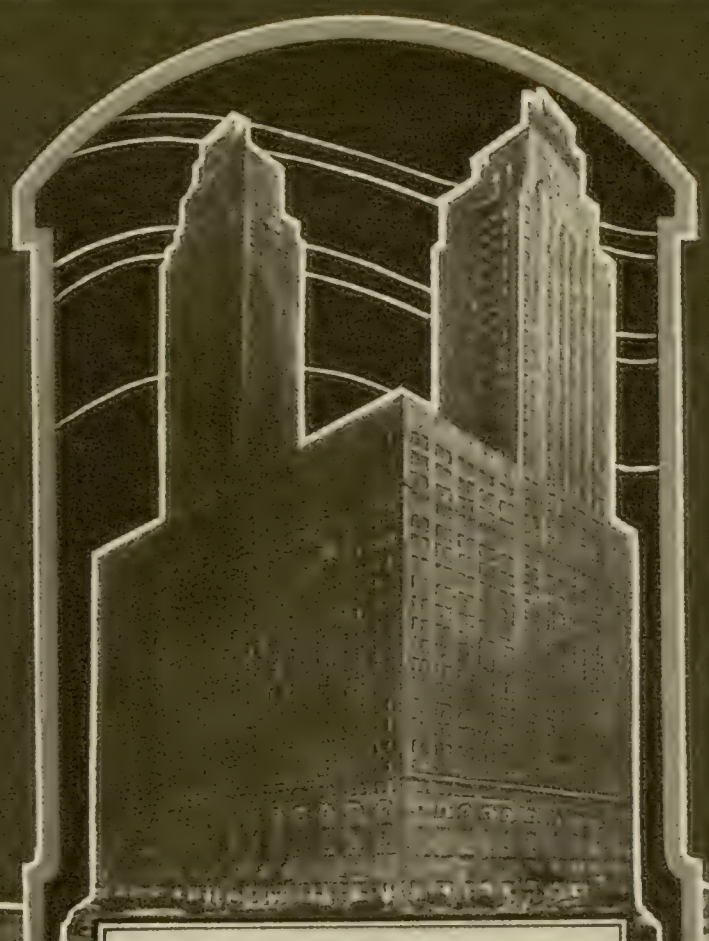
[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY]

In Chicago -the city of Conventions- The MORRISON

is the Favorite Convention Hotel

$2.50 Up

Chicago's Most Central Hotel



The New Morrison, the world's tallest hotel, will be, when completed, the largest and tallest, 46 stories high, with 3,400 rooms

A Convention Dinner in the Terrace Garden

HARRY C. MOIR
PRES. & GEN. MGR.
THE MAN BACK OF THE INSTITUTION

CONVENTION secretaries find their responsibilities far easier to shoulder when they make the Morrison Hotel their headquarters. The layout of the building and the long experience of the personnel contribute substantially to the success of trade gatherings.

The Celebrated Cameo Room

Committee, reception, and private dining rooms are planned in different sizes, to meet the needs of the smallest club or the largest fraternal order or trade association. The exquisitely decorated Cameo Room seats 2000, without a single pillar to impede the view.

At the Heart of "Downtown"

Chicago's stores, offices, railroad terminals, and theatres are grouped closer to the Morrison than to any other hotel. Within the building is abundant opportunity for diversion; the variety programs and orchestral music in the "dine-and-dance" Terrace Garden are nationally celebrated. Equally famous is the picturesque Boston Oyster House, whose name recalls half a century of Chicago's history.

All Rooms Outside, with Bath

Each of the 1944 rooms has bath, Servidor, telephone, running ice water and bed-head lamp. A housekeeper for each floor, and garage service for all guests. The central location, by enhancing subrental revenues, has established rates at little more than half the figures charged elsewhere for similar rooms.

TABLE OF RATES (Single in Each Case)

202 Rooms, $2.50	457 Rooms, $4.00	15 Rooms, $6.00
241 Rooms, $3.00	245 Rooms, $4.50	35 Rooms, $7.00
480 Rooms, $3.50	189 Rooms, $5.00	21 Rooms, $8.00

16 Corner Suites, $12.00 · 16 Suites, $15.00 · 6 Suites, $20.00

Sample rooms from $6.00 to $12.00

Write or Wire for Reservations *Convention Rates on Request*

MORRISON HOTEL

THE HOTEL OF PERFECT SERVICE

and TERRACE GARDEN CHICAGO'S WONDER RESTAURANT

CLARK AND MADISON STREETS

"IN THE HEART OF CHICAGO"

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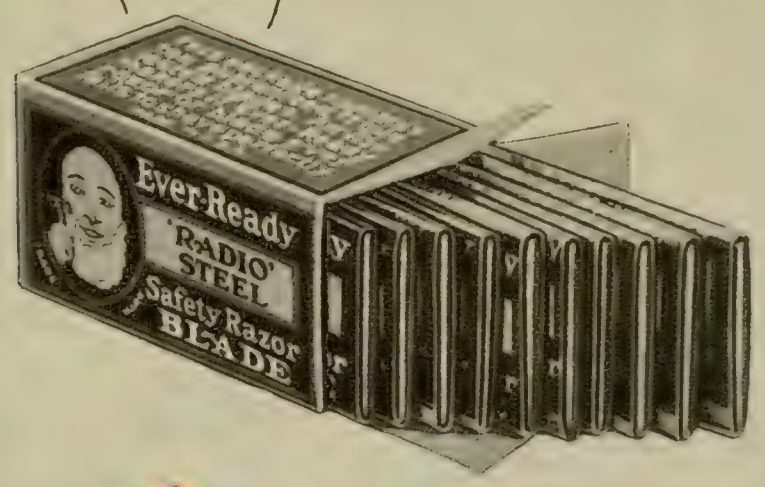

The Singing Shave

- the swan-song of whiskers!

HERE, you bathroom baritones, is a blade to put new joy in your heart, new notes in your song, and new harmony in your shave!—A blade so keen that every whisker on your face, from high C at the hairline to low A on your Adam's apple, fades soothingly away.

The Ever-Ready Blade will make you sing through every morning shave, because it actually sings through your whiskers even though it's too swift and keen to *feel*. It's there a hundred ways.

The Ever-Ready is built like the blade of a barber's razor. Thick, heavy, tough—Ever-Ready has the substance to take and hold *the keenest edge known to science.* It has the rigidity to meet the toughest beard without quiver, quake or quarter!

Ever-Ready Blades are guaranteed individually—run 100% perfect to the package.

Ever-Ready Blades are sold everywhere. Ever-Ready De Luxe Razors, $1 complete.

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Ever-Ready Blades

[SOMEBODY HAS TO! — Continued from Page Sixty-eight]

their wedding day she would take this attitude toward his work. She had whimpered a little in their gay engaged days. But he had explained to her that clerking in her father's store or working in his own father's feed yard would seem pretty drab to him.

Besides, he'd been hand-picked, so to speak, by higher-ups. An attorney general in a State Capitol had been his captain in France, and had advised him that his woodcraft and trench years, joined to a natural alertness and courage, were not too common in the world. "And you'll be kept in mind by some of us, Norton. Don't worry. Middle age will find you with influential friends. Some of us are trying, in spite of what public rumor chants, to steady a rocking boat."

The attorney general had sent them a silver carving set. Carry had sent him Una's photograph. "Charming," had been wired back of the laughing, light-haired face.

Ever explain to this man that the pretty, laughing girl had put him behind her father's soda fountain? Hardly. And the set mouth became harder. Funny, though, how a woman's nervous crying can work on a man's spirit and sicken him with life and almost with his job.

The morning before, he had tried to joke at breakfast: "See, Una, I'm home for breakfast like a really respectable husband."

She would not joke. She bit her jerking lip; she stared past him with great, stricken, aloof eyes. And when a man has had only eleven hours of sleep in three nights, his own nerves are taut, ready to take offense.

He frowned now, swerving at a turn of the county road where an osage clump leaned over a drainage ditch. Una had not really joked now for more than a full year.

An oriole made a black-and-yellow whir atop a post. A red-headed woodpecker scolded because the motor cycle scared him from a roadside cottonwood. Carry sped on at an almost reckless speed. He could not help picturing Una's day:

RUNNING from the bedroom as his machine noisily left the front walk, to watch bitterly after him. Laying her soft bare arms on the breakfast table, but eating nothing. Doing her housework with dragging limbs. If her mother phoned: "No, mother; I don't feel like coming downtown. Carry is—is out with a squad after Will Means' body, you know."

And to her sister Gene: "I can't help it if I don't feel chirpy, Gene. No—I couldn't eat a bite at luncheon. Please don't try to cheer me up. Please!"

And this was her club day. Take 3 o'clock and the clique of young wives who had gone through high school together: "Did I trump your king, Mabel, and it is high card? I'm sorry." "Oh, Jane, I revoked again. I'm not fit to play today. You know—Carry—he's—"

Rising, the flood of tears, the passionate flight for wraps and home—and the expressions of sympathy from the other players, such expressions being well tempered by dismay at a lacking table.

The picture was with Norton as he dismounted in the next town.

He learned there by phone that two hours before, from a small, unclean lake in the next township, Means' machine had been fished; a thing of water-soaked tires, soggy motor, and rusty pedals.

But Means' body had not been found, although in three days it should have sucked up to surface, unless it was in one of the more weed-ridden lake bottoms.

At 7 o'clock, sun high in its heaven, Norton was one of a squad four abreast. They closed in on an abandoned fisherman's hut near a marsh which wild ducks knew in season. They found cold and trampled cigarette butts, a clean paper band that had girt bank notes, and a soiled hatband. No men. No Means.

A LOCAL sheriff and a State man sat on a stump and munched bologna, throwing the skin to a pensive golden thrush eying them from a witch-hazel twig; and a natural official antagonism was quenched by a great draft of feeling anent certain classes of men.

Midmorning the squad separated. Part dismounted later and waded another marsh to a central high hillock whose burdocks were high and thick enough for covert for men. A mourning dove afar made the requiem for their disappointment.

With several other men, at noon Norton was detailed on solitary sleuthing.

This arrangement was, in effect, pure confession of squads' failures and head sheriffs' despair. Each man who rode alone knew that this week he risked Means' fate. But every man was agreed that if Will Means were not sought, life and safety were tasteless to all.

At 1 o'clock Norton rode off the State road, where huge blue or yellow trans-State busses of vacationists were thick as beetles. A dirt road led off, to lose itself in a sand road past Awatha Swamp, eight miles south.

Awatha Swamp, in local repute, was like a woman of mixed character. Smelly green pools, evilly opalescent, played checkers with dry spots where witch-hazel and sumac clumped above brambly interstices. But in season game was plentiful in the swamp; and Norton knew it from childhood.

Along the dirt road, farmhouses eyed vehicles at quarter-mile intervals. On both sides of the sand road, worthless soil forbade crop-

raising except by a blunderer. Midway of the swamp proper at the east, a road turned toward the excellent Baft land and buildings, possibly three-quarters of a mile east.

Pure absence of mind turned Norton on to the road. He was thinking of Una—of Una's side. She had her side. Of course she did! Poor girl! She'd been—he could not forget—a laughing, brisk bride, all love and charm, making gold net curtains on her honeymoon, exacting his wishes in hot biscuits and broiled chops. A capable, laughing girl.

But his very stomach revolted at giving up his work! How could she ask *that?* Couldn't she understand when a man's work is as much a part of him as his arm? Or that, in his case, he was protected by a natural, and therefore purely uncommendable, lack of fear?

Fear? *She* was all that he feared in the wide world! Oh, he feared—feared that some day she would have her way, that her weeping would overpower him.

A man *might* go on loving Una afterward. But Carry Norton, in a grim obsession over the chance, almost plowed to a somersault in sandy wheel tracks before he regained control of his machine.

State police of certain Great Lakes States ride warily past low-bushed swamps. Carry Norton wondered if Will might be under some low, evil bush. The swamp had been searched four days before, though. He had in mind to stop at the Baft place. Rad Baft would give him a snack and coffee.

A few cars had passed him in each direction. Not many. Tires keep to State roads mostly.

ORDINARILY he would not have stopped beside the dingy racer stalled in a weed-softened ditch. He noted the State license number. But the young woman waved a pleading hand as he whizzed by. On another day he might have whizzed by too fast to heed her hand.

He backed ten feet. She was slim, modern: short blue silk dress, tan hat, "onion" silk stockings, black patent-leather pumps. She might be any one of ten thousand summer resorters in that vicinity.

Rather a hard type—her geranium lips and liquid-rouged cheeks. Not a rural type. Only city asphalt and regular appraisal of city fashion windows give that smart alertness to a woman.

"My car won't go," she said directly. He did not like the blank, pretty face; it indicated neither class nor station. But, as has been said, tourists overran the State; and they are a class by themselves.

"Sorry," he said briefly. "I haven't time to fix it."

He thought that she might have had sense enough to know an official uniform. But perhaps she fancied a uniform meant indiscriminate Samaritanism.

"Oh, I know that! But at the next town won't you send someone back to tow me in?"

"I'll do that, certainly."

"Oh, thanks!" Her smile was large. She had large, rather blank, black eyes. "Is it dangerous for me to wait by myself on this lonesome road? Guess I lost my way."

"Keep an eye open for tramps," he advised. "You are a pretty girl."

"Oh—well—" Her smile was large.

"I might take a minute." He dismounted and flung open the engine hood. She watched him eagerly. "Didn't run out of gas?"

"No! I filled up at noon in—in some town back there." She waved a rather stubby soft hand.

A QUARTET of young bluebirds made an azure sweep above the road. "Pretty," said the girl. Norton, deep in examination of the motor, made no reply. From within the swamp, catbirds' noisy jawing came like a discordant symphony.

He closed the hood. "Sorry. Can't myself locate the trouble. If I didn't have to report—"

She got back into the racer, showing a long "onion" knee.

"Don't stay. Don't get a calling down for me," she said, evidently knowing a little about duty.

He rode on. He rode on very fast.

Faster. Much faster! He turned the Baft corner, not far, on mad wheels.

Having turned, his gray eyes lighted with a curious relief. Rad Baft, heavyweight youngest son of a large family, was scything wild carrots outside the first rod of Baft fence.

Norton slowed slightly, enough for speech to carry.

"Rad! Come along! Come abreast! Run!"

Startled but quick-witted, eighteen-year-old Rad ran after like a pup for a wienerwurst. He belonged to a younger bunch that prayed to grow into Carry Norton's likeness. Norton, the crack cop!

Norton spoke rapidly:

"Listen. Mustn't let this machine's noise quit. I'm slowing. I must get off. You must get on, as I lift a leg. You must ride on. Two miles at least. A *chug* carries like a cornet on a clear day. Park the machine in somebody's barn. I'll get it later."

Chug-chug! chug-g-g!

Rad came abreast. Rad lifted a leg as Norton lifted a leg. Rad was on—and Norton was off!

Norton was off, inside a cornfield, running back invisibly, crawling on his olive-green stomach from field to thicket, writhing, wriggling, racerlike down a ditch,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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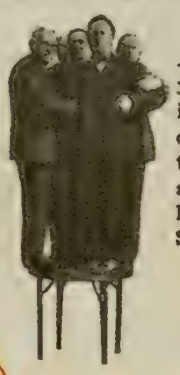
BRIDGE PROBLEM NO. 3

Spades: None; Hearts: 9-7-3-2; Diamonds: J-10-4-3-2; Clubs: A-Q-J-2. With the above hand, what would be the correct declarations, score love-all? (A) If held by South (Dealer). (B) If held by North (Third Hand), South having bid one Spade and West having passed. (C) If held by North (Third Hand), South having bid one Heart and West having passed. (D) If held by East (Fourth Hand), South having bid one No Trump, West having doubled and North having passed. (E) Which of the four above questions is the most difficult and why? (Answers to E must not exceed 50 words.)



Rules of the Contest: 1. Everybody except Carrom employees may enter. 2. Write answers to AUCTION BRIDGE questions on plain paper, and mail them to us, not later than midnight, April 7, 1928. 3. Write your name and address in upper left-hand corner of paper. 4. Upon entering this contest you agree to abide by the decisions of MR. MILTON C. WORK, SOLE JUDGE.

THE Carrom CO.
FOLDING TABLES

ESTABLISHED 1889 LUDINGTON, MICHIGAN

[SOMEBODY HAS TO! Continued from Page Seventy-one]

hugging a chunk of pigweed, entering Awatha Swamp as unseen as any other four-limbed animal that is imbued with years-learned wariness.

No thought of Una now! She counted less than a small stone in an impetuous river.

His uniform blended with tangled ground and overbrush. He crawled, he slid.

A crow overhead cawed. A robin picked a plump miller from its private leaf of willow. Catbirds, noisiest of fowl, jawed at a distance.

The swamp was insufferably hot, and stinging insects told him that he was not welcome in their humid lair. Wild blackberries made the air sweet and heavy. Once a fruit bramble tore his cheek and smeared him juicily.

In the interior of the swamp a medley of birdcalls overpowered countless insects' buzzing. Young birds were flying this month; and old birds pestered after them with the age-old pedagogism of parents.

Awriggle, flat on his face, he made crawling way parallel to the road off which he had turned to get Rad. At seven years he had picked blueberries in this swamp.

Past a log, a flat-headed snake was almost squashed by his own reptile-like body. When he was almost directly at the west of the dingy racer, he halted.

Three rods farther was an almost impenetrable spot some sixty feet in diameter. Dry ground enough, but sumac and brambles and nettle vines clung together tighter than brothers, with roots enriched by the evilly rich soil.

Norton halted because he was a little sick at stomach. What would he come upon at that spot's center, where an erect or a trussed body, or even two, might find room for an insect-ridden while?

Two catbirds jawed madly above him, circling the spot in angry flights.

BEYOND the spot a sluggish pool lapped into a sort of stream which after a time found its ugly way to a lake of poor fishing, although vacationists sometimes rented a boat and fatuously wasted bait.

Halting, he heard a low sound that was not any swamp sound. Men murmured. A low honk sounded. The murmur ceased, as if nipped by lip.

He flattened his dark green form under dark green vines.

Men were moving; emerging from the thicket with the carefulness of wary men who, however, are not woods bred and therefore are audible enough to a practiced ear.

Two men; clad in crumpled khaki; carrying a rolled camping outfit. They went due east—toward the dingy racer.

He crawled to look at what they might have left. And soon enough, through green-leaf interstices, he met a third man's eyes. A trussed man. The eyes were glazed, almost like dead. But—the man was gagged!

Alive! Who gags a corpse?

He rolled back. The men were returning after reconnoitering the road. Norton recalled the blank, black eyes who would have reported that his motor cycle had gone on unsuspiciously.

Why did they return? He heard. A "State police" had been carted from swamp to marsh and marsh to swamp as long as one man had patience. He had advised no need for a rag gag at the start; now he'd act—

"And a whole township of dogs smelling the body in an hour? And leading a thousand sheriffs—"

Not at all. The tonneau would hold the body—as far as a capacious Great Lake. And one speed cop would never again snoop in the woods to overhear a trio divide bank notes.

THE two lifted Means, and now they were less cautious and made all haste. "Bring along that tent top. Wrap him—"

Norton, crawling after, was a little contemptuous of their low noise of movement. He made none.

He was erect, two revolvers ready, as they would have lifted and crumpled Means' trussed limbs to force him into the tonneau.

"Not back there! Put him in the seat."

Two men stiffened where they stood. But professional users of weapons recognize a superprofessional.

"Now—face me!"

So they faced.

"Hands high!"

The inert Means slumped in the seat. Norton was a little at loss. The blank, black-eyed young woman had gone. He had not expected her to be on hand. She had merely brought the car.

But how far had she gone? Not too far to come back? That blank, pretty face, he was sure, would not shy at gun play. Besides, there was a third man.

He was partly reassured. The two men on hand were mad. Too mad to expect help.

But an official whistle might bring foes as well as friends. And a foe might come first.

Then, while he was deciding how long four arms could hold in the air till fatigue caused them to drop, the handmaiden Luck which most respectfully attends many resolute individuals came arunning to his side.

In the field opposite, a large body plowed the sand grass. Its evident effort at invisibility was a little grotesque.

"Come on, Rad! I need you."

Up rose Rad, red with sweat and effort. And his eyes shone like a novitiate's in a sacred cause.

"Honest! Oh, I thought you might!" The heavy body lum-

bered and almost pranced across the road.

Two men stiffened a little more.

"Untie Will. Tie them."

"Will I! Watch me!" Rad's young eyes filled with painful tears over Means. "Gosh, I'm hurting him! Look at his mouth!"

"Hoist them into the back of the car."

"This one's legs are pretty long." Rad fiercely ordered: "Bend 'em or I will!"

Norton drew a screw cap from his pocket. "I took this off some time back. Can you replace it inside that hood, Rad?"

"I can replace anything in a car but gasoline when Pa's tight-pocketed for a week," boasted Rad.

"Yes. The young lady made a mistake when she asked me to look at a car that was in perfect order," Carry Norton dryly advised the two men.

The paler-eyed of the two cursed forth a suspicion that she might have done worse than make a mistake.

"No. But it was someone's error to choose for a fake license plate the same number that one of our township trustees claims. Some of us," said Norton evenly, "have an abnormal memory for numbers."

The paler-eyed then cursed the absent man of the trio.

"Yes. I was told that you were in the swamp."

Curses attached to a name.

"No." Norton's faint smile was all contempt. "Any seven-year-old with a blueberry pail knows that catbirds get peeved when somebody loafs in their front yard."

HE drove. Rad stood on the running board, gun ready. A tricky gentry, and there was a stretch of swamp to pass.

The Baft place was reached with relish by two men. Means was lifted out, cared for.

Sweet oil, and the telephone. Norton gave a description of the blank, black eyes. She'd likely turn up naïvely at some town with a lost-car story. And the third man was headed Great Lakeward.

The Baft hired men came from barn and field and orchards. A bodyguard to town! Norton, who had had little enough sleep for a week, leaned back wearily in relaxation. Pretty soon he would be at home.

He was dismayed when he learned that Rad's brother had erred and taken his motor cycle clear on to town and home. Una! She'd believe the worst.

With swollen lips Means made known that he could and would be taken on home. Norton would have willingly delayed. He was tired, and he would like supper, bath, and bed.

But—and this affected him like a dose of bad medicine—he found himself deliberately wishing that he might reach home to find Una out of the house. Just a chance to eat and wash and fling himself on a bed for a few hours before he braced himself to face her!

On the running board Rad spoke with bashful eagerness:

"I helped you some, Carry?"

Two pale-eyed men who for several days had tried to find a lake enough unoccupied by tourists to insure the safe dropping into it of a trussed body, scowled.

"Doubt if I could have got 'em to town and jail without you, Rad," declared Norton.

"Would you tell that?" begged the boy, big-eyed. "You know I'd like to get on the force soon as it is possible."

"I'll certainly see that you get darned good credit in my report," averred Norton. "Part of the reward as well, Rad."

But, with a secret bitterness, he had it in mind to advise Rad on one point. Rad and a pretty, tearful wife—oh, well, that lay in the boy's own future.

In Norton's immediate future—tomorrow—would come a congratulatory wire from the Capitol. A wire he would never reply to! Norton knew what would happen this night. Una would win!

SHE'D be right now in hysterics—over a motor cycle returned without its rider. She'd come running to view Means' purple lips and the rope cuts on his wrists, legs, and waist. She would fix great, dilated blue eyes on the pale-eyed men—one of whom, or a pal, had nailed that threat on the garage door.

And then she'd insist—and he was tired; before midnight he would give in. So he knew.

Well—poor Una, she had her side. So he admitted. Could anybody help comparing her with the blank, black-eyed young person who had brazenly stood at an evil rendezvous beside a dingy racer and tried to befool him? No—one could not help doing so.

For the one young woman stood for the blacker current of a great mortal stream. And the other, in all her nerves and cowardice, stood for clean, healthy, white waters.

Perhaps men owed women like Una a debt; and it might be that they should pay in the coin that such clean women preferred.

But he wished that in his tired head an ugly little fear would not curl, like a flat-headed little snake hissing when disturbed under its log. It was the debtor's fear—the debtor's fate.

One *may* not love a creditor after the latter has collected payment of a debt.

Means was whispering:

"Knew you'd make a hunt for my cadaver, Carry."

"Sure, Will. You ought to know."

From an elm in a yard near town a mourning dove told the world with tiresome repetition

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THERE'S A POINT THAT WRITES LIKE YOU

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PENS AND PENCILS

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[SOMEBODY HAS TO! Continued from Page Seventy-three]

that, like many travelers to Reno, it had lost a mate.

Norton's shoulders twitched. The blamed bird reminded him of Una.

The late afternoon sun crawled reluctantly down, loath to leave its lovely blue meadow.

And then from town appeared a coming cavalcade of cars. Home cars mostly: flivvers, touring cars. Old Thundy's shabby gray flivver; the small black Hume car. Norton's father, trying to nose ahead of Una's fast wheel. Una's parents trying to nose ahead of the Norton car—but Una's dilated eyes and flying fair hair imperiously hogging the lead.

She flung herself perilously out of the car before it fairly halted. She had pushed Rad from the running board. She had a hand on Norton's olive-green shoulder—a passionately tender hand that touched as if it had been frightened of never again touching that olive-green seam.

And her blazing blue eyes took in the two prisoners, whose faces had gone quite ashy at sight of what seemed a local mob. Mob! That word makes iron spines wabbly.

"I dare say one of you two wrote that note!" she cried hotly. "Don't bother again! Because I said today that if he came back safe I'd take it as a sign that he'll always come back!"

She had to grab Rad's arm to keep her balance, because Norton had stopped the car on the side of a ditch; was forced to with cars from his home town piling nine deep about him.

"Carry," she cried miserably, "why did you go without making me give you what might have been your last breakfast, my poor darling boy? Oh, I had to come!"

"Why?" he asked.

"With you in Awatha Swamp! I came to hunt you in there!"

"Some professions need a little privacy, Una," he grumbled gently as he eyed the circled cavalcade.

"They followed me," she protested. "I told them all the swamp was full of mosquitoes."

"Mosquitoes!" muttered a pale-eyed man.

"Signs!" muttered the other.

Lawbreakers and law enforcers agree that women can often be depended upon to do the undependable.

OLD Man Thundy hoed his onion bed that evening and listened to the Nortons. Carry had received a wire. The radio carries fast. "He is a nice man," said Una anent an attorney general.

Mrs. Hume trimmed parsley for a kale salad which she planned later to take over to the Nortons. She heard Una saying, "Carry, I'm not superstitious a bit! If I did ask for a sign! But perhaps I went so far down today into the valley of terror that—well, that there was no farther to go, so I had to come up!"

She was stirring a batter with the fast spoon which is the sign of a cheerful cook.

"That's what she did," said Mrs. Hume to herself; for a middle-aged woman knows much.

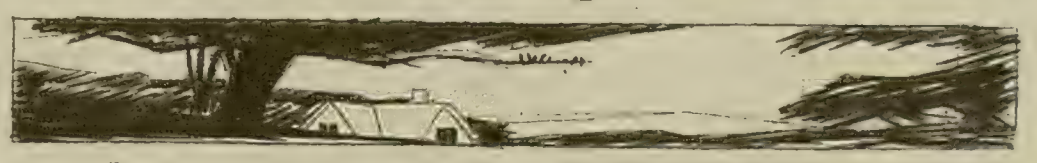
Carry went out to oil his machine in the cheerfully brisk way a man can. And on each side his neighbors rejoiced, as neighbors can.

For, as old man Thundy said, and Mrs. Hume agreed:

"Somebody has to chase 'em!"

THE END

Poems You Ought to Know



"I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER"

By THOMAS HOOD

[Thomas Hood (1799-1845) was poet, humorist, and—whatever the distinction may be worth—the supreme punster in the English language. He contributed to and edited various London magazines and wrote a novel; but is remembered today chiefly for his verses.]

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon
Nor brought too long a day;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

* * * * *

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then
That is so heavy now,
The summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy.

A little minute for a big rest

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8 million a day

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

TO prepare delicious Shoe String Potatoes like you see in this picture merely take one and one-half pounds of Irish Potatoes—scrape and pare them—cut into match-like strips. Then rinse, dry on a towel, put into a frying basket and fry in *deep* Mazola, hot enough to brown a bit of bread in one minute, 395 degrees F. Drain on paper, dust with salt and serve.

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Dishes *that Taste Better when* FRIED

By ETHEL SOMERS

IF deep-fat frying is intelligently done, there is no reason for tabuing foods so cooked. Too great heat decomposes fat, which irritates the digestive system. Too little heat permits absorption of fat into the product being fried. The result is a soggy food.

Careful regulation of the temperature of fat during cooking will do away with these evils. Thorough draining of the fried food on soft absorbent paper will dispose of any surplus fat before serving. Superior fat cookery results only when the temperature control is accurate.

Fat should never be heated until it smokes; in fact, it should never be used for deep-fat frying without a thermometer to guide one in heat control.

Fat for deep frying should be hot enough to immediately crust the food being fried.

Fat to be reheated should be clarified, or it will smoke at a much lower temperature on the second using.

A kettle for deep-fat frying should never be more than half full, to allow for vigorous bubbling.

Cook only small quantities of the food at one time so that the fat may be kept hot.

Foods kept on ice should stand at room temperature at least 1 hour before cooking, to eliminate excessive cooling of the hot fat.

If the kettle of fat should take fire, turn out the flame and cover with a tight-fitting lid. This should be kept handy for emergency. Then smother in a heavy cloth or towel wrung out of cold water. Never put water on burning fat, as it causes sputtering and a greater flame. Quantities of flour, sand, or a blanket or rug are also effective means of smothering burning grease.

(Below) Doughnut doughs should be handled as soft as possible. A wide spatula aids handling.

Fish is most inviting, browned and decorated with croquette skewers or chop frills.

Doughnuts

Plain	*Sour Milk*
3 cups flour	3 cups flour
½ teaspoon salt	½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon nutmeg	½ teaspoon nutmeg
¾ cup sugar	¾ cup sugar
3 teaspoons baking powder	1¾ teaspoons baking powder
¾ cup sweet milk	⅓ teaspoon baking soda
1½ tablespoons butter, melted	¾ cup sour milk or buttermilk
1 egg	1½ tablespoons butter, melted
¼ teaspoon vanilla	1 egg
	¼ teaspoon vanilla

Dropped

3 cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
⅔ teaspoon nutmeg
1 cup sugar
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 cup milk
2 egg yolks
2 egg whites
¼ teaspoon vanilla

MIX and sift the dry ingredients. Combine the vanilla, melted butter, milk, and beaten eggs (egg yolks *only* if Dropped Doughnuts are being made). Mix these liquids lightly into the dry ingredients. If Dropped Doughnuts are being made, then fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. If rolled doughnuts are being made, shape the dough into a ball and knead in only enough flour to make the dough manageable on the board. (The softer the dough is handled in kneading, the nicer the doughnuts will be.) Roll out the kneaded dough to ½-inch thickness and use a doughnut cutter to shape.

Dropped Doughnuts are made by dropping ½ to 1 teaspoon of dough into the hot fat. Rolled doughnuts are slid down the side of the pan so as not to splash into the fat. The deep fat should be 375° F. Adding the dough should not cool it below 365° F. The doughnuts should rise to the top of the fat quickly. Turn as soon as they rise and leave until browned. Turn back to brown the first side. Remove and drain on soft absorbent paper. The whole process should take but 3½ to 4 minutes. If the fat is too hot, the dough will be too brown in 3 minutes and will be somewhat heavy on the inside. If the fat is too cool, the dough will take 5 to 6 minutes to brown and will absorb too much fat.

TIME AND TEMPERATURE FOR DEEP-FAT FRYING

(The two temperatures given below account for the unavoidable cooling of the fat when the cold food to be fried is added)

Food	*Accurate Temperature*	*or*	*Bread Test for Temperature*	*Time for Cooking at This Temperature*
Doughnuts	375° to 365° F.		40 seconds to brown 1-inch cube of white bread	3½ to 4 minutes
Fritters	370° to 360° F.		50 seconds to brown ½-inch cube of white bread	3½ to 5 minutes
Potato Chips	385° to 375° F.		30 seconds to brown ½-inch cube of white bread	1 to 2 minutes
French-Fried Potatoes ½ by ½ by 4 inches	375° to 325° F.		40 seconds to brown ½-inch cube of white bread	10 minutes. Remove from fat for 1 minute and immerse again at 385° F. for 3 minutes.
¼ by ¼ by 3 inches	395° to 350° F.		30 seconds to brown ½-inch cube of white bread	4½ minutes
Fish Balls, Croquettes, Oysters, Soft Clams, *Small* Fish	390° to 380° F.		30 seconds to brown ½-inch cube of white bread	1 to 3 minutes
Breaded Chops	400° to 360° F.		50 seconds to brown ½-inch cube of white bread	5 to 8 minutes
Fillet of Fish	375° to 360° F.		50 seconds to brown ½-inch cube of white bread	4 to 6 minutes
Scallops	360° to 350° F.		30 seconds to brown ½-inch cube of white bread	2 minutes

White Sauce for Croquettes

1 cup rich milk or cream	¼ cup flour
2½ tablespoons butter	¼ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon celery salt	½ teaspoon salt

MELT the butter. Remove from the fire. Add the flour and seasonings, and mix. Gradually add the milk, stirring after each addition until a smooth paste is formed. Heat and stir constantly for at least 10 minutes. Cook over water 10 to 15 minutes.

Proportion of Sauce for Croquettes, Chops, or Cutlets

Thick White Sauce	*Added Food*
1 cup	1 cup of meat, cooked and chopped
1 cup	1 cup poultry, cooked and chopped
1 cup	1 cup fish, cooked and shredded (fish flakes are better if marinated several hours in ¼ cup mild vinegar, ¼ teaspoon salt, and ⅛ teaspoon pepper, or in French dressing. Dry before using)
1 cup	2 cups of chopped, sliced, or mashed cooked vegetables
½ cup thick brown gravy sauce	2 cups chopped cooked meat and 1 egg yolk, beaten

(Any desired seasoning may be added such as salt, pepper, celery salt, minced onion, minced green pepper, mushrooms, sliced celery, or egg, peas, or parsley.)

THESE croquette mixtures may be shaped for individual serving on a board sprinkled with bread or cracker crumbs. With two dampened knives, shape as desired and roll in crumbs until coated. (The softer the croquette mixture is, the better.) Roll in slightly beaten egg. Then roll in the crumbs again. Fry in deep fat at 375° F.

FRIDAY is the housewife's Nemesis—everybody seems to like fish except on Friday! LIBERTY'S three handy cookbooks help you to make irresistible dishes of Fritters, Fish Balls, Croquettes, Creamed Fish, Fried Fish, Fillet of Sole, Oysters, Clams, and many other delicacies to excite the waning appetite. LIBERTY'S cookbooks are only 10c each—all 3 for 25c. Use the coupon, please.

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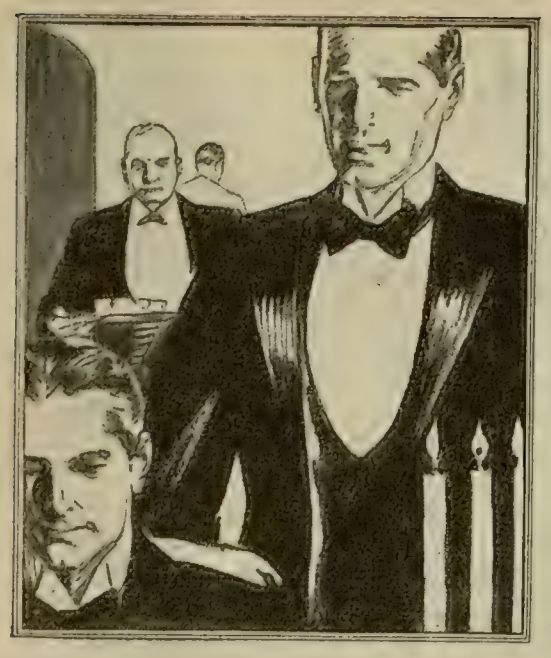

"I paid a big price for *that sore throat"*

"Voice husky, throat raw, that night I wasn't 50% effective. And next day—well, I had to cancel a week's engagements. Now, I always carry a bottle of Formamint tablets with me. According to my doctor, they release a safe, powerful germicide over the whole throat. And I can take them anywhere, at any time."

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Name.....

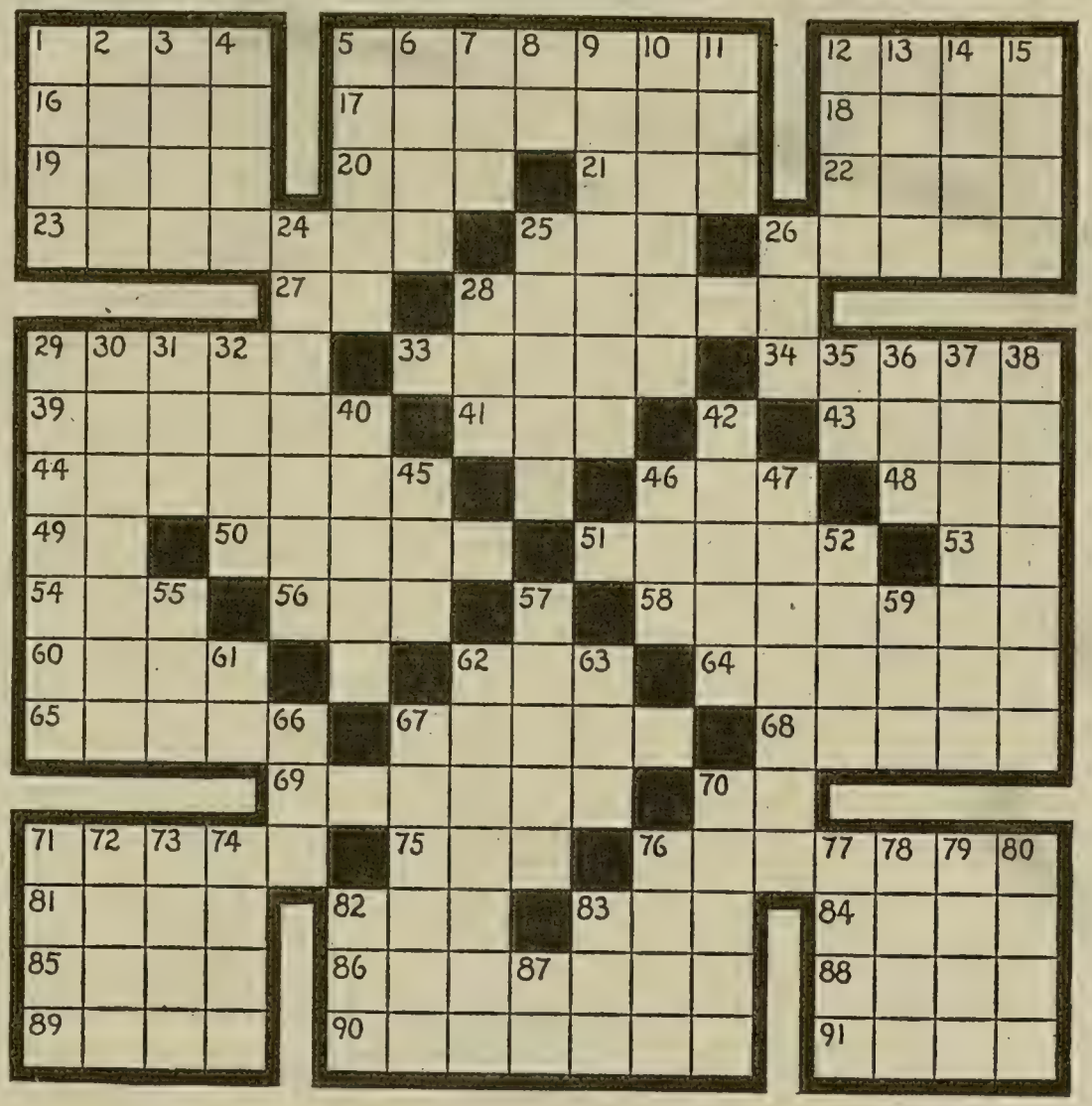
Address.....

SWASTIKA PUZZLE

AMONG the most ancient forms of the cross is the swastika, which is the motif of this puzzle design.

At least ten centuries before the Christian era it was employed as a religious symbol in India and in China, and through the ages it has been used by various peoples for decorative as well as for religious purposes.

Since the swastika is generally accepted as symbolizing welfare, LIBERTY believes it to be singularly appropriate as an offering to its cross-word-puzzle friends.

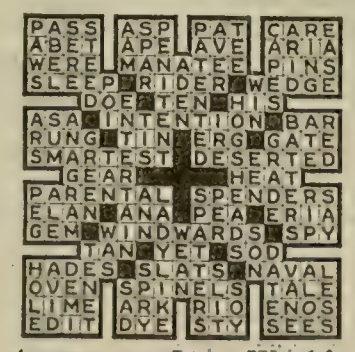


HORIZONTAL

1 Sluggish
5 Toiled
12 Semisolid oil of hogs' fat
16 Citrous fruit
17 A shellfish; ear shell
18 A county in New York
19 Assert as a fact
20 Cardinal number
21 Poem
22 River in Africa
23 To improve
25 Mother of *Peer Gynt*
26 Augmented
27 Over and in contact
28 Mythical giants
29 Mentally sounder
33 More pallid
34 Mohammedan household
39 Makes certain
41 By
43 Home of ancient Irish kings
44 Bears witness
46 Part of an umbrella
48 Color shade
49 Japanese measure of distance
50 Vapid
51 Beverage made from fruit
53 Symbol of samarium
54 A doctrine
56 A pen
58 Breastwork
60 Principal chamber of a temple
62 Note of a dove
64 Irony
65 Eats away little by little
67 Utter with complaining tone
68 Taut
69 Ancient Roman poet
70 Letter of the Hebrew alphabet
71 Pursue
75 Anger
76 Device for climbing (plural)
81 To rent
82 Coin of Siam
83 Help
84 Brother of Cain
85 Passage in a mine
86 Place of amusement
88 Portion of a skeleton
89 Beverage (plural)
90 Pertaining to earth
91 Frozen vapor from air

VERTICAL

1 Flat piece, as of stone
2 Have being.
3 Portent
4 Existed
5 Ancient language
6 Instigate
7 To forbid
8 Termination denoting alcohol
9 A fowl
10 Make dear
11 River in Scotland
12 Loan
13 Unfertile
14 Irritate
15 An act
24 Wooded tracts
25 Suffered illness
26 A tree
28 Faucet
29 Scarce
30 Skilled workman
31 No
32 Days preceding events
35 By
36 Murine animal
37 Expungers
38 Sea cow
40 Condition
42 Mythical king with a golden touch
45 Artful
46 Tear
47 Chided
52 Classify
55 Extinct New Zealand bird
57 To put into speech
59 Fastener
61 Compass point
62 Document conferring power or privilege
63 Individual
66 Pronoun
67 Twist with violence
70 Priest's title
71 Brief talk
72 Conceal
73 Song
74 Puts in place
76 Mortgage
77 Thrusts
78 Black
79 City in Nevada
80 Killed
82 Coin of Siam
83 Devoured
87 Metric measure of area



Answer to Last Week's Puzzle

Milder Musterole for Small Children

Just Rub It On

Thousands of mothers tell us they would not be without *Children's Musterole*, the milder form of Musterole especially prepared for babies and children.

At night, when awakened by the warning, croupy cough, rub the clean, white ointment gently over the child's throat and chest.

Children's Musterole, like regular Musterole, penetrates the skin with a warming tingle and goes to the seat of the trouble.

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Getting Ahead of the SILKWORM

How Synthetic Chemistry Has Stolen Another March on Mother Nature

An Article by
RUTH RIDENOUR

(Reading time: 12 minutes.)

ANIMALS do not often have the better of humans. If we aren't equipped by nature to do their tricks, we invent machinery to supply the need. Airplanes are more cumbersome than the eagle's wings, but they get us around. Our weapons of war can create deadlier havoc than the lion's jaws. Man can growl like a bear or eat like a horse with comparative ease if he sees fit. But he cannot duplicate the achievements of the lowly little silkworm.

For more than 4,000 years that little silkworm has been able to make something that man, for all his wisdom and ingenuity, could not duplicate. He cannot make silk. But in his efforts to do so he has evolved a thread which is quite as useful and beautiful as the one the silkworm spins.

Rayon is the result of sixty years of concentrated research, experiment, and invention by chemists who sought to make silk fiber without the aid of the worm. How much simpler it seemed to create it chemically than to await the slow processes of nature!

The effort to eliminate the silkworm from the silk business began in France. French inventors noticed that the silkworm feeds on cellulose in mulberry and oak leaves. Cellulose forms the cells that hold the protoplasm or living matter of all plants. The size of these cells varies, but they are all infinitesimal. In a closely textured plant there are several billion of them to one cubic inch.

Processes were invented to turn cellulose into thread, but it is only recently that this has been done satisfactorily. The result was as much of a surprise to the inventor as it would have been to the worm. It was not silk at all. But it was a beautiful, lustrous thread resembling silk, possessing many of its qualities, but in its essential formation as different from silk as silk is from linen.

Rayon, as it was designated by its manufacturers, is not an imitation of silk, but a new textile worthy of a place in the world with the four old established ones—wool, cotton, linen, and silk. There is nothing synthetic about rayon, and nothing silky about it except its appearance.

Rayon is fundamentally a vegetable product, while silk is an animal product. To make rayon, cellulose is converted into thread formation by chemical and mechanical processes. But animal processes and biological fluids convert cellulose into silk fiber. The results, consequently, are quite different.

Brown Bros.

A group of silkworms spinning cocoons in their nests.

The silkworm leisurely nibbles its mulberry or oak leaves, digests and stores up a supply of cellulose in its silk glands until maturity, and then emits it in the form of thread when it is ready to spin its cocoon.

The cellulose is a viscous fluid in its glands. It hardens like spun sugar immediately upon contact with air. Its two silk glands are along each side of its body. When these are filled at maturity it ejects the fluid in a steady stream from both glands simultaneously. The two streams harden into fine filaments when they come into contact with the air, and the silkworm spins them together into its cocoon by a rhythmic, easy motion of the head.

Man goes through a much more laborious operation with his gigantic mechanical worm. He gets his cellulose from wood pulp instead of from the delicate mulberry leaf. Spruce and cotton plant are used chiefly now.

The pulp is first cooked with certain chemicals to remove resin and foreign matter from

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Most "silk" stockings are partly rayon, and the new fabric also is woven into dresses, lingerie, and other wearing apparel.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY-NINE]

the cellulose. Then the chemicals are washed out and the cellulose is bleached.

It now is a mass of fine, short fibers which are run through a series of rollers. This operation squeezes out the water and compresses the fibers into sheets of about the thickness and consistency of blotting paper. The general procedure, in preparing these sheets, is similar to that used in paper making—and a long detour from the silkworm's way.

The large sheets are next cut down to twelve-inch squares and soaked in a solution of caustic soda for about twenty-two hours for mercerizing. The excess liquor is then forced out by hydraulic presses, and the sheets are torn into small particles by revolving knives. What astonishment this would cause the gentle silkworm!

That isn't the worst of it. The stuff must stand for about forty-eight hours in containers at an even temperature. Then it is placed in a revolving churn with carbon bisulphide and slowly revolved for more hours. At the end of this operation it is a plastic substance, light orange in color, and can be readily dissolved in water. In this state it is called cellulose xanthate.

NEXT, mixed with a weak solution of caustic soda, it must submit to another beating. It is placed in a machine with rapidly revolving blades which thoroughly mix and blend it into a uniform mass. This turns it into a thick liquid called viscose. It now resembles molasses in color and consistency—and resembles somewhat the contents of the worm's silk glands.

This solution is aged in huge vats at an even temperature. Before leaving the aging cellar it is carefully filtered to remove dirt or foreign matter.

To turn this sticky mass into fiber or thread capable of being woven into fabrics requires additional ingenuity. Viscose, unlike the contents of the silkworm's glands, does not harden on contact with the air. Other chemicals are necessary to accomplish this final transformation.

The viscose is forced through a plate containing holes as small as 2/1,000 inch in diameter, into an acid bath. The viscose shoots through the plate like water through a fine needle bath spray. This fine spray is hardened into filaments as it goes through the acid, just as the cellulose of the silkworm is when it comes into contact with air.

The filaments are gathered together again and spun into a thread as they come out. The thread is wound or reeled into skeins, and washed and dried.

And that is rayon—a brilliant, lustrous thread, something like silk, but very different in origin.

From then on rayon leads a life comparable to that of silk. It is wound on to spools, made into yarns, or woven into fabrics.

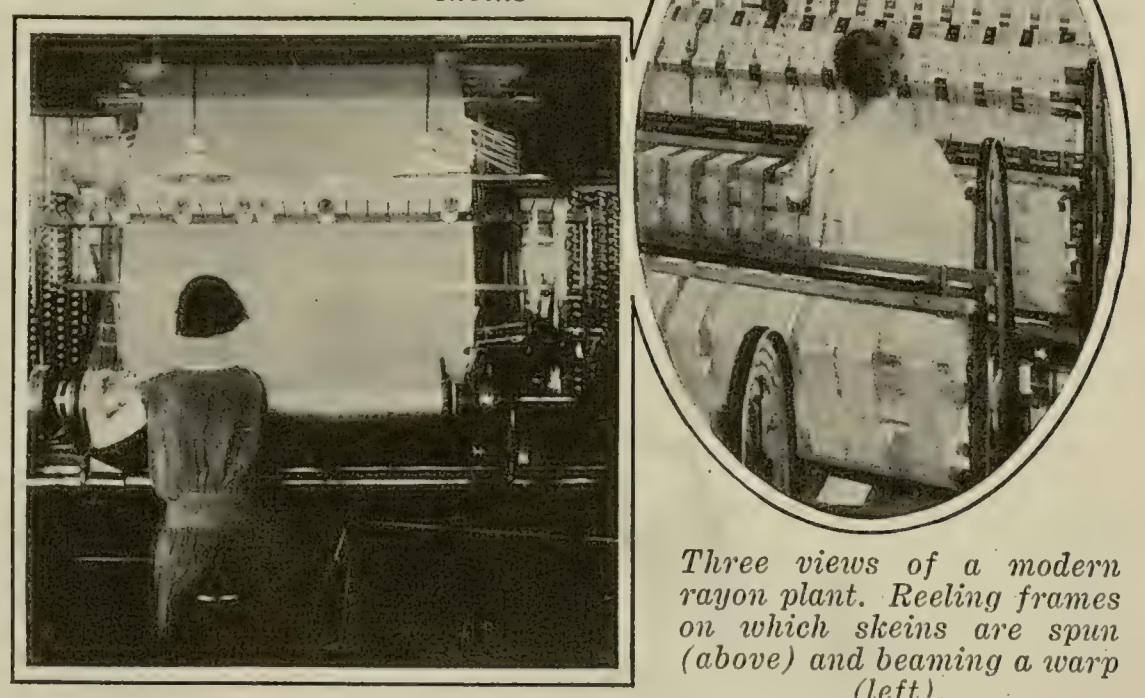
Its uses are more extensive than those of silk and, since its manufacture has been perfected, the world consumption of rayon exceeds that of silk. Rayon ranks third in consumption now. It is surpassed only by the two old stand-bys, cotton and wool. In 1923, 97,000,000 pounds of rayon were produced. The increase has been rapid since then.

Rayon is less expensive than silk, not because it is an inferior textile, but because the size and quality of the crop have no limits. As long as there is plant life there will be the cellulose or raw material for rayon. Its production is not limited to certain sections. Climate, disease, or pests cannot cause a shortage of rayon, as they can affect cotton, wool, or silk.

Before 1912 most of the rayon was produced in France and Germany. It was not as strong and fine a fiber as it is now. It was used chiefly for braids and trimmings, embroidery flosses, and other articles not subjected to hard wear. But when America started to manufacture it the processes were tremendously improved. Experiments were made using rayon more extensively, until now there is scarcely a fabric or garment manufactured which does not contain rayon.

Photos by Brown Bros.

One of the final steps in the process-shaking skeins



Three views of a modern rayon plant. Reeling frames on which skeins are spun (above) and beaming a warp (left).

It has woven its way into everything, somewhat quietly and apologetically, as a substitute for silk. Things silken were formerly a luxury only a few could afford. Rayon imparts the same beautiful sheen to more durable fabrics that silk fiber does, and more cheaply; consequently it is used to make many articles which appear to be "silk and wool" or "silk and cotton."

WE are accustomed to calling things that shimmer "silk," and we will probably continue to call stockings "silk"—although practically all on the market today, with the exception of very expensive ones, are made wholly or partly of rayon. The discovery in 1912 that rayon could be used for silk stockings gave the industry its greatest impetus, and brought "silk" hosiery from its exclusive pinnacle among the luxuries to a common staple of the working girl.

The business is booming tremendously, due to successful experiments with rayon in lingerie. We can all be garbed completely in what appears to be "silk" at a fraction of the price it would take to do it with the product of the silkworm.

Rayon has been used for a long time combined with wool or cotton in knit goods—underwear, stockings, socks, sweaters, ties, shawls, scarfs, and what not. It is used often to give luster to cotton or wool, or a silklike pattern on plain fabrics. The silky stripe in woolen suitings, the sheen in cotton towels and table linens which makes them resemble damask, the patterns, flowers, stripes, and polka dots in figured voiles, mulls, and the like, are all accomplished by rayon.

It is combined now with almost all the inexpensive silks on the market. Otherwise our crêpe de Chine sports frocks, crêpe-satin lingerie, all our silken garments, would be prohibitive in price.

Rayon is even being used instead of silk in some of the finest velvets. It is used in all plush materials, velours, imitation furs, and "damask" upholsteries, and makes these fabrics as rich and lustrous as a silk thread would at far less expense.

It would be difficult today to find anything in the textile line without a touch of rayon in it. Our houses are full of it. If the curtains at the windows have a sheen, it is undoubtedly due to rayon. It forms the patterns in many brocades, the luster in tapestries, the embroidery on scarfs and table linens and towels, the design in pillow covers, draperies, and upholsteries. The lowly cotton bedspread now has a silken stripe or pattern of rayon. It is even woven into rugs.

And, incredibly, certain gloves and straw hats are made out of this new fiber. Rayon makes a lovely ribbon straw as well as a good imitation horsehair. Of course, ribbons, artificial flowers, and silky trimmings have been made of rayon for a long time.

THE greatest difficulty in the manufacture of rayon, and one that impeded its progress, was to find proper chemical formulæ with which to treat the cellulose so that it would stand water. The first product of the mechanical silkworm went to pieces when it was laundered. But the rayon manufactured today will endure anything that other textiles will.

Manufacturers contend that, properly cared for, the best rayon will outwear the best silk or cotton. Their tests on men's cotton-and-rayon-striped shirts have shown that the cotton wears away before the rayon.

Rayon must be handled carefully, because it lacks the water-resisting qualities of cotton. Water does not hurt it, but it should not be handled roughly while wet. Knit rayon garments, particularly, should not be scrubbed and squeezed or hung up while wet. It is best to dry them on some flat surface in order to prevent stretching and thus weakening the fiber.

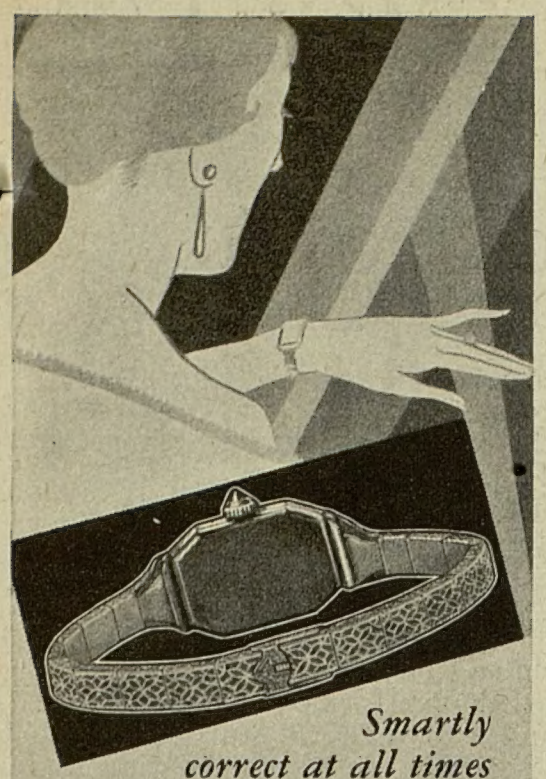
All fabrics that combine rayon with other fibers should be given the treatment ordinarily accorded to the other one, as rayon will lend itself to the requirements of silk, wool, or cotton.

Garments made of cotton and rayon will launder like all-cotton. It will take starch successfully, and it can be boiled and bleached.

Rayon will not turn yellow, or lose its luster with washing or with age. It can be washed like silk, or cleaned with gasoline or any of the dry-cleaning compounds used on woolen fabrics.

In fact, considering its uses, durability, serviceability, cheapness, beauty, and adaptability, rayon is a fabric supreme.

THE END



Smartly correct at all times

Looks well with the simple afternoon dress or the latest in evening gowns—this artistically pierced Wristacrat Flexible Watch Bracelet with the new chased sides. Exclusive center catch feature permits instant removal—yet is doubly secure when closed.

Have your jeweler show you this Wristacrat—and the other exclusive designs in 14-K gold and 12-K gold-filled in white, green and yellow—for both men and women.

Priced from $5.00 to $6.50 in Gold-Filled
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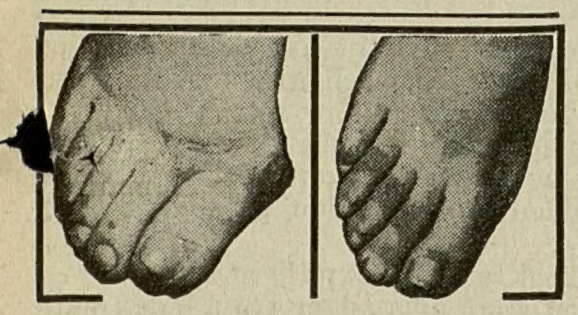
Louis Stern Co., Providence, R. I.

WRISTACRAT

The Flexible Expanding Watch Bracelet



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The *pedodyne solvent* treatment is a boon to those whose bunion joints cause constant foot trouble and an ugly bulge to the shoes. Pain stops almost instantly; actual reduction of enlarged parts begins within a few days. Your next pair of shoes can be a size smaller—often two sizes smaller. Prove it free. Send coupon today and the *full treatment* guaranteed to bring *complete results* may be yours to try.

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Please arrange for me to try your pedodyne process, which is guaranteed to dissolve bunion formation and restore ease to affected joints.

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WORD GOLF *at $5 a Hole*

HERE are six more holes that have been added to LIBERTY'S WORD-GOLF course and the originator of each has earned a $5 prize for his skill.

You too may be able to join the elect by following the plan of these successful ones.

They have employed only reasonably familiar words. None has resorted to obsolete or foreign-language words, nor have proper nouns been used.

Unaccepted offerings cannot be returned, and please do not ask us to correspond on the subject of WORD GOLF.

A word to the uninitiated: The object of the game is to go from one word to another by stages, or strokes, changing but one letter at each stroke and leaving the positions of the other letters undisturbed. That's all there is to it. Use the answers to last week's WORD GOLF, printed below, as examples of how the trick is done; then lay out some holes of your own—as many as you wish—and send them to WORD GOLF, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every original WORD GOLF problem that it prints, but there are no awards offered for solutions.

MARGARET S. FARRELL
Little Falls, N. Y.

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HELEN PETERS
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BLUE
MOON

ELIZABETH JOYCE
Baltimore, Md.

COWL
MONK

Answers to Last Week's WORD GOLF

TOOTH	PLATE	BUNKER	WICK	WEEKS	SILK
BOOTH	PLANE	BANKER	LICK	PEEKS	MILK
BOOTS	PLANS	BANTER	LACK	PEAKS	MILE
BOATS	CLANS	BATTER	LACE	PEARS	MOLE
BRATS	CLASS	BUTTER	LAME	YEARS	HOLE
BRASS	GLASS	PUTTER	LAMP		HOSE
BRASH					
BRUSH					

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 62

1—France, Belgium, and Germany.

2—The Emperor of Japan and the King of Roumania.

3—The fifth.

4—Portuguese.

5—Grover Cleveland.

6—Twelve.

7—Maurice Maeterlinck.

8—Six-thirty A. M.

9—Ninety-six.

10—By United States Weather Bureau standards, a wind of sixty or more miles an hour.

11—Nineteen.

12—Benjamin Franklin.

13—Bering Strait.

14—March and September.

15—Opium.

16—The Mayflower.

17—G, D, A, and E.

18—Thomas Hardy.

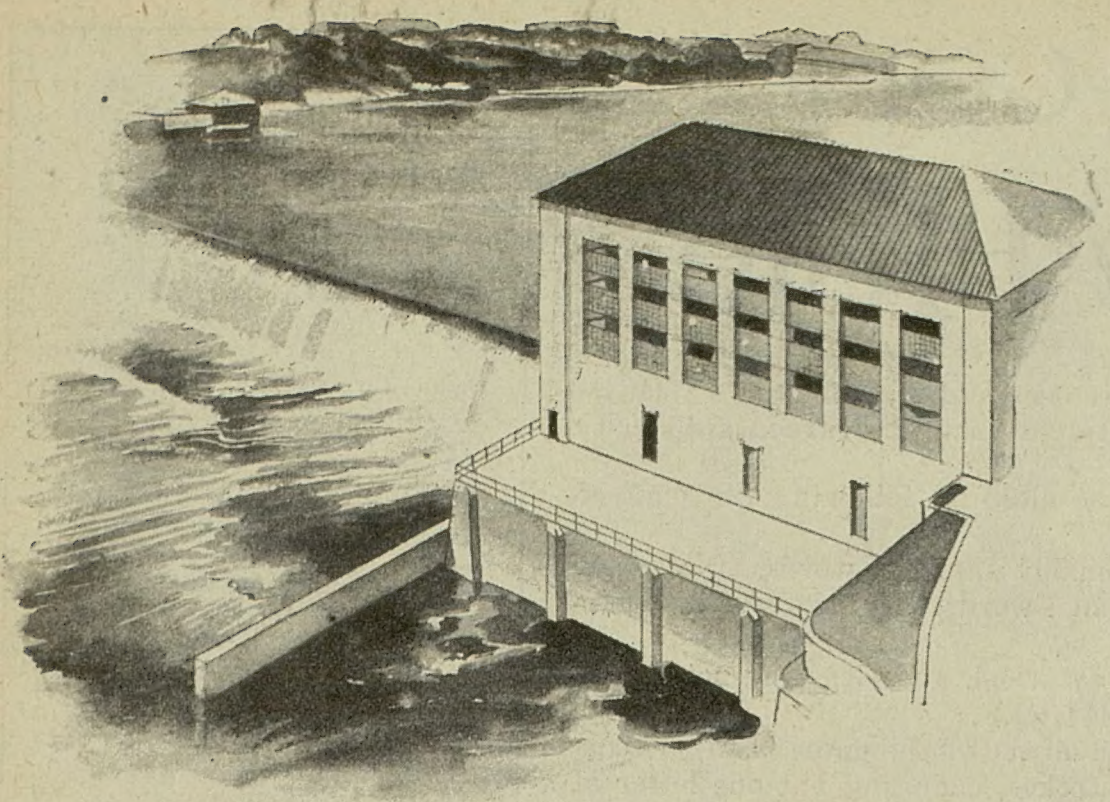
19—The Rivals, by Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

20—At the southern point of the Florida mainland.

Index to Advertisements *This Issue*

	PAGE
Aladdin Co., The	81
Allen's Foot-Ease	54
American Awning & Tent Co	78
American Pencil Co.	60
American Safety Razor Corporation,	70 & 71
American School	78
Ansco	40
Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc.	29
Barbasol Co., The	45
Bauer Chemical Co.,	78
Bayer Aspirin	48
Bay State Fishing Co	68
Bunte Brothers	60
Butterick Publishing Co., The	33
California Fruit Growers' Exchange	38
Campbell Soup Company	19
Carrom Co	72
Cities Service Oils	Third Cover
Coca-Cola Company, The	75
Corn Products Refining Company	76
Cracker Jack Co., The	66
Cuticura	62
D.D.D.	53
Delatone Co., The	53
Dent & Company, C. S	81
Dodge Brothers	26
Eastman Kodak Co	23
Ex-Lax Manufacturing Co	47
Federal Life Insurance Company	6 & 7
Food Display Mach. Corp	62
Forhan Company	39
Freezone	62
"Gets It"	62
Glo-Co Company	62
Glover, L.	55
Grebe & Company, Inc., A. H.	4
Guild Co., J. H	78
Hamilton, C. F	54
Health Products Corp	31
Heinz Company, H. J	65
Imperial Stationers	53
Ingersoll	32
Ingram Co., Frederick F	30
Internat'l Correspondence Schools	82
International Harvester Company	24
Kaffee Hag	56
Kay Laboratories	81
Kelsey Co., The	54
Life Saver	10
Liquid Arvon	78
Lucky Tiger	54
Lyons' Toothpowder, Dr	53
MacHale, Ann J.	54
Madison Shirt Mfg	55
Marmola	54
Maybelline Co	56
May-Breath	56
McCormick & Co	53
Menhenitt Company, Ltd., The	54
Meyer Both Company	54
Morrison Hotel	69
Mu-Col Company, The	56
Munn & Co	56
Murine Co	46
Musterole	78
National Vulcanized Fibre Co.	62
Northwestern Yeast Company	28
Phillips Chemical Co., The Charles H	52
Pilcher Mfg. Co., Inc.	55
Postum Company, Inc.	34
Reynolds Tobacco Co., R. J.	9
Royal Easy Chair Company	73
Smith Brothers	52
Stern Co., Louis	81
Taylor & Co., W. A	46
Texas Company, The	20
Toy Creation Shops, Inc.	78
United States Shipping Board	44
Victor Talking Machine Co.,	Back Cover
Waco Tool Works, Inc.	48
Wahl Company, The	74
Watkins Company, The R. L.	55
Weldona Corporation	56
West's, Dr.	41
Wildroot	36
Winn School of Popular Music	54
Wrigley's Chewing Gum,	Second Cover
Zonite Products Corporation	3

We strive to be accurate, but cannot guarantee impossibility of omission or error in the above Index.



POWER AND LIGHT FOR THE NATION!

Power and light and street railway service for one hundred and ten million people! A tremendous assignment, that! Yet the great public utilities companies of America are handling it smoothly and surely.

And just as efficiently, the International Correspondence Schools are serving the personnel of these companies. Fifteen of them have entered into special agreements for the training of their employees. They range from coast to coast. Those who serve best in one field are first also to acknowledge splendid service in another!

The organization and function of a public utilities company preclude the possibility of meeting its educational demands by ordinary classroom methods. One of the cooperating companies, for example, serves 1900 communities in 23 states. Obviously, it could not hope to maintain 1900 schools for its employees—or even a fractional part of that number.

Moreover, the continuous nature of its service keeps part of the organization on duty day and night. Others must work at irregular periods, in order to cope with the "peak load." Repairmen and "trouble-shooters" are subject to call at any time. Routine classes are out of the question.

More and more of the larger companies are realizing that the best solution to their situation lies in the I. C. S. home-study system. . . . It is economical, for it helps reduce overhead costs to a minimum. It is equally as accessible to the lonely watchman at a mountain flume as to a clerk in the central city offices. It is available at noon—or at midnight. Its practicality and its effectiveness have been demonstrated again and again. In fact, many of the utilities officials themselves are I. C. S. graduates.

Various other considerations have influenced these companies to adopt the correspondence method. They recognize that through it a much wider range of subjects and more intense specialization is possible. They appreciate that instruction by mail provides for individual aptitudes — that the brilliant student may progress as rapidly as he pleases without being hindered by the rest of a class—that the slowest student need not speed up to the average pace, but can take the time required to master his lessons.

I. C. S. service—so outstanding in the realm of public utilities—is no less effective in other fields. Why not find out what it has to offer you? The coupon below is for your convenience.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, Box 8471-H, Scranton, Penna.
"The Universal University"

Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Wins and Why," and full particulars about the subject before which I have marked X in the list below:

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☐ Salesmanship
☐ Advertising
☐ Business Correspondence
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☐ Steam Engineering
☐ Architect
☐ Architects' Blueprints
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☐ Automobile Work
☐ Airplane Engines
☐ Agriculture
☐ Navigation
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City..... State.....
Occupation.....

Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

The LOST TICKET

Sandy Launches Forth Upon a Business Trip

Another Chapter in Liberty's Popular Cover Serial

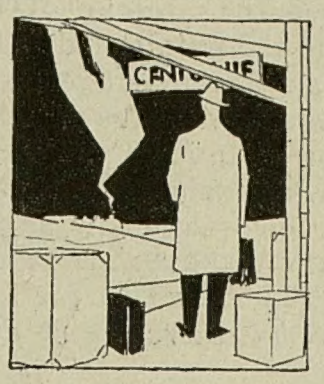
FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By Leslie Thrasher

"PINE CENTER!" the conductor bellowed, shifting a mouthful of tobacco from port to starboard. "Pine Center is the next stop! Change for Ridgetown, Ridgetown Springs, and way stations to Ridgetown Junction!"

Sandy swallowed another soda mint as the train swayed along. *Garrung-garrung-garrung!* Rattle-rattle-rattle! *Garrung-garrung-garrung!* Jerk-jerk-jerk! A cow . . . a chicken . . . a house . . . a road . . . a gig. . . .

"Whatta trip!" he groaned, as they stopped at Pine Center three minutes later. One lone passenger descended, and another mounted the platform steps; then a newsboy came through and yelled: "Murder—murder—murder!" This was an accommodation train which was accommodating everybody but Sandy.



Although Chicago was his destination and business battleground, where he hoped his bank account would win a much-needed financial Croix de Guerre, this part of the trip held no glamour. The scenery was the nothing-to-see-but-the-horizon type, with a shack in the foreground now and then. And the train never paused quite long enough to permit a relieving stretching of the legs.

Sandy waited until Pine Center was only an uncomfortable memory of cinders before he started counting telegraph poles. This was always a last resort to try to forget traveling discomforts; and he usually fell asleep before the fiftieth pole flashed by. This time Telegraph Pole No. 85 lulled him to sleep.

"*Hawk! Buzz-z-z-z! Hawk! Buzz-z-z-z!*" Sandy's snoring mingled with the engine's wheeze.

Back at home, Lil was pecking at a lonely supper with Bow-Legs, the dog, installed in Sandy's chair.

"I wonder what he's having for supper?" she asked the stalk of celery she was holding. And she pictured her well groomed husband asking a dozen white-coated waiters to make it snappy so that he might repair to the observation platform before dark. Lobster salad, endive, sweetbreads, and caviar were among her other illusions; not to mention charged water with extra voltage added from a fellow passenger's hip flask.

But Lil's fancy was far from actual fact. Promptly at six-thirty—when her imaginary white-coated custodian of a silver tray, laden with dining-car luxuries, was waiting upon her husband—Sandy reached in his pocket and removed a cheese-and-ham sandwich. Then he enjoyed three collapsible cups of lukewarm water, a cigarette out on the platform, and went back to his uncomfortable day-coach seat.

They reached Grove Hills at 10 o'clock. The accommodation train and weary occupants were waylaid at a siding while the through train rushed past. Sandy glimpsed comfortable berths being made up in the Pullmans. Taking this gentle nocturnal hint, he folded up his coat, removed his collar, felt to see if Lil's picture was safe in his pocket—and: "*Hawk! Buzz-z-z-z! Hawk! Buzz-z-z-z!*"

Approaching fatherhood was teaching him to earn money two ways: by putting in extra hours at his regular job, and by giving up dining-car and sleeping-car comfort during business trips.

"Tickets, please! TICKETS, PLEASE!"

How poor Sandy jumped! With nodding head and closed eyes, he reached for the elusive bit of cardboard. A sinking feeling!

"Where, oh, where has my little ticket gone?" he mumbled.

(*To be continued next week*)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

A Budding Profiteer

Junior had accompanied his mother to the grocery store. While there he asked her for some candy, and she told him she had brought along just enough money to buy a quart of milk for his baby sister and had none for candy. Upon hearing this, he said, "Oh, mother, just get a pint of milk and put water in it. Sister won't know the difference."—Mrs. K. G. Hermann, Avalon Apartment No. 6, Rock Island, Ill.

Another Battle Won

Evelyn, age seven, had a particular aversion to being bathed. One day her mother, thinking that she would use a little strategy, picked up the toy telephone and said, "Hello, is this Evelyn?" The child was delighted. "Yes, mamma," she answered. "Well, come and have your bath." "Wrong number," said Evelyn, as she hung up the receiver with a bang!—Harry Dring, 2232 Forty-third Ave. West, Vancouver, B. C.

WE'RE OUR OWN LARGEST CUSTOMERS for Cities Service Oil Products

Cities Service oils and gasolene, which are sold to the public in ever-increasing volume, are the same products which the $650,000,000 Cities Service organization uses in serving cities, towns and villages in twenty states with electricity and gas for lighting, heat and power.

Millions of customers realize that the organization, in using its own products, must make them meet extra high standards in order to keep at maximum efficiency its hundreds of millions of dollars worth of plants and equipment—else whole cities or sections would be plunged in darkness and factories stopped.

The superiority of Cities Service petroleum products is due in great measure to the complete quality control exercised by this organization, which produces crude oil from its own wells, refines it in its own refineries and transports it in its own pipe-lines, tank cars and tank ships.

Improvements are constantly being made as a result of extensive laboratory work and experimentation. The Cities Service research board spends $1,000,000 yearly for this purpose.

Your own test of Cities Service oils and gasolene will demonstrate to you their superiority.

Broadcasting by the Cities Service Concert Orchestra assisted by the Cities Service Cavaliers, on Fridays at 8 p.m. Eastern Standard Time through the following stations of the National Broadcasting Company: WEAF, WLIT, WEEI, WGR, WRC, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WEBH, WOC, WCCO, WDAF, KVOO, WFAA, KSD, WTIC.

Cities Service Oils & Gasolene

What shall we do with the Browns?

The Browns are lovely people

THIS question used to come up periodically. Don't misunderstand me. The Browns are *lovely* people and we were always glad to have them spend an evening with us. But how to entertain them was a problem. They were frankly bored with bridge, and when you see the same people rather frequently, what *is* there to talk about?

But, you know, it's curious what a difference there is since we have an Orthophonic Victrola. We don't dread an evening with the Browns or *anybody* now. Conversation never descends to such banalities as "What are you paying for potatoes?" and "We took the loveliest drive last Sunday." We play the new Victrola and the Browns seem to enjoy it thoroughly.

We get *such* a lot of pleasure out of it ourselves, too. My husband and I never get over the wonderment of it . . . I mean the way the singer or player seems to be right there in the room with us. And the children are getting a lot out of it, also. It means a great deal to have them hear the world's great music the way it *should* be heard.

We had one of the old-type Victrolas for years, but there just isn't any comparison between the old and the new. When we heard the old Victrola by itself, it sounded pretty good, particularly with the new records. But our local Victor dealer induced us to let him put one of the new instruments alongside the old one.

We didn't have to be experts to notice the difference

We didn't have to be experts to notice the difference. As Robert puts it, one was mechanical and the other is *musical*. The dealer helped us to dispose of the old machine and made us very liberal terms on the new Orthophonic. We are only sorry that we waited so long. But we're making up for lost time now. The new Victrola is going nearly all the time, day and night. We never tire of it.

Number Four-three. Orthophonic Victrola. List price, $95

Some day you will have an Orthophonic Victrola. Why wait? Ask your dealer for a demonstration *in your home*, where you may judge its harmonious appearance as well as its musical performance. There are many beautiful models, from $75 to $1550, list price. See and hear the Automatic Victrola, the remarkable instrument which changes its own records.

The New Orthophonic

Victrola

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO. CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.